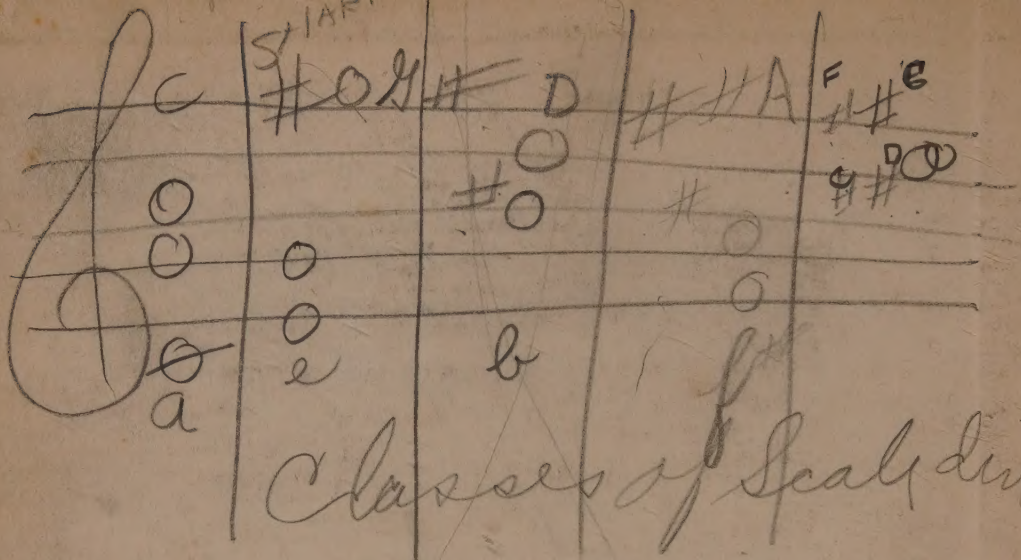
HOLLIS DANN MUSIC COURSE

SIXTH YEAR MUSIC

HOLLIS DANN



School Grant

BOOK LABEL

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Teacher

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~~Hetta Duesky~~

Grant 7th

When to manhood comes the youth
With the knowledge and the truth
Of the Revolutionary fray
Proud he is to be a son
Of immortal Washington
Sacred is the memory of this day
Whenever drums begin to roll
Within the nations heart and soul
A patriotic something seems to say
Sober Grist in War

Palestrina

1514 – 1594 – Born in the little town of Palestrina about twenty miles from Rome. He was the son of poor pesants. He studeded in a famous school founded by Belgain Masters. Ten years he taught singing in his home town, and then went to Rome. While serving in a poody payed but highly honered position he wrote five masses and dedicated them to the Pope. This brought him promotion. He served in several church positions and continued to write music. He wrote a new style called polyphonic music. which means "many in one." Palestrina a man of beutiful characters he lived a joyus simple life and was called "The great imitator of nature" and "The Savior of Church Music" The six parts of his masses are called Kyrie Eleison Lord have mercy on us Gloria Glory to God on High.

Credo – (its Creed)

Sanctus (Holy Holy Holy)

Benedictus (Blessed is he)

Agnus Dei (Lamb of God

Hattie Gwesky.

Robert Schumann - 1810 - 1856 - 46 yrs old when died

Play piano at 12

Father died when he was 16

Rosalie Morris

Miss Band Hill

Grant

7B½

HOLLIS DANN MUSIC COURSE

SIXTH YEAR MUSIC

HOLLIS DANN, Mus. D.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, AND HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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BY HOLLIS DANN

DANN SIXTH YEAR MUSIC

E. P. 26

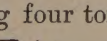
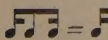
PREFACE

The author's Fifth Year Music or a text book of similar difficulty should be completed by the pupil before this book is begun. The tonal and rhythmic development is continuous in this series from the Second to the Sixth Book inclusive.

Sixth Year Music, like the preceding five books, is carefully graded. The material may be used to the best advantage consecutively. Appropriate songs for special days and different seasons appear throughout the book at the proper time of the year.

Each new tonal and rhythmic problem is introduced by studies immediately followed on the same or opposite page by art songs embodying that particular problem.

THE MINOR MODE. The minor mode is best understood by comparing major and minor scales and melodies having the same key tone — C major with C minor, D major with D minor, etc. The pupil should see clearly that flat three (*me*) of the major becomes three of the minor scale and that flat six of the major (*le*) becomes six of the minor scale. (See pages 18 and 24.) The number names of the scale tones are here introduced for the first time in this series. They should be used in precisely the same manner in minor as in major, each scale beginning with 1. The conception that 1 and 5 stand for tonic and dominant in both the major and the minor modes is thus established at the outset and confusion is avoided when the study of harmony is begun.

NEW RHYTHMS; SYNCOPATION. Sixth Year Music includes study of the two less-used rhythms involving four tones to the beat, viz:  and  . The first one ( ) known as the "Scotch snap," is characteristic of the folk music of Scotland; it also occurs frequently in Hungarian music. The second rhythm ( ) is a form of syncopation. Other forms of syncopation are also presented, and illustrated by song material. (See pages 36, 48, 84, etc.)

BASS STAFF. The bass staff is introduced and material for practice in reading from the bass staff is provided, for the following reasons:

1. Boys should become familiar with the bass staff before the voice changes. This simplifies the problem of singing with the "new" voice during adolescence.

2. Girls should practice reading from the bass staff in order that they may intelligently follow the bass and tenor parts and the piano score. A little well-directed practice gives confidence and demonstrates that ability to read from the bass staff is quickly acquired.

COMPOUND MEASURE. Attention is called to the discussion of Compound Measure, in the New Manual for Teachers, pages 153 to 156. The pupil should be led to see that in duple, triple and quadruple measure, the number of equal tones to the beat is one, two, or some multiple of two; that in compound duple, compound triple and compound quadruple measure, the number of equal tones to the beat is one, three, or some multiple of three.

DUPLET AND TRIPLET. Change of key may be made without change of key signature by the use of accidentals; change of measure without change of measure signature is made by the use of the duplet and triplet. (See New Manual for Teachers, pages 155 and 156.) The triplet makes possible the representation of three equal tones to the beat in simple measure; the duplet makes possible the representation of two equal tones to the beat in compound measure.

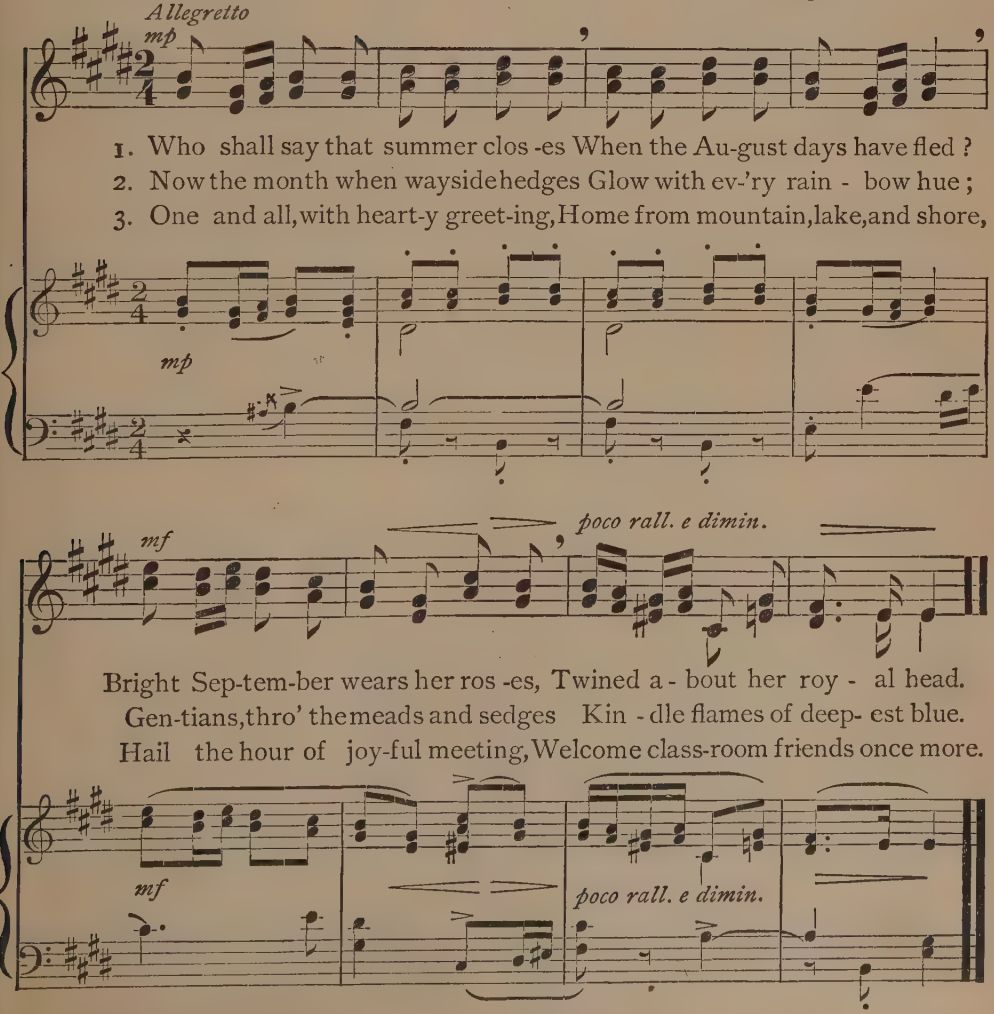
PART SINGING. Successful three-part singing demands that the class shall be divided into three parts, equal in number, volume, and reading ability. The class should be seated so that either two-part or three-part songs may be sung without changing the seating. Individual singing provides ample data for the classification of voices which, in exceptional cases, is now necessary. The pupil whose voice gives evidence of change should be assigned to the part which he can sing most easily. These special pupils should be favorably seated.

TONE QUALITY AND HABIT FORMATION. Careful attention to tone quality is vital both to the success of the singing and to the welfare of the voices. Music, like Reading and Drawing and other art studies, is a habit-forming subject. Vocal habits acquired in childhood vitally affect both the speaking and the singing voice of the adult. Therefore great care has been exercised in providing song material which is conducive to the formation of good vocal habits.

SIXTH YEAR MUSIC

SEPTEMBER JOY

Russell M. Dodge — Harvey Worthington Loomis

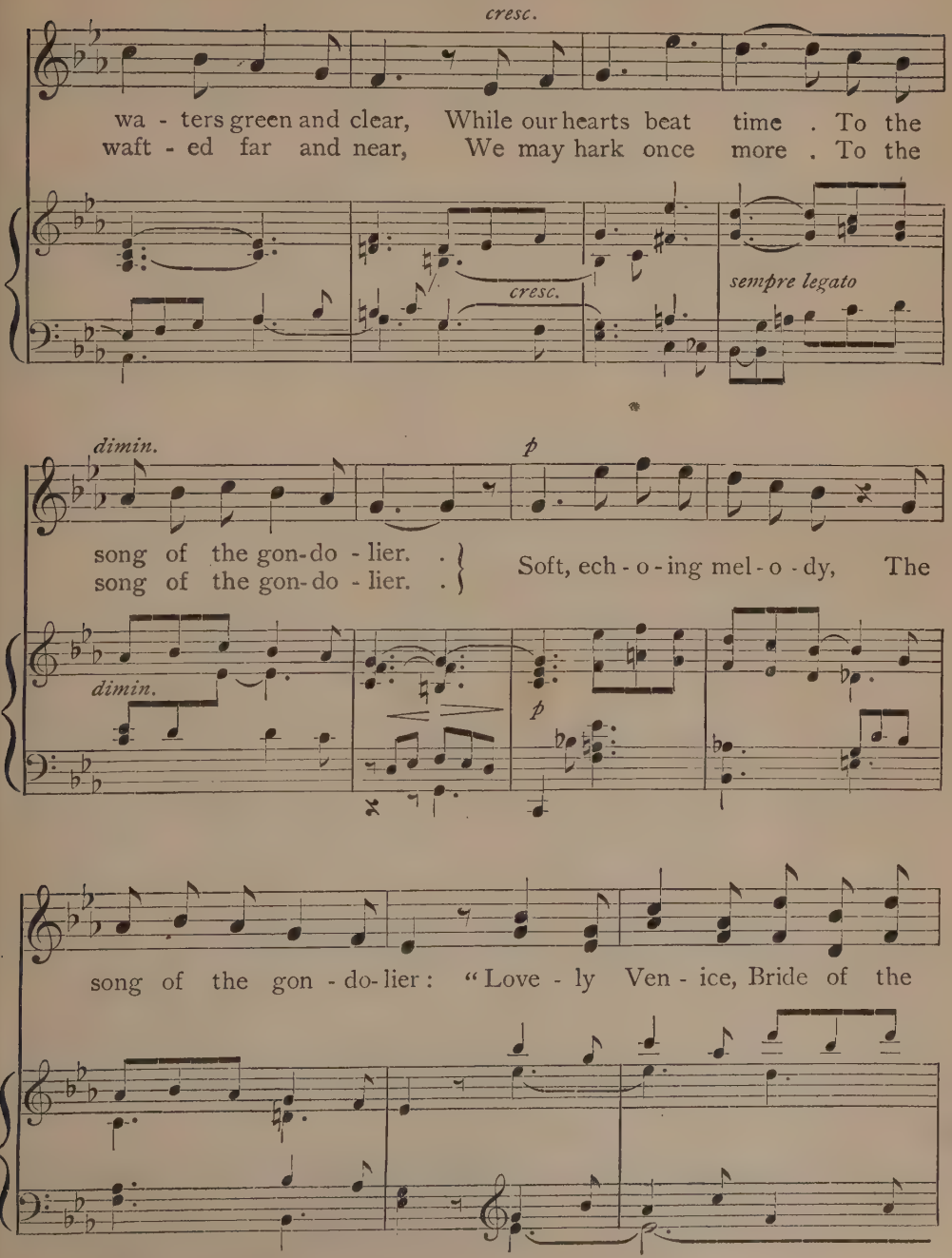

Allegretto
mp
1. Who shall say that summer clos -es When the Au-gust days have fled ?
2. Now the month when wayside hedges Glow with ev-'ry rain - bow hue ;
3. One and all, with heart-y greet-ing, Home from mountain, lake, and shore,
mp
mf
poco rall. e dimin.
Bright Sep-tem-ber wears her ros -es, Twined a - bout her roy - al head.
Gen-tians, thro' the meads and sedges Kin - dle flames of deep- est blue.
Hail the hour of joy-ful meeting, Welcome class-room friends once more.
mf
poco rall. e dimin.

THE SONG OF THE GONDOLIER

Tempo di Barcarola
(two beats in a measure)

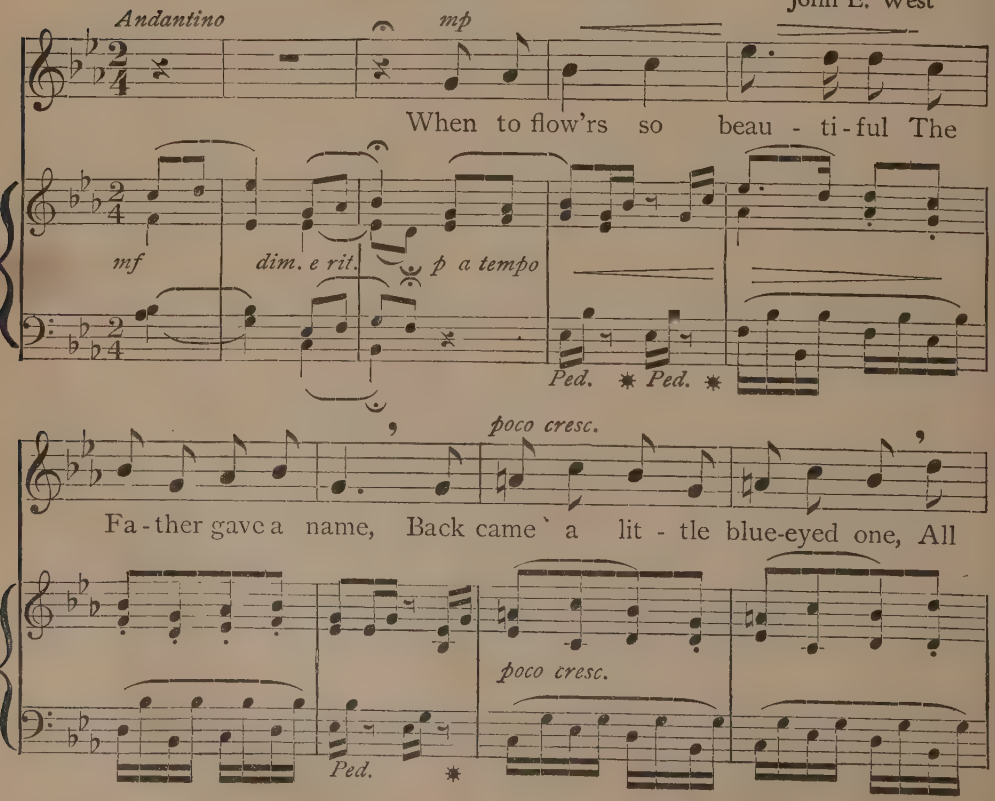
Arthur Edward Johnstone

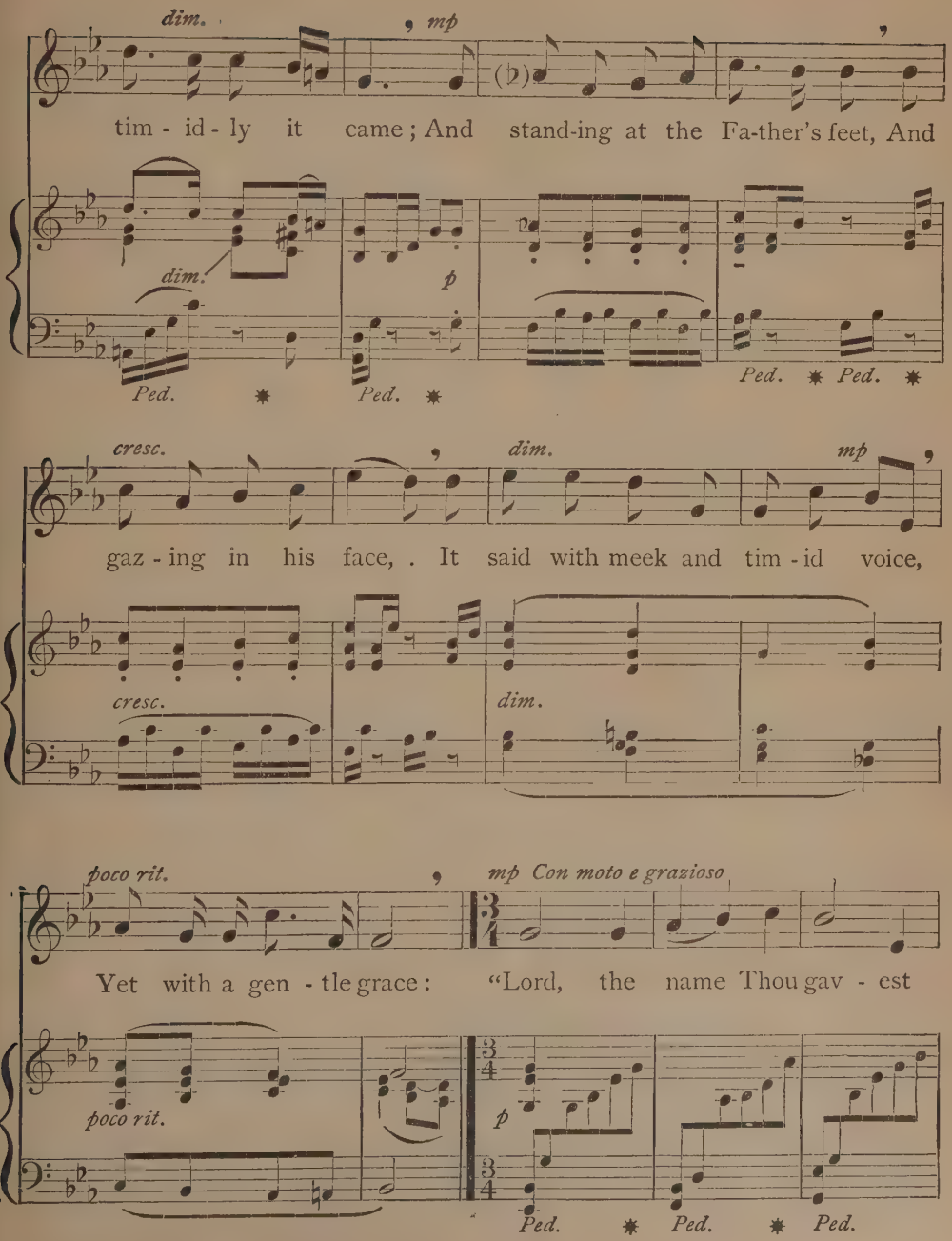
p
1. When day is new And sky is blue And clouds are sail - ing on,
2. When day is done, And one by one The sil - ver stars flash out,
p
Our gon - do - la moves In li - quid grooves, As smooth as a grace - ful
Still o'er the la - goon, Be - neath the moon Our gon - do - la drifts a -
swan; With jew - els drip - ping, The oar is dip - ping In
bout. While scent of flow - ers From se - cret bow - ers Is
legato

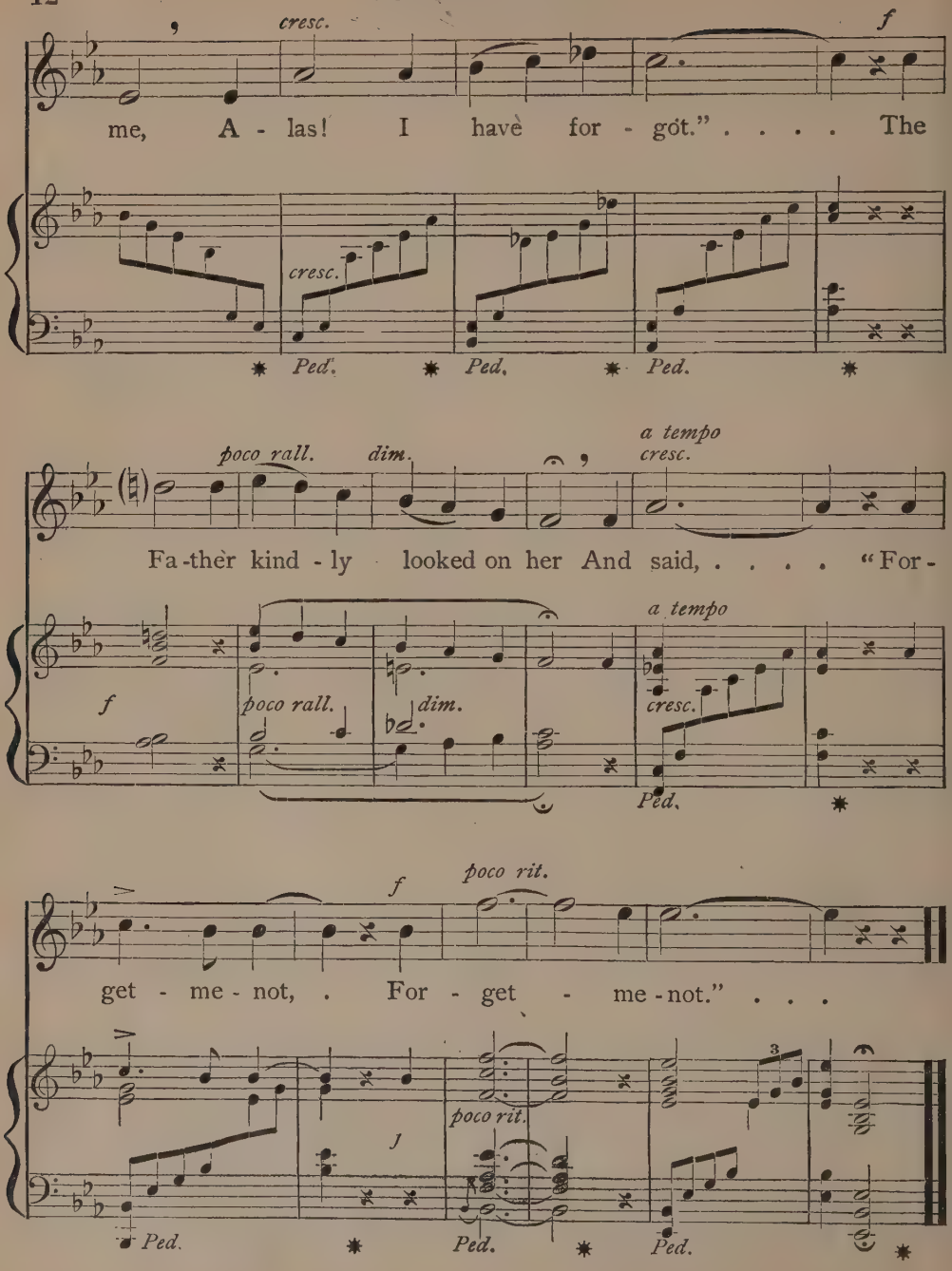

cresc.
wa - ters green and clear, While our hearts beat time . To the
waft - ed far and near, We may hark once more . To the
cresc.
sempre legato
dimin.
p
song of the gon-do - lier.
song of the gon-do - lier.
Soft, ech - o - ing mel - o - dy, The
dimin.
p
song of the gon - do - lier: "Love - ly Ven - ice, Bride of the

FORGET–ME–NOT

John E. West


Andantino
mp
When to flow'rs so beau - ti - ful The
mf
dim. e rit.
p a tempo
Ped. * Ped. *
poco cresc.
Fa - ther gave a name, Back came a lit - tle blue-eyed one, All
poco cresc.
Ped. *


dim.
mp
tim - id - ly it came; And stand-ing at the Fa-ther's feet, And
dim.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
cresc.
dim.
mp
gaz - ing in his face, . It said with meek and tim - id voice,
cresc.
dim.
poco rit.
mp Con moto e grazioso
Yet with a gen - tle grace: "Lord, the name Thou gav - est
poco rit.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.

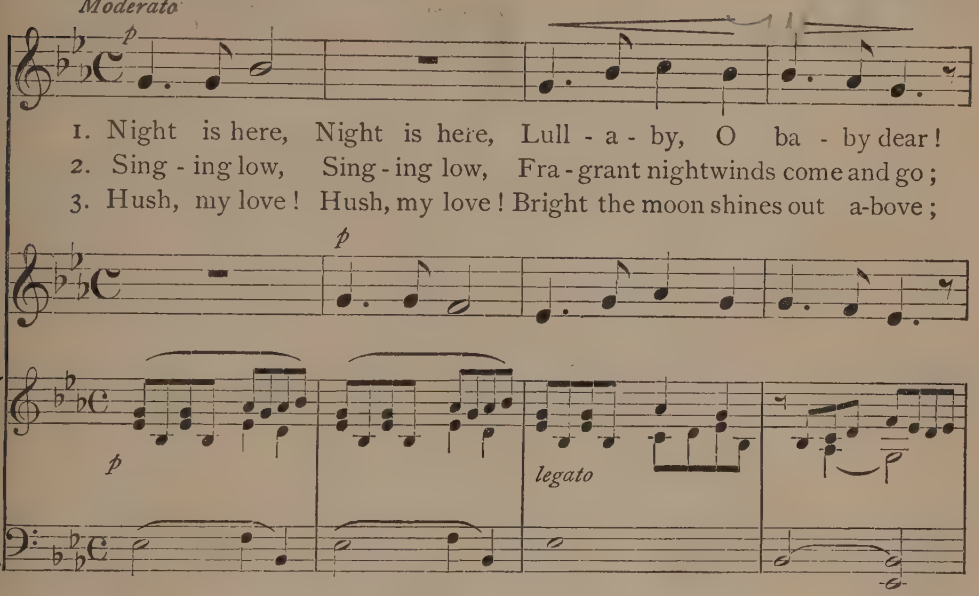

cresc.
f
me, A - las! I have for - got." . . . . The
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
poco rall. dim.
a tempo
cresc.
Fa-ther kind - ly looked on her And said, ... "For -
f
poco rall.
dim.
a tempo
cresc.
Ped.
f
poco rit.
get - me - not, . For - get - me - not." . . .
poco rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped.

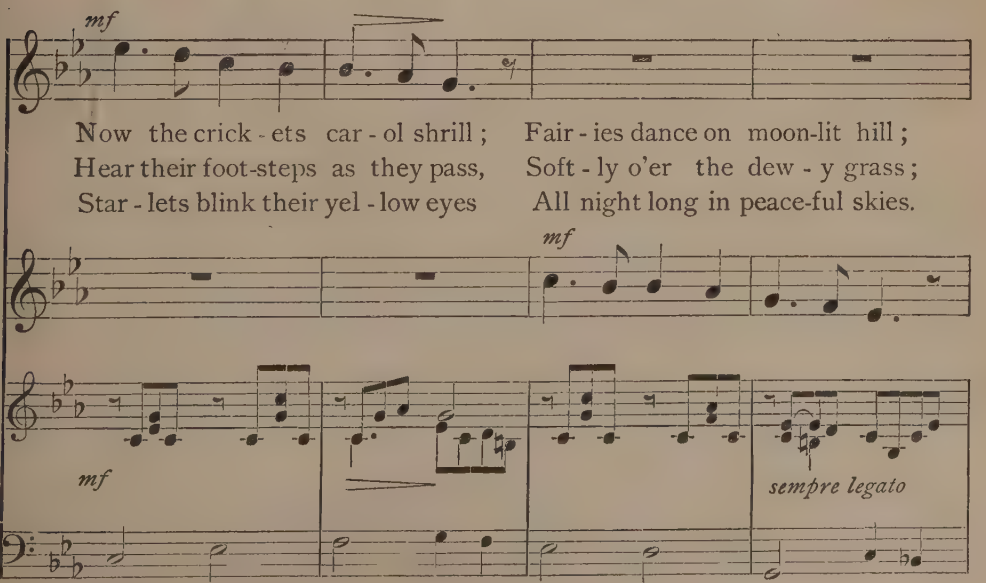
NIGHT SONG

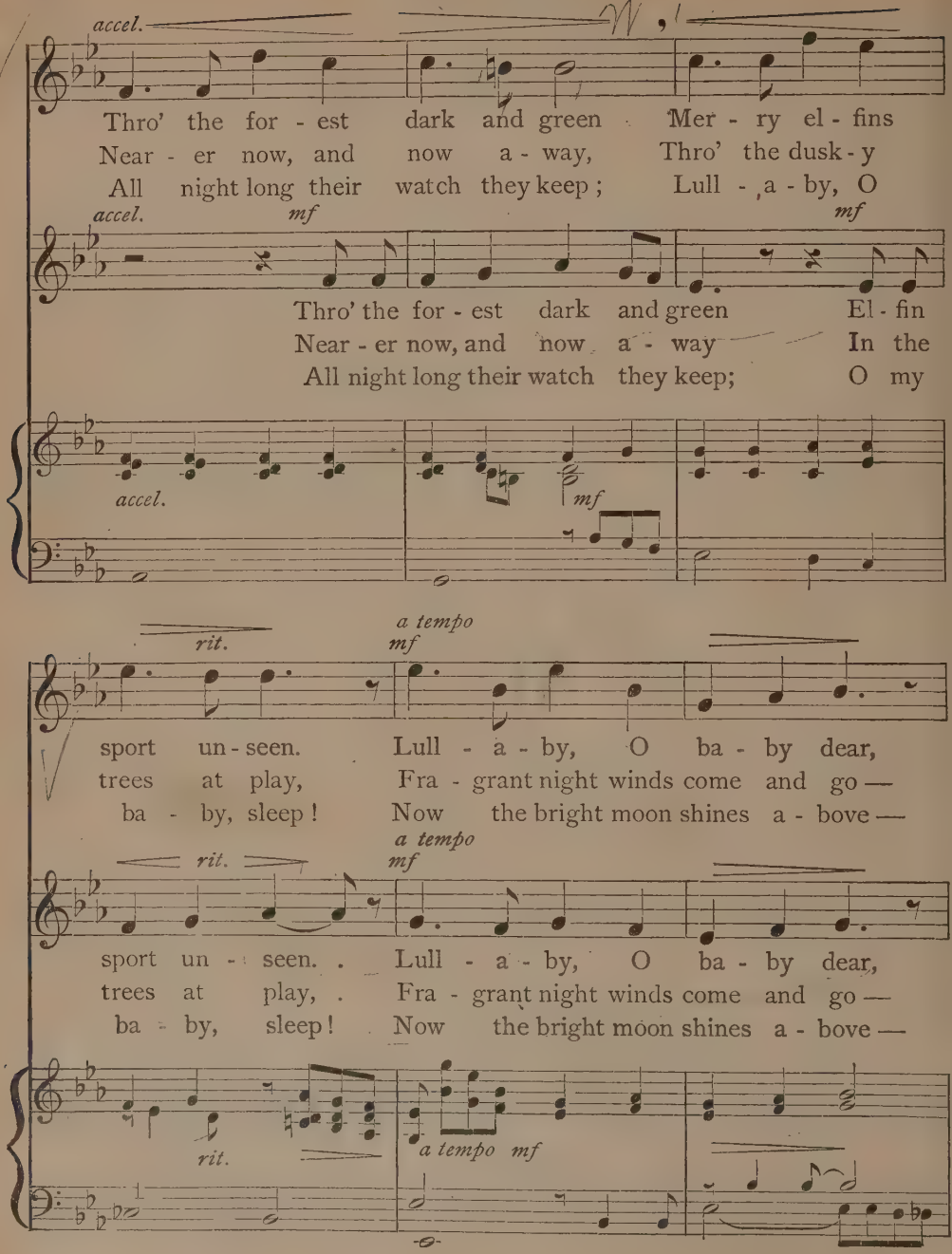
Irene Putnam in St. Nicholas

Carl Busch

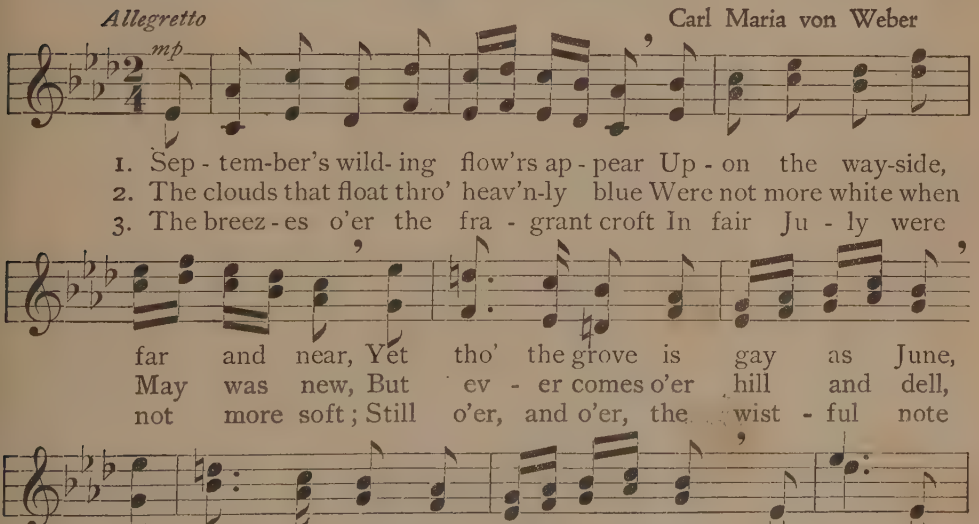
Moderato


p
1. Night is here, Night is here, Lull - a - by, O ba - by dear!
2. Sing - ing low, Sing - ing low, Fra - grant nightwinds come and go;
3. Hush, my love! Hush, my love! Bright the moon shines out a-bove;
p
p
legato


mf
Now the crick - ets car - ol shrill; Fair - ies dance on moon-lit hill;
Hear their foot-steps as they pass, Soft - ly o'er the dew - y grass;
Star - lets blink their yel - low eyes All night long in peace-ful skies.
mf
mf
sempre legato


accel.
Thro' the for - est dark and green Mer - ry el - fins
Near - er now, and now a - way, Thro' the dusk - y
All night long their watch they keep; Lull - a - by, O
accel. mf mf
Thro' the for - est dark and green El - fin
Near - er now, and now a - way In the
All night long their watch they keep; O my
accel. mf
rit. a tempo mf
sport un - seen. Lull - a - by, O ba - by dear,
trees at play, Fra - grant night winds come and go —
ba - by, sleep! Now the bright moon shines a - bove —
rit. a tempo mf
sport un - seen. Lull - a - by, O ba - by dear,
trees at play, Fra - grant night winds come and go —
ba - by, sleep! Now the bright moon shines a - bove —
rit. a tempo mf

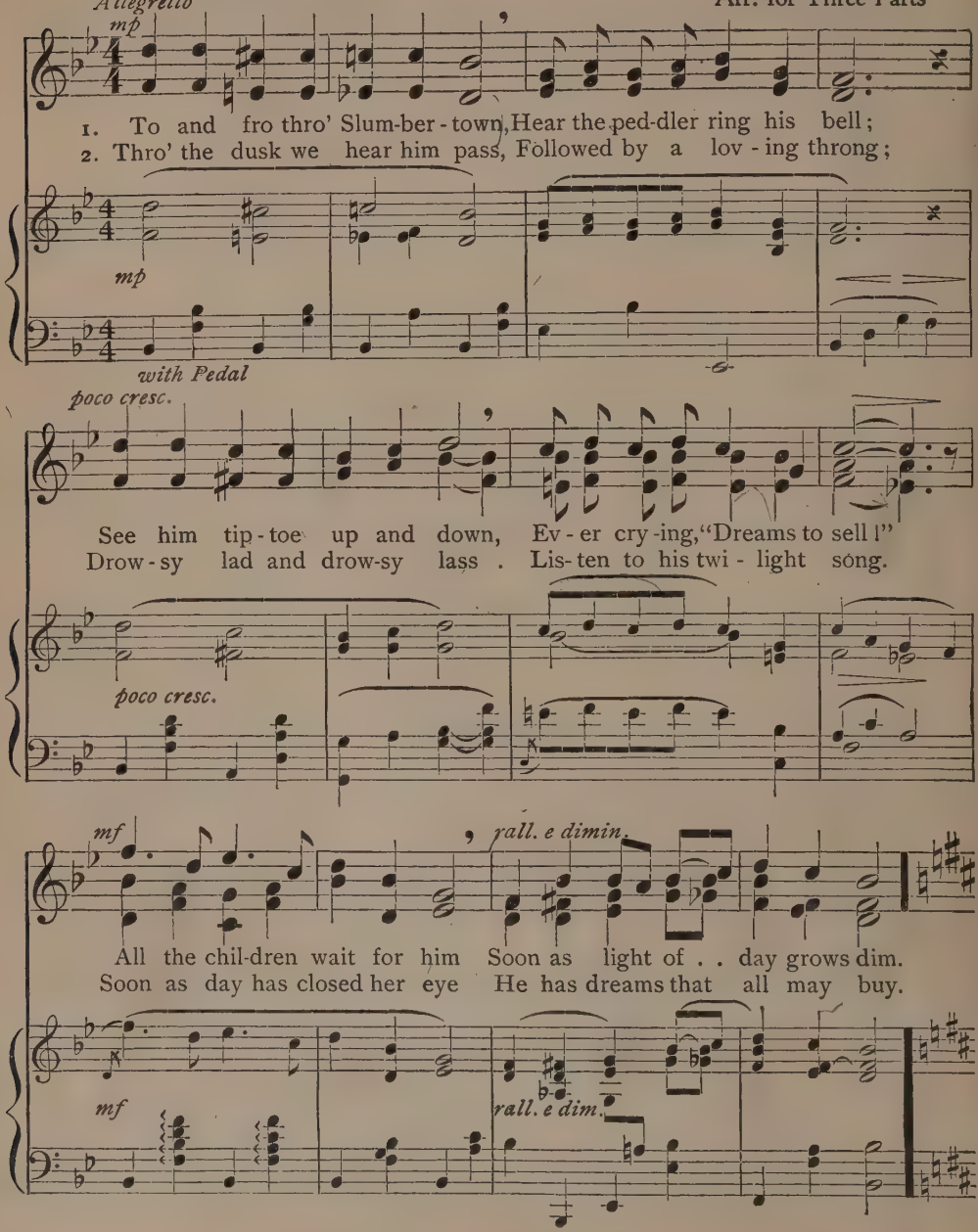
THE BIRD'S FAREWELL

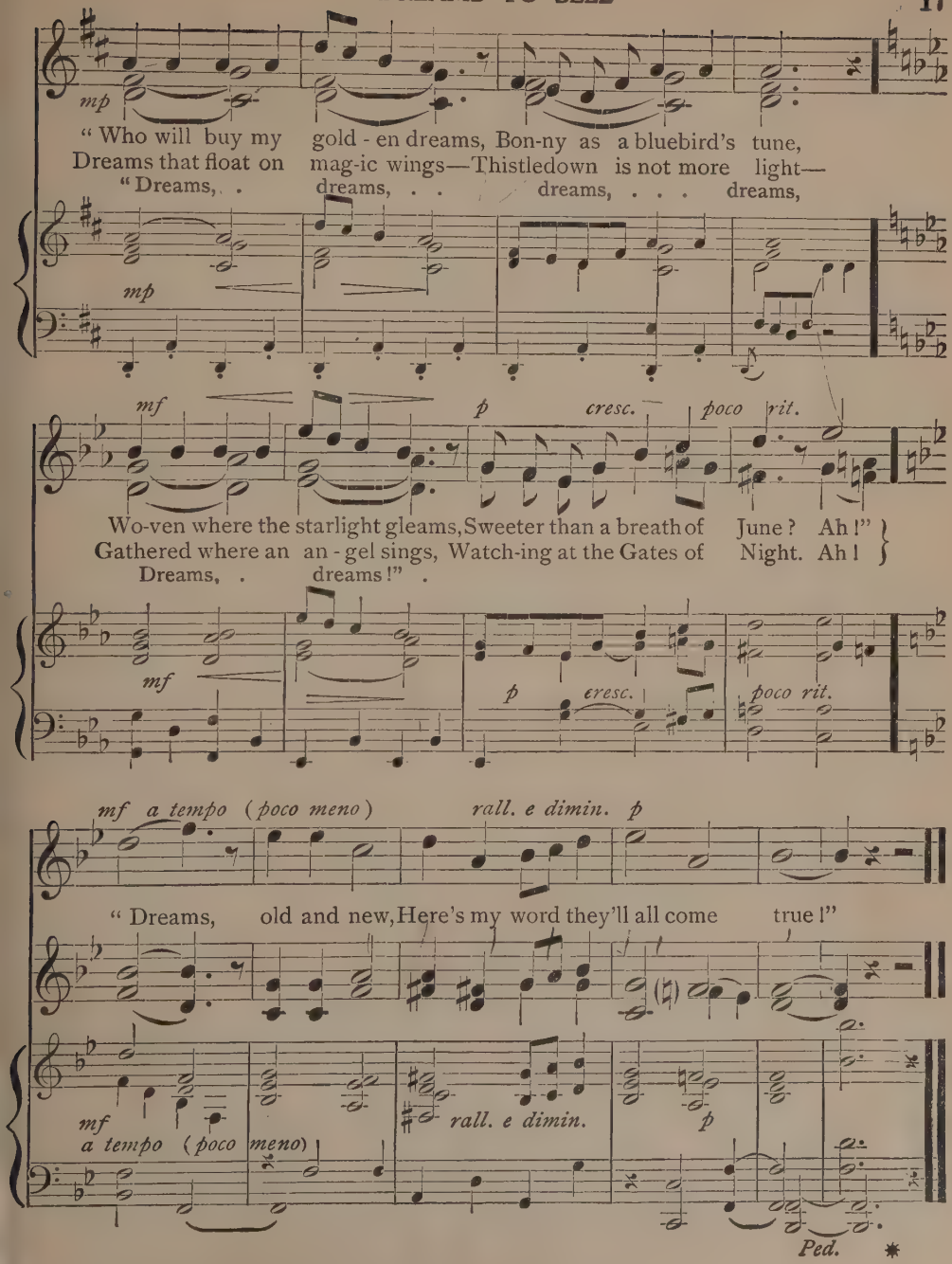

Allegretto
Carl Maria von Weber
mp
1. Sep - tem-ber's wild- ing flow'rs ap - pear Up - on the way-side,
2. The clouds that float thro' heav'n-ly blue Were not more white when
3. The breez - es o'er the fra - grant croft In fair Ju - ly were
far and near, Yet tho' the grove is gay as June,
May was new, But ev - er comes o'er hill and dell,
not more soft; Still o'er, and o'er, the wist - ful note
I hear a song-bird's plain - tive tune:
That wood - land voice in sad fare - well:
I hear from out the song - bird's throat:
"I fly, I
fly; The au - tumn bids me forth; Good - by, good - by!"

DREAMS TO SELL

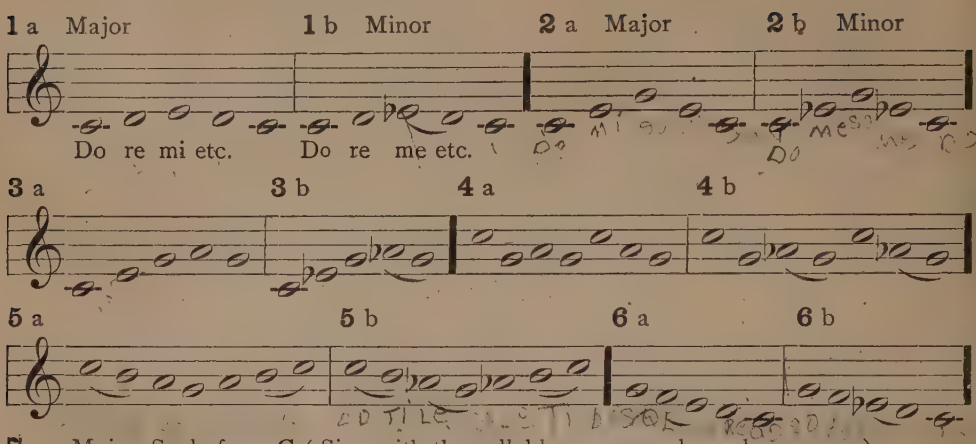
Harvey Worthington Loomis

Reginald de Koven
Arr. for Three Parts

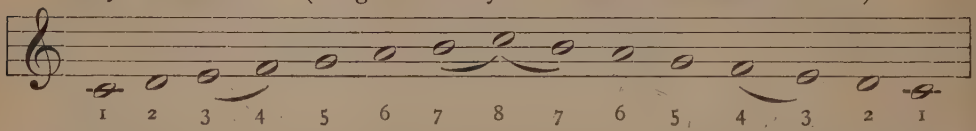

Allegretto
mp
1. To and fro thro' Slum-ber-town, Hear the ped-dler ring his bell;
2. Thro' the dusk we hear him pass, Followed by a lov-ing throng;
mp
with Pedal
poco cresc.
See him tip-toe up and down, Ev-er cry-ing, "Dreams to sell!"
Drow-sy lad and drow-sy lass. Lis-ten to his twi-light song.
poco cresc.
mf
rall. e dimin.
All the chil-dren wait for him Soon as light of . . day grows dim.
Soon as day has closed her eye He has dreams that all may buy.
mf
rall. e dim.


mp
"Who will buy my gold - en dreams, Bon-ny as a bluebird's tune,
Dreams that float on mag-ic wings—Thistledown is not more light—
"Dreams, . . dreams, . . . dreams, . . . dreams,
mp
mf
p
cresc.
poco rit.
Wo-ven where the starlight gleams, Sweeter than a breath of June? Ah!"
Gathered where an an - gel sings, Watch-ing at the Gates of Night. Ah!
Dreams, . dreams!" .
mf
p
cresc.
poco rit.
mf a tempo (poco meno)
rall. e dimin.
p
"Dreams, old and new, Here's my word they'll all come true!"
mf
a tempo (poco meno)
rall. e dimin.
p
Ped.

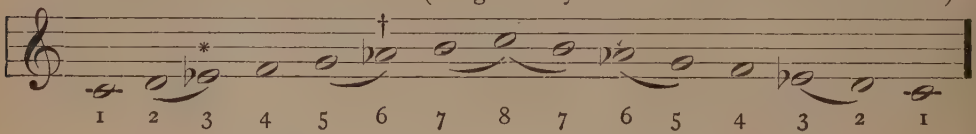
Reference: New Manual, Pages 149–151



7 Major Scale from C (Sing with the syllable names and number names)

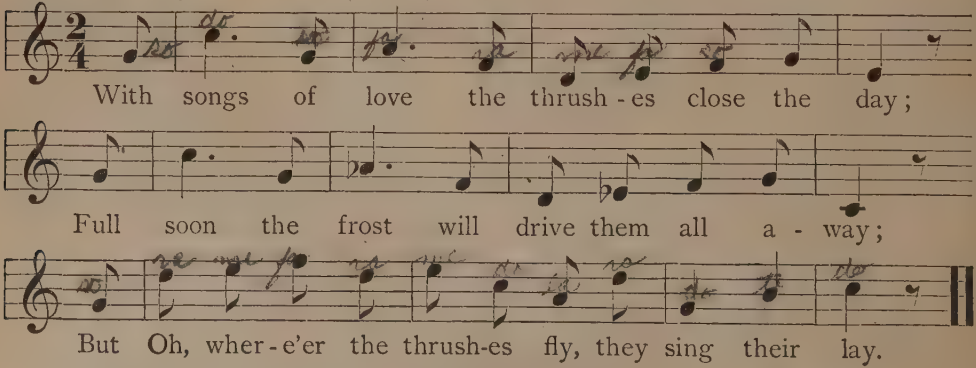


7 a Harmonic Minor Scale from C (Sing with syllable names and number names)



THRUSHES

Moderato

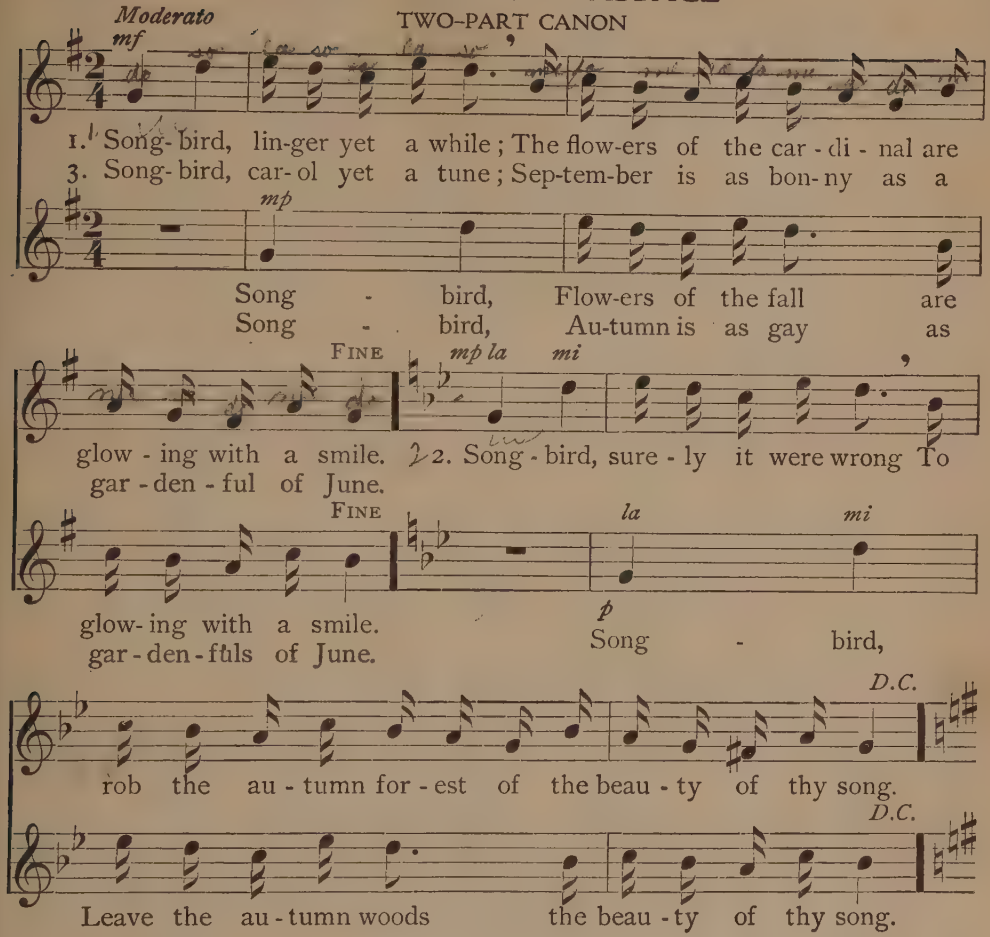

With songs of love the thrush-es close the day;
Full soon the frost will drive them all a-way;
But Oh, wher-e'er the thrush-es fly, they sing their lay.

* Flat three of the major becomes three of the minor scale.

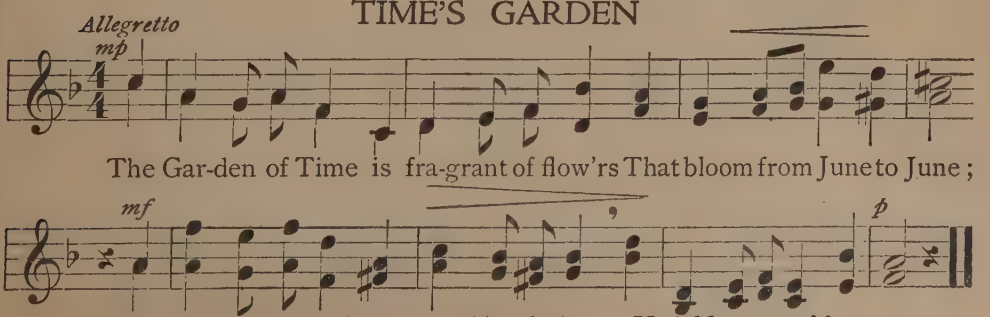
† Flat six of the major becomes six of the minor scale.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE

TWO-PART CANON


Moderato
mf
1. Song-bird, lin-ger yet a while; The flow-ers of the car-di-nal are
3. Song-bird, car-ol yet a tune; Sep-tem-ber is as bon-ny as a
mp
Song - bird, Flow-ers of the fall are
Song - bird, Au-tumn is as gay as
FINE
mp la mi
glow-ing with a smile. 2. Song-bird, sure-ly it were wrong To
gar-den-ful of June.
FINE
la
mi
glow-ing with a smile.
gar-den-fuls of June.
p
Song - bird,
D.C.
rob the au-tumn for-est of the beau-ty of thy song.
D.C.
Leave the au-tumn woods the beau-ty of thy song.

TIME'S GARDEN


Allegretto
mp
The Gar-den of Time is fra-grant of flow'rs That bloom from June to June;
mf
p
Each bud, like a cadence timed by the hours, Unfolds to a golden tune.

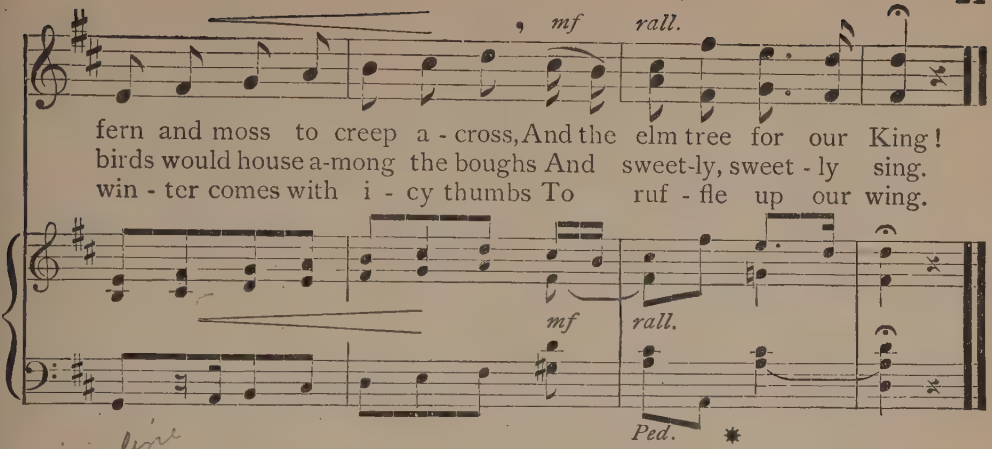
WISHING

William Allingham

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Moderato

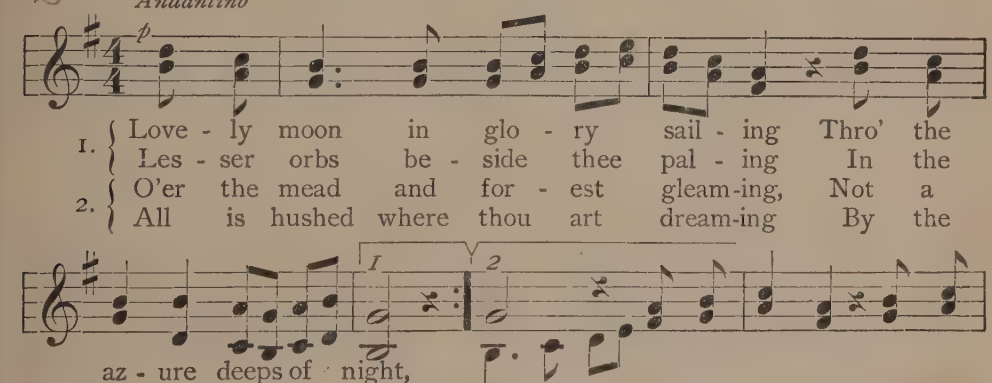
mp
1. Ring - ting! I wish I were a prim-rose, A bright yel-low
2. Nay— stay! I wish I were an elm - tree, A great loft - y
3. Oh, no! I wish I were a rob - in, A wren or a
mp
prim - rose, blowing in the spring! The stoop - ing boughs a -
elm - tree with green leaves gay! The winds would set them
rob - in, ev -'ry-where to go; Thro' for - est, field, or
Ped.
bove me, The wan - d'ring bee to love me, The
danc - ing, The sun and moon-shine glanc - ing, The
gar den, And ask no leave or par - don, Till
Ped.


mf
rall.
fern and moss to creep a - cross, And the elm tree for our King!
birds would house a-mong the boughs And sweet-ly, sweet - ly sing.
win - ter comes with i - cy thumbs To ruf - fle up our wing.
mf
rall.
Ped.

TO THE MOON

Adapted from Karl Enslin

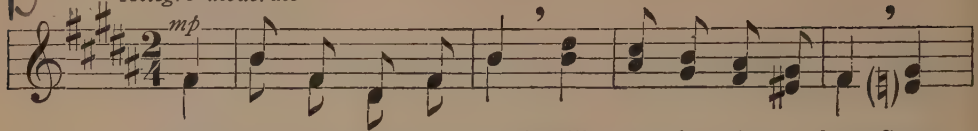
Andantino


p
1. Love - ly moon in glo - ry sail - ing Thro' the
Les - ser orbs be - side thee pal - ing In the
2. O'er the mead and for - est gleam-ing, Not a
All is hushed where thou art dream-ing By the
1
2
az - ure deeps of night,
ra-diance of thy (*Omit*) light, (thy light) To the wea - ry, to the
cloud thy vi - sion mars;
si - lent sea of (*Omit*) stars. (of stars) Like a moth - er sweet and
ail - ing, In thy glance a com-fort lies; On thy sil - ver ray un -
ten - der, Thou wilt watch the slum-b'ring world Till the sun shall rise in
fail - ing, Comes a bless - ing from the skies.
splen - dor And the morn shall wake, dew-pearled.

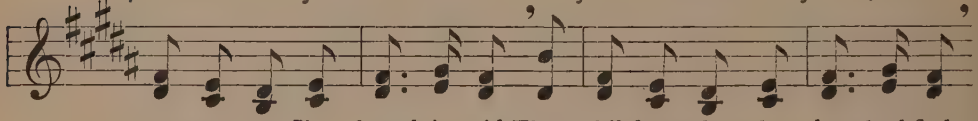
THE LAND OF NOD

Frederick Winthrop

Allegro moderato



1. Come, lis - ten to my song,'Twill not de - tain you long: Some
2. Most won-drous things they spied Out there be-yond the tide; The
3. But when I asked the three Just what they had for tea, They
4. Now an - y one who will May see that coun- try still; Most

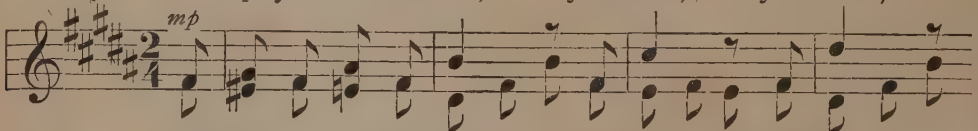


years a - go, I've heard it said,Three chil-dren,when the day had fled,
folks they met were most po- lite, And asked them in to spend the night,
said they real - ly could- n't tell, For then they heard the ris - ing bell
an - y night the ship will sail And take you to that dream - y vale;

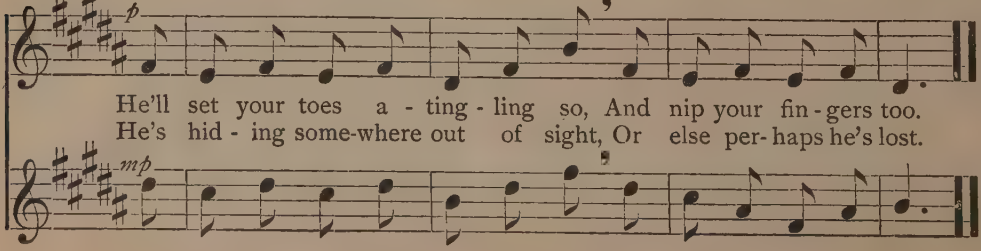
Went sail - ing to the Land of Nod, A ver - y sleep- y squad.
And Oh! they saw a pile of cakes—The kind that moth- er makes.
And found them-selves back home in bed,Their dreams of feast -ing fled!
And if they ask you in to sup, I hope you won't wake up!

GUESS WHO!

1st Sopr. { 1. There's some one in the woods— Guess who! Guess who!
2. Per - haps you know his name, Jack Frost, Jack Frost;



2nd Sopr. { 1. There's some one in the woods to-day—Guess who it is! Guess who it is!
2. Per - haps you know his name, it is Jack Frost, I think, Jack Frost, I think;



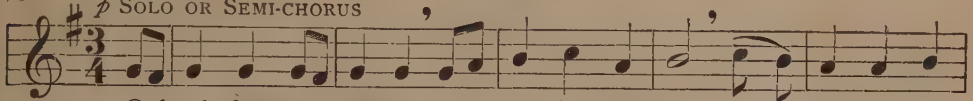
He'll set your toes a - ting - ling so, And nip your fin - gers too.
He's hid - ing some-where out of sight, Or else per- haps he's lost.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Sir Walter Scott — Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

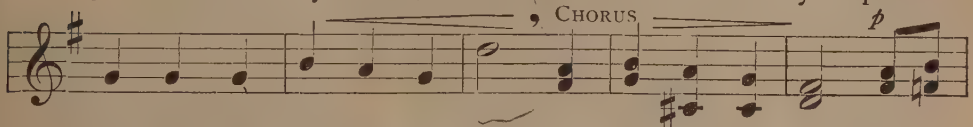
Allegretto

p SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS

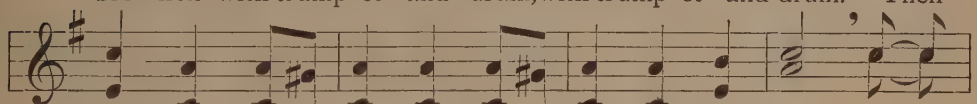


1. O hush thee, my ba-bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a
2. O fear not the bu-gle, tho' loud-ly it blows; It calls but the
3. O hush thee, my ba-bie, the time will soon come When thy sleep shall be

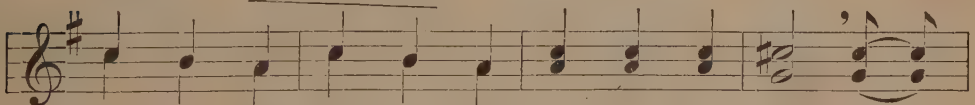
CHORUS *p*



la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The
ward - ers that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose; Their
bro - ken with trump - et and drum, with trump - et and drum. Then



woods and the glens from the tow'r which we see, They
bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the
hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For



all are be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee, They
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed, Ere the
strife comes with man - hood and wak - ing with day, For

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS

mf *p*

all are be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee.
step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed.
strife comes with manhood and waking with day.
} O hush thee, my ba-bie,

SOLO O hush . . . . . thee, my ba - - - - bie! .

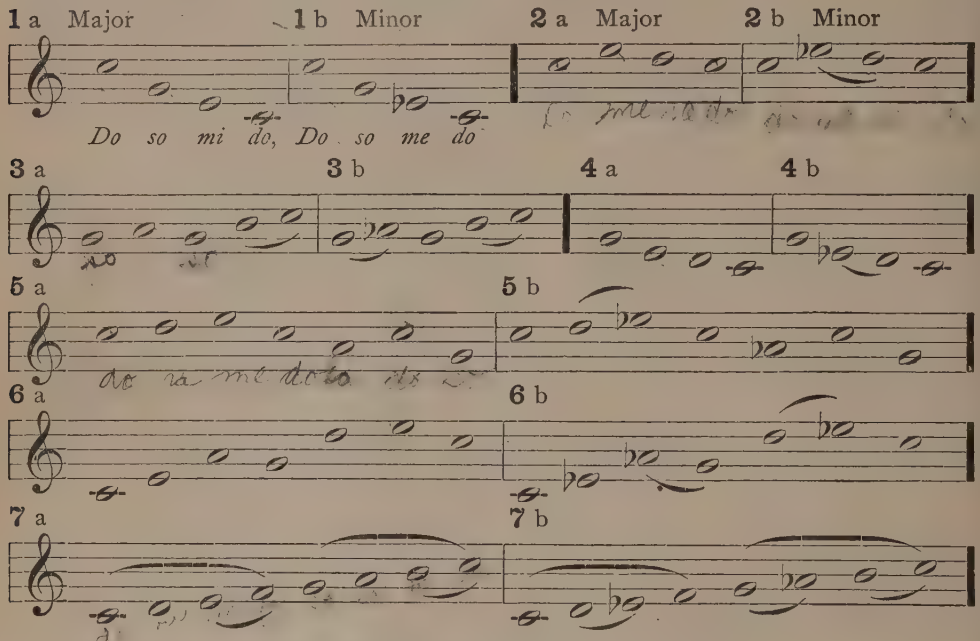
pp

CHORUS

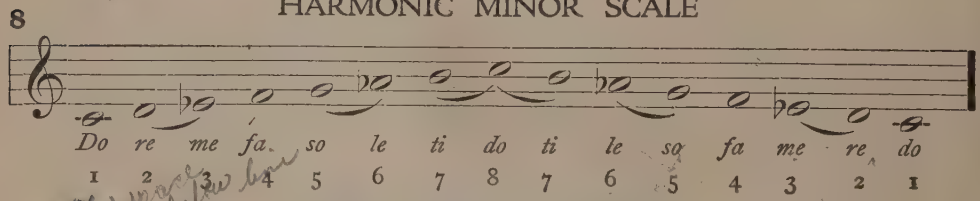
O . hush thee, my ba - bie, O . hush thee, my ba - bie! .

Three and six of the Harmonic Minor Scale distinguish it from the Major Scale.

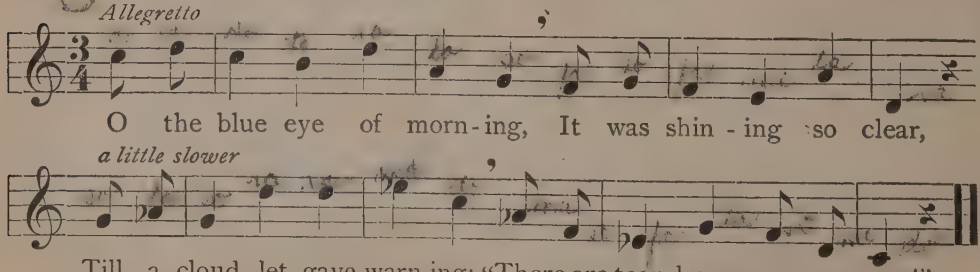
Suggestion: Divide the class into two sections, one singing the major, immediately followed by the other singing the minor study.



HARMONIC MINOR SCALE



SHINE AND SHOWER

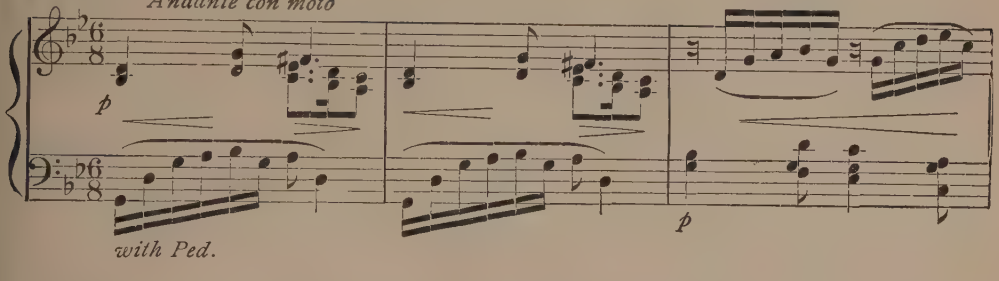

Allegretto
O the blue eye of morn-ing, It was shin-ing so clear,
a little slower
Till a cloud-let gave warn-ing: "There are tear-drops ver-y near!"

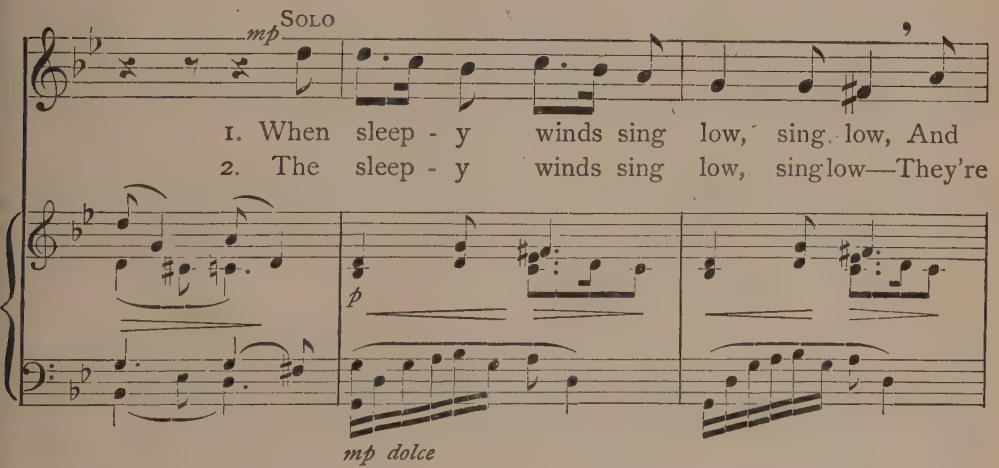
SLEEPY-TIME SONG

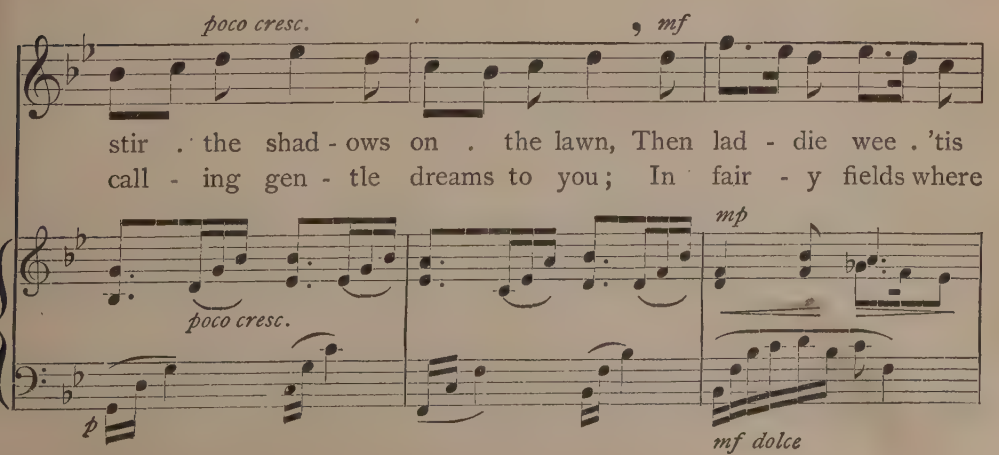
Anne F. Barr
in St. Nicholas

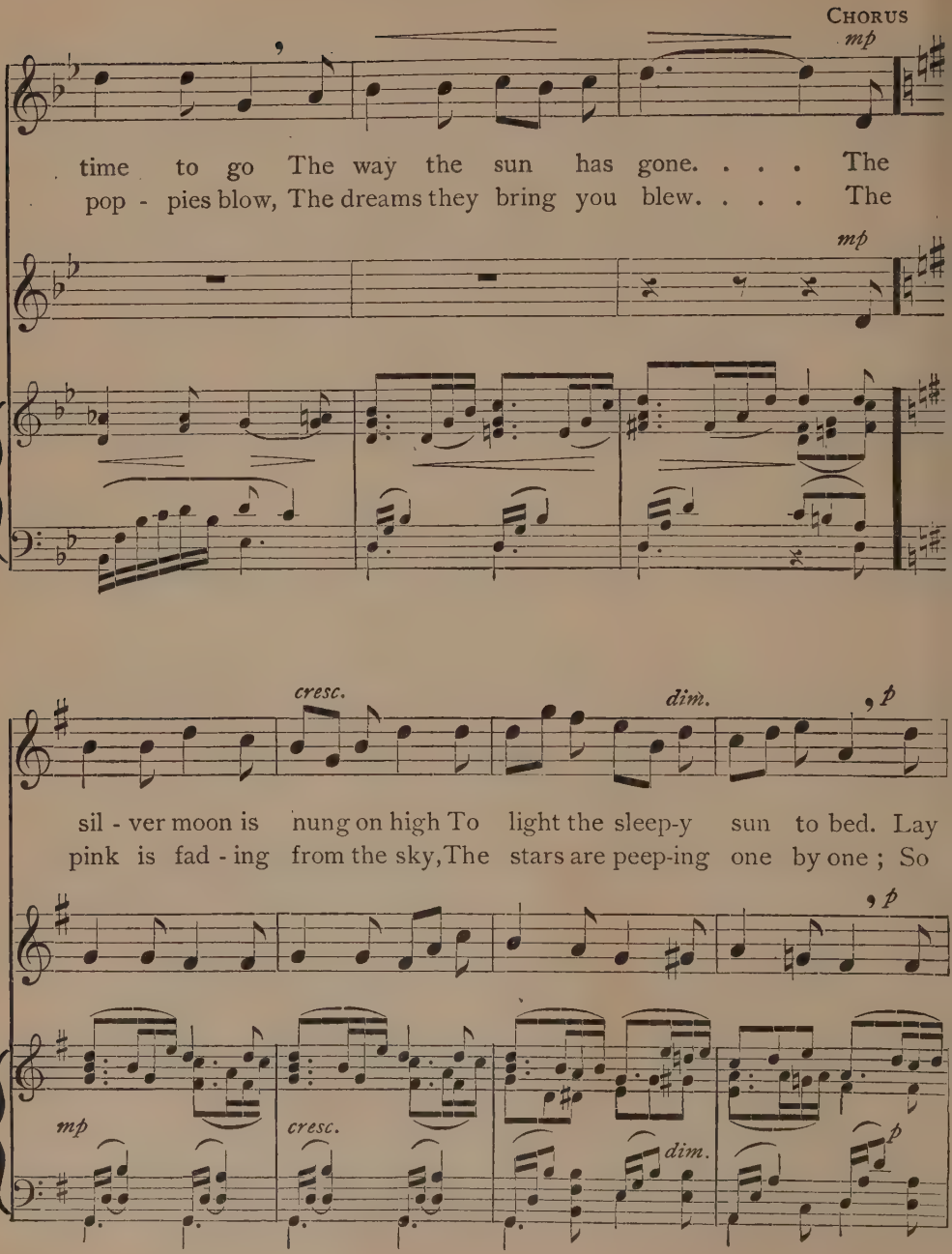
John E. West

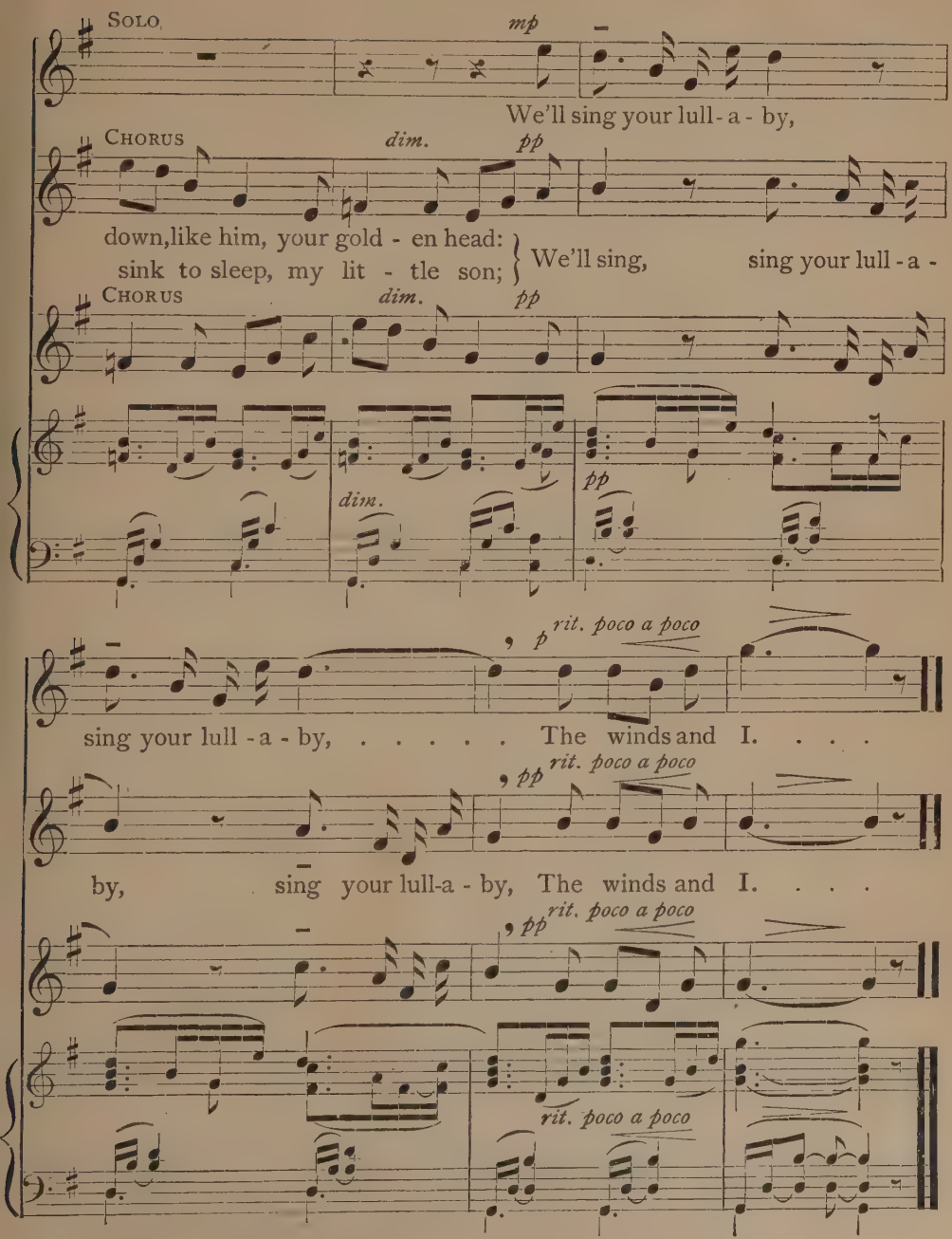
Andante con moto






poco cresc.
mf
stir . the shad - ows on . the lawn, Then lad - die wee . 'tis
call - ing gen - tle dreams to you; In fair - y fields where
poco cresc.
mp
p
mf dolce

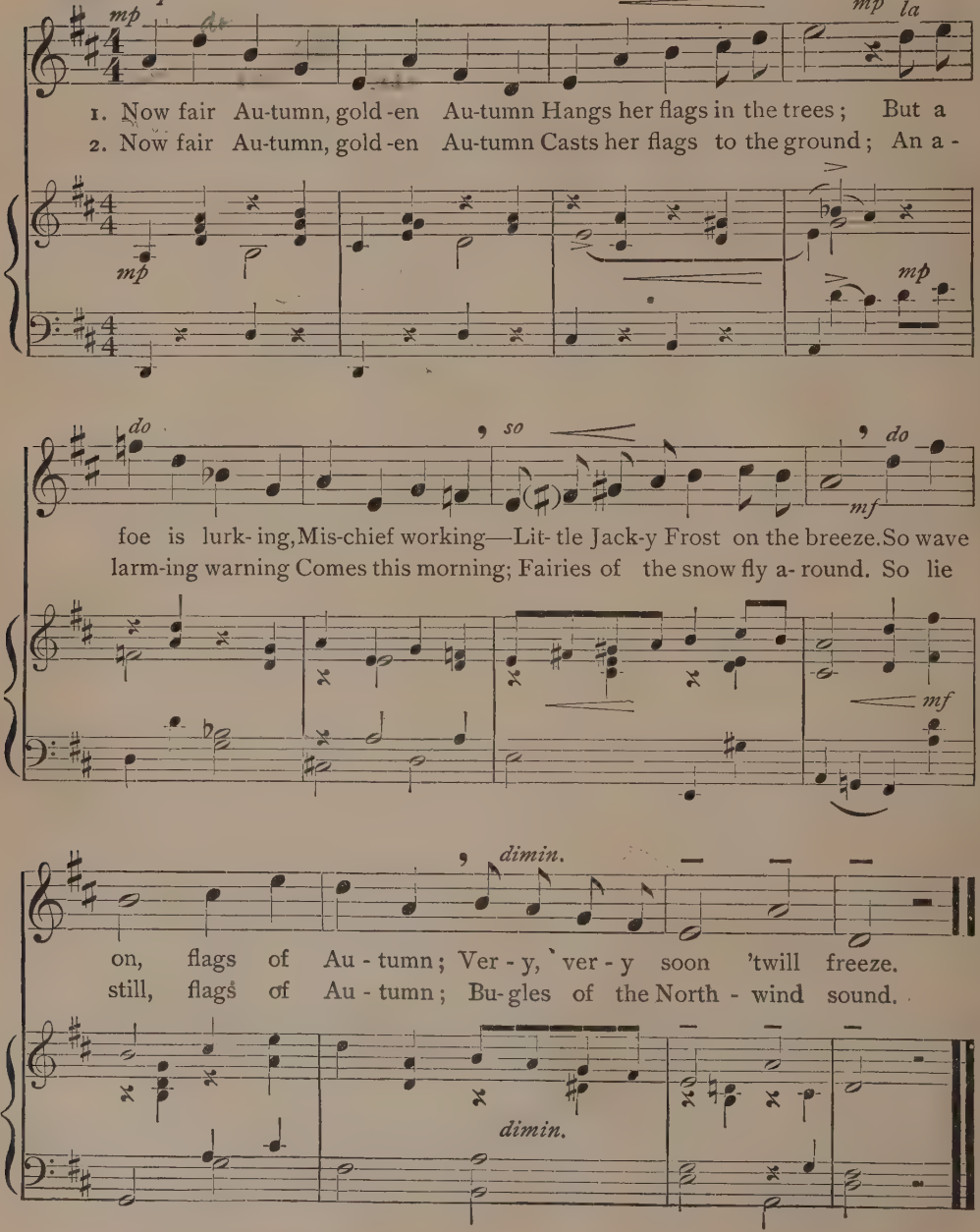

Chorus
mp
time to go The way the sun has gone. . . . The
pop - pies blow, The dreams they bring you blew. . . . The
mp
cresc.
dim.
p
sil - ver moon is hung on high To light the sleep-y sun to bed. Lay
pink is fad - ing from the sky, The stars are peep-ing one by one; So
p
mp
cresc.
dim.
p


Solo
mp
We'll sing your lull - a - by,
Chorus
dim.
pp
down, like him, your gold - en head:
sink to sleep, my lit - tle son;
We'll sing, sing your lull - a -
Chorus
dim.
pp
dim.
pp
p
rit. poco a poco
sing your lull - a - by, ... The winds and I. . . .
pp
rit. poco a poco
by, sing your lull-a - by, The winds and I. . . .
pp
rit. poco a poco
rit. poco a poco

THE FLAGS OF AUTUMN

John E. Ayres

Tempo di Gavotta


mp
mp la
1. Now fair Au-tumn, gold-en Au-tumn Hangs her flags in the trees; But a
2. Now fair Au-tumn, gold-en Au-tumn Casts her flags to the ground; An a-
mp
mp
do
so
do
mf
foe is lurk-ing, Mis-chief working—Lit-tle Jack-y Frost on the breeze. So wave
larm-ing warning Comes this morning; Fairies of the snow fly a-round. So lie
mf
dimin.
on, flags of Au-tumn; Ver-y, ver-y soon 'twill freeze.
still, flags of Au-tumn; Bu-gles of the North-wind sound.
dimin.

H. W. L. Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto con moto

p

1. The fire - fly fair - ies came
2. They twinkled and danced in a
3. Next morning I went where the

mp *scherzoso* *dimin.* *p* *legato*

mp

out one night, And Oh, but the path was dark! . . So each one
mag - ic throng, 'Twas Oh, such a joy - ous romp! . They timed it
dance had been, And what do you think I found? . Where sun was

Ped. *

poco rall.

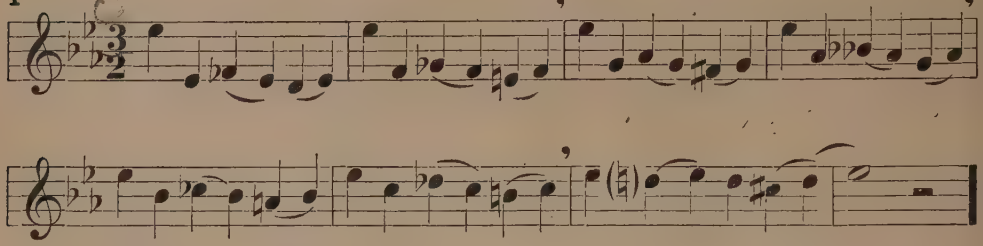
felt she must light her light, Although it was on-ly a spark. .
all to the crick-et's song, Right down in the blueber-ry swamp. .
shin-ing and grass was green, Their jew-els were all on the ground. .

p *delicato* *poco rall.*

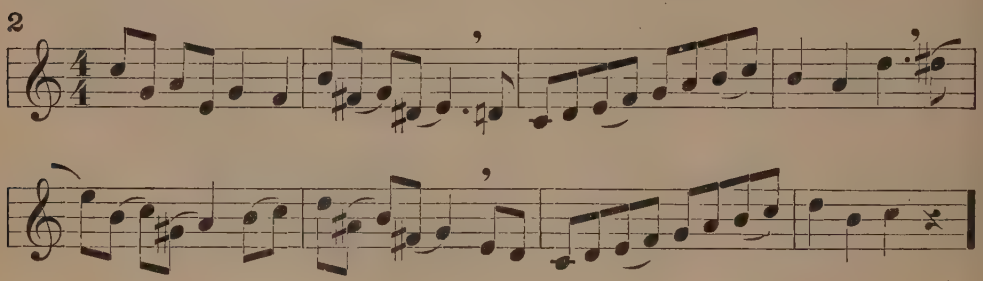
Reference: New Manual, Pages 147–148

No. 1 is sequential and should be sung by each singing pupil individually

1



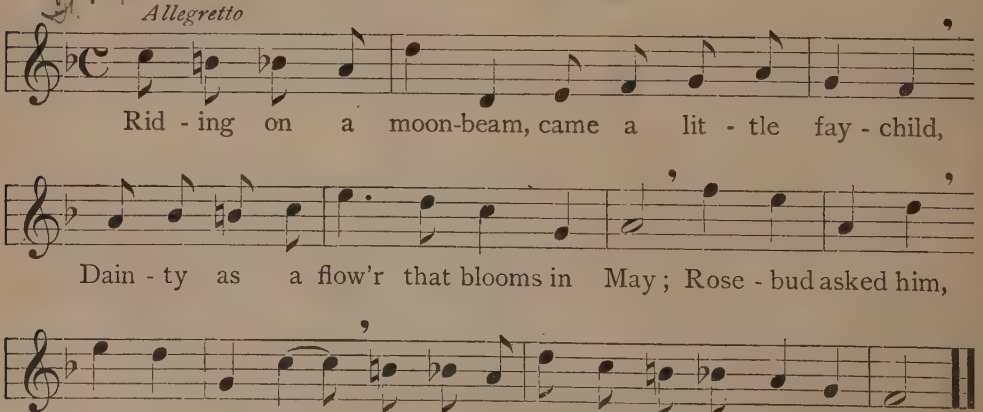
2



3

THE FAY–CHILD

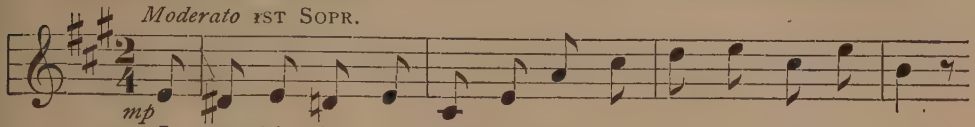
Allegretto


Rid - ing on a moon-beam, came a lit - tle fay - child,
Dain - ty as a flow'r that blooms in May; Rose - bud asked him,
"Won't you stay, child?" But in a mo - ment he had flown a - way.

A GENTLE HINT

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Arthur Edward Johnstone

Moderato 1ST SOPR.



mp

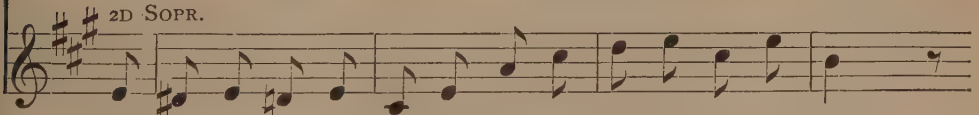
1. I saw him in the lane one day, A-perch-ing on a stile;
2. Said I: "Just hold your tongue a bit, What language do you speak?

He had so man-y things to say, He chat-tered all the while —
From all that I can make of it It might as well be Greek."

1ST SOPR.

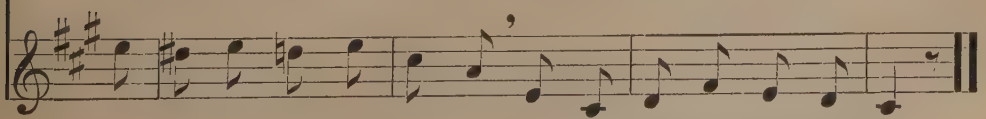
A nice, tame squir-rel; His tail was thick and fur-ry, And
Said he: "*Hog Lat-in;* The mean-ing of my chat-ter Is

2D SOPR.



The nic-est lit-tle squir-rel; Oh, his tail was thick-est fur!
Said he: "A sort of Lat-in, And the mean-ing of my chat

he had no need to wor-ry, For he saw me smile.
a most im-por-tant mat-ter; 'Tis of lunch I speak."

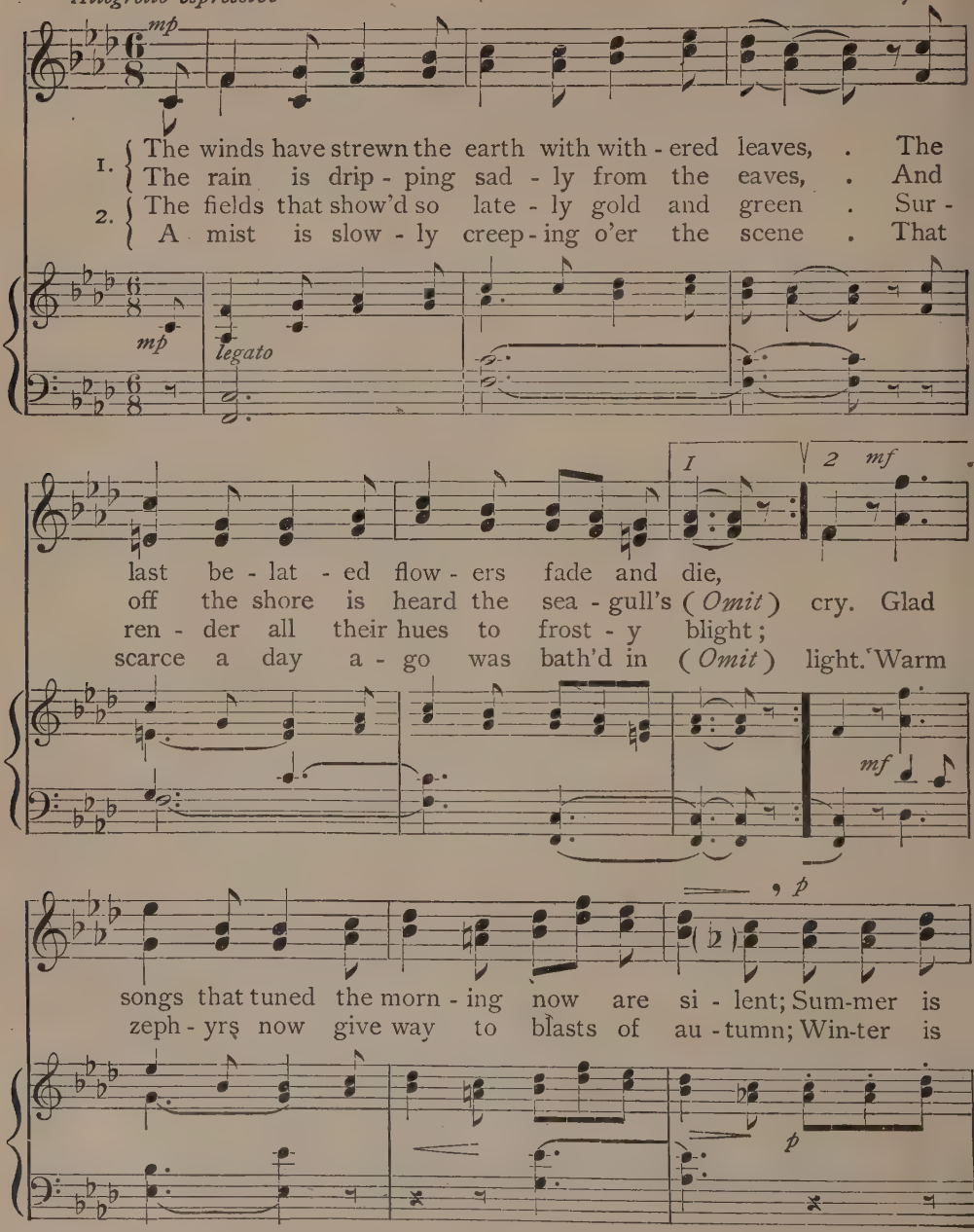


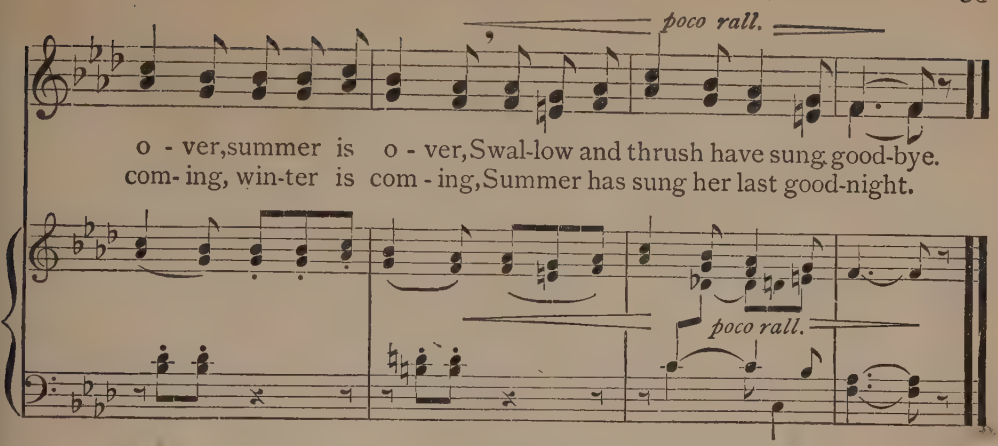
He had no need to wor-ry, For he saw my pleas-ant smile.
Is most im-por-tant mat-ter; 'Tis of lunch-eon that I speak."

AUTUMN LAMENT

Allegretto espressivo

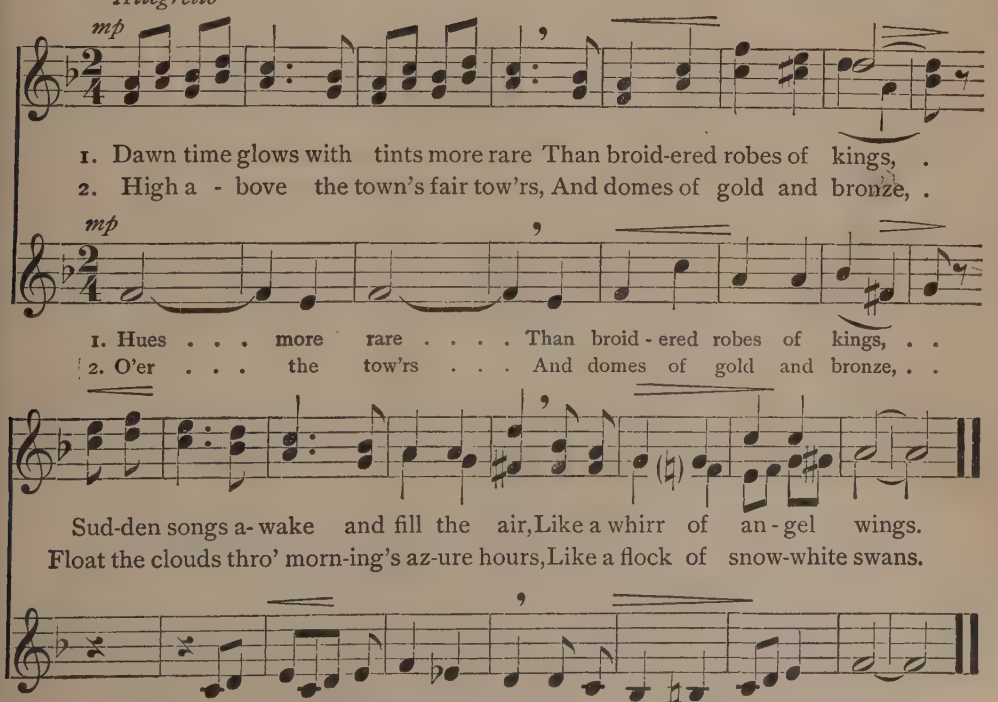
Italian Melody


mp
1. The winds have strewn the earth with with - ered leaves, . The
The rain is drip - ping sad - ly from the eaves, . And
2. The fields that show'd so late - ly gold and green . Sur -
A mist is slow - ly creep - ing o'er the scene . That
mp
legato
1
2
mf
last be - lat - ed flow - ers fade and die,
off the shore is heard the sea - gull's (Omit) cry. Glad
ren - der all their hues to frost - y blight;
scarce a day a - go was bath'd in (Omit) light. Warm
mf
p
songs that tuned the morn - ing now are si - lent; Sum-mer is
zeph - yrs now give way to blasts of au - tumn; Win-ter is
p

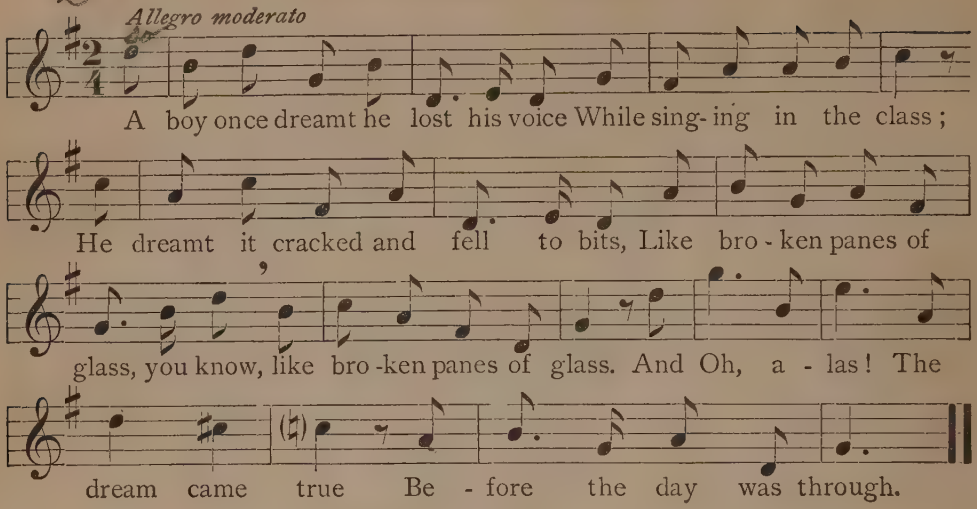

poco rall.
o - ver, summer is o - ver, Swal-low and thrush have sung good-bye.
com- ing, win-ter is com - ing, Summer has sung her last good-night.
poco rall.

DAWN TIME

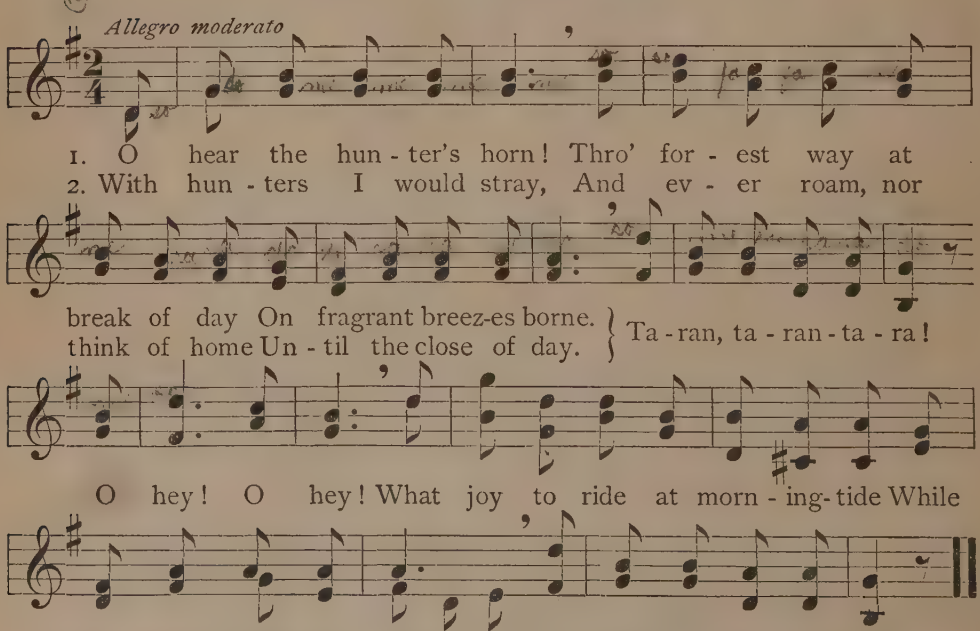
Frederick Winthrop — Herbert Fullerton


Allegretto
mp
1. Dawn time glows with tints more rare Than broid-ered robes of kings,
2. High a - bove the town's fair tow'rs, And domes of gold and bronze,
mp
1. Hues . . . more rare . . . . Than broid - ered robes of kings, . .
2. O'er . . . the tow'rs . . . And domes of gold and bronze, . .
Sud-den songs a- wake and fill the air, Like a whirr of an - gel wings.
Float the clouds thro' morn-ing's az-ure hours, Like a flock of snow-white swans.
A - wake and fill the air Like a whirr of an - gel wings.
Thro' morn-ing's az - ure hours, Like a flock of snow-white swans.

THE BROKEN MELODY


Allegro moderato
A boy once dreamt he lost his voice While sing-ing in the class;
He dreamt it cracked and fell to bits, Like bro-ken panes of
glass, you know, like bro-ken panes of glass. And Oh, a-las! The
dream came true Be-fore the day was through.

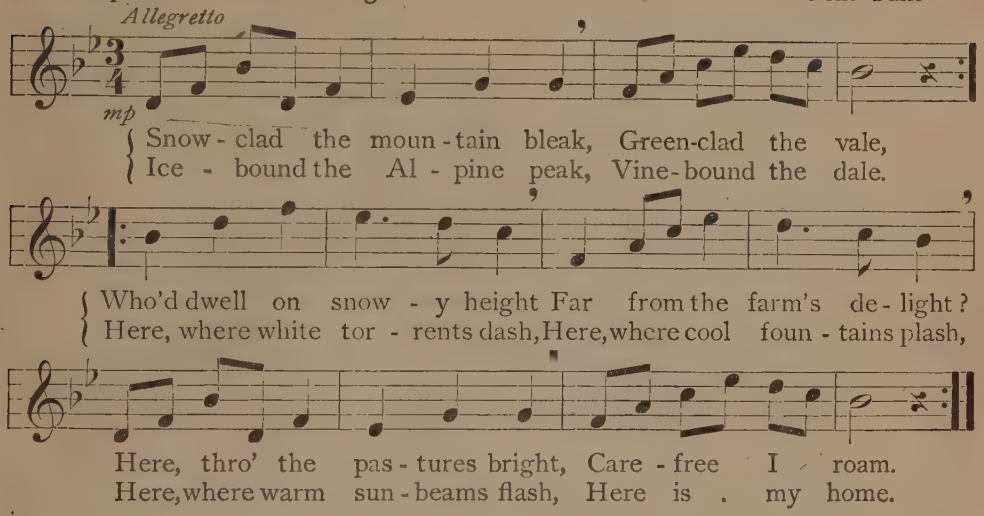
THE HUNTER'S HORN


Allegro moderato
1. O hear the hun-ter's horn! Thro' for-est way at
2. With hun-ters I would stray, And ev-er roam, nor
break of day On fragrant breez-es borne.
think of home Un-til the close of day.
Ta-ran, ta-ran-ta-ra!
O hey! O hey! What joy to ride at morn-ing-tide While
ech-oes near and far, (a-far,) "Ta-ran, ta-ran-ta-ra!"

After these two songs have been thoroughly learned, the class may be divided, one section singing "The Broken Melody" while the other section sings "The Hunter's Horn."

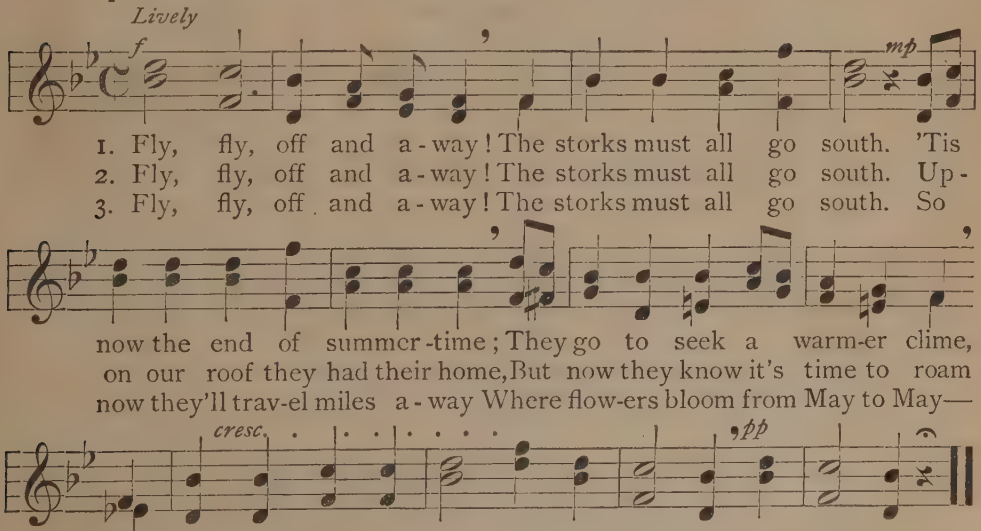
MY VALLEY HOME

Adapted from Gottlieb Weigle — Folk Tune


Allegretto
mp
Snow - clad the moun - tain bleak, Green-clad the vale,
Ice - bound the Al - pine peak, Vine-bound the dale.
Who'd dwell on snow - y height Far from the farm's de - light?
Here, where white tor - rents dash, Here, where cool foun - tains plash,
Here, thro' the pas - tures bright, Care - free I roam.
Here, where warm sun - beams flash, Here is my home.

THE FLIGHT OF THE STORKS

Adapted from Hoffmann v. Fallersleben


Lively
f
mp
1. Fly, fly, off and a - way! The storks must all go south. 'Tis
2. Fly, fly, off and a - way! The storks must all go south. Up -
3. Fly, fly, off and a - way! The storks must all go south. So
now the end of summer-time; They go to seek a warm-er clime,
on our roof they had their home, But now they know it's time to roam
now they'll trav-el miles a - way Where flow-ers bloom from May to May—
cresc.
pp
And leave us all a - lone thro' the win - ter, the win - ter.
And build an - oth - er house for the win - ter, the win - ter.
I hope they'll have good luck all the win - ter, the win - ter.

Reference: New Manual, Pages 157–158

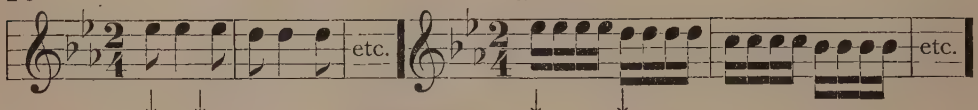
Continue singing the descending and ascending scale until the accent falls on the upper *do*.

Hear the tones and feel the rhythms before beginning to sing. Beat the measure firmly.

1a **1b** The second tone in 1 b and 1 c is

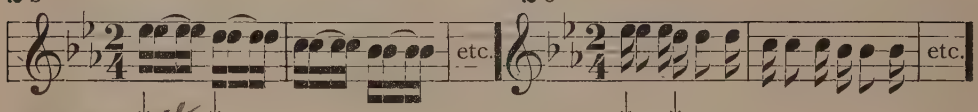
sung *after* the first beat and *with* the second beat (thinking two tones to the beat)

1c **2a**



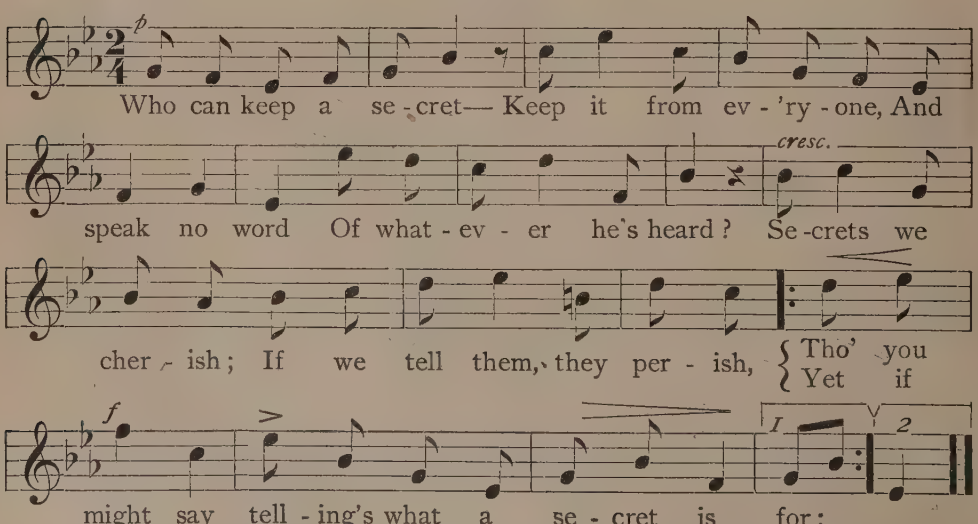
Think four tones to the beat

2b **2c**



SECRETS

Moderato

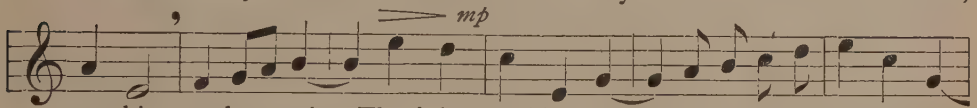

p
Who can keep a se - cret— Keep it from ev - 'ry - one, And
cresc.
speak no word Of what - ev - er he's heard? Se - crets we
cher - ish; If we tell them, they per - ish, Tho' you
Yet if
f
might say tell - ing's what a se - cret is for;
once you tell it 'tis a se - cret no (Omit) more.

* *Syncopation*, beginning a tone in an unaccented part of the measure and sustaining it into the accented part; or, beginning a tone before the beat and sustaining it with the beat. The result is a transfer of the accent backward.

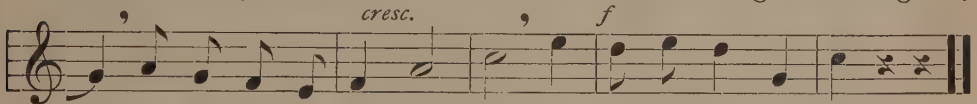
AUTUMN DAYS

Tempo di valse

Au-tumn days! Oh, the mel-low au-tumn days! Then a-mid the sun-shine,



sun-shine, zephyr sprites Thro' the wood-land strew Fo-li-age of flam-ing hue,



. . Bright-er than the bon-fires' glow On mer-ry au-tumn nights.

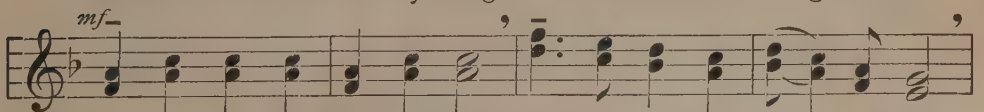
BONNIE CHARLIE

Lady Nairne — Scotch Folk Tune

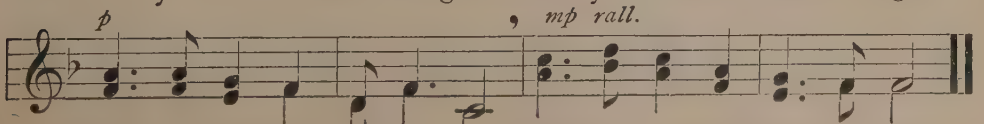
Allegretto espressivo

1. Bon-nie Char-lie's now a-wa', Safe-ly owre the friend-ly main;
2. Hills he trod were all his ain, Bed be-neath the bir-ken tree, The
3. Sweet the lav-'rock's note and lang, Lilt-in' wild-ly up the glen, But
4. Mon-y a gal-lant sod-jer fought, Mon-y a gal-lant chief did fa';

Mon-y a heart will break in twa Should he ne'er come back a-gain.
bush that hid him on the plain, None on earth can claim but he.
aye to me he sings ae song: "Will ye no come back a-gain?
Death it-self were dear-ly bought A' for Scotland's King and law.

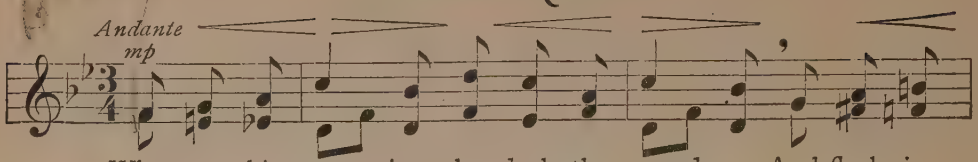


Will ye no come back a-gain? Will ye no come back a-gain?



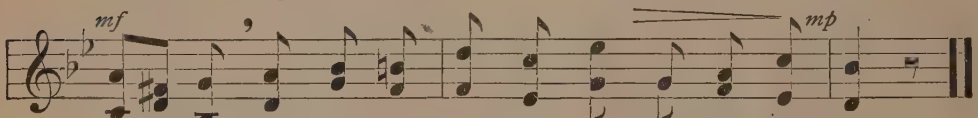
Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be—Will ye no come back a-gain?

AUTUMN'S QUEEN



1. When sap-phire gen - tians be - deck the mead - ow, And flash - ing
2. With roy - al pur - ple the hedge is man - tled, In robes of

frost sil-vers all the fields, 'Tis then Oc - to - ber, ar-rayed in
crim-son the gar-den smiles, And all the gold of the Au-gust

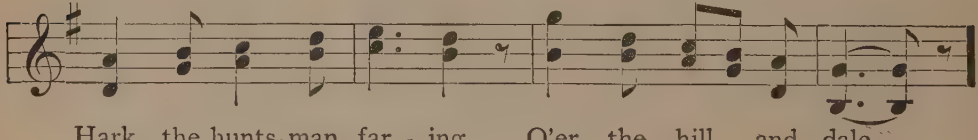


glo - ry, Dons all the splen-did jew - els Au-tumn yields.
noon-tides Is safe - ly hoard - ed now in for - est aisles.

THE HUNTSMAN

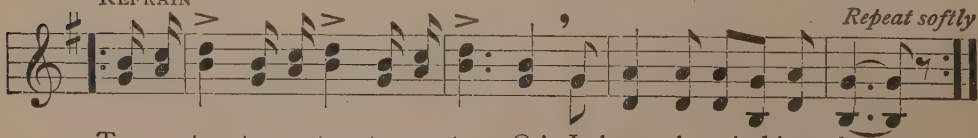
Bernhard Anselm Weber

1. Bow and ar - row bear - ing, Now, while morn is pale,
2. Like as hawk or ea - gle Claims his feath - ered prey,
3. Thus he deems it du - ty, Slay - ing wolves that howl,



Hark, the hunts-man far - ing, O'er the hill and dale.
So the hunts-man re - gal Holds the woods in sway.
Bear - ing home as boot - y Sav - age beasts that prowl.

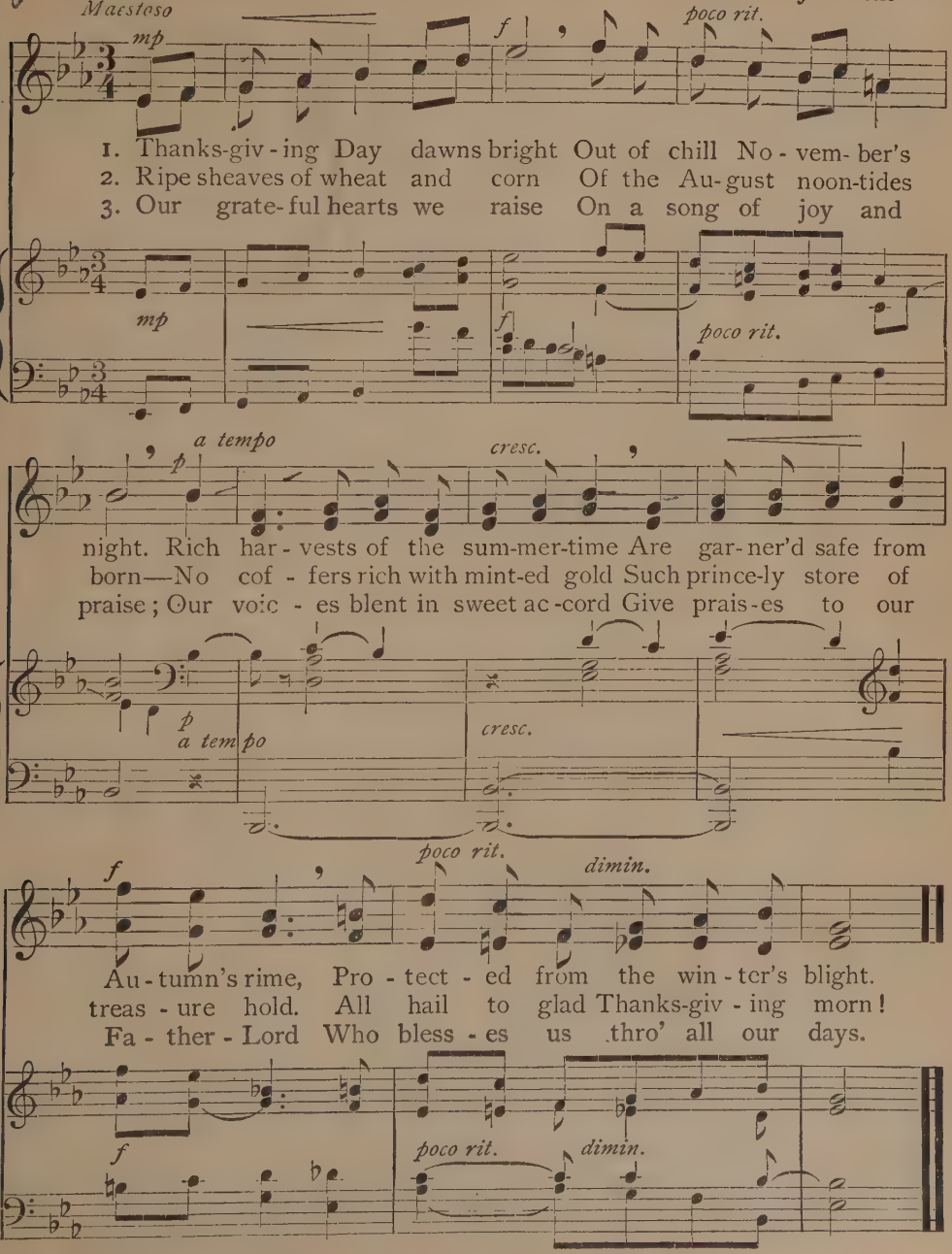
REFRAIN



Tar-a - tan, tar-a -tan, tar-a - tan, O! I hear the wind-ing horn.
Tar-a - tan, tar-a -tan, tar-a - tan, O! It's ech - o wakes the morn.

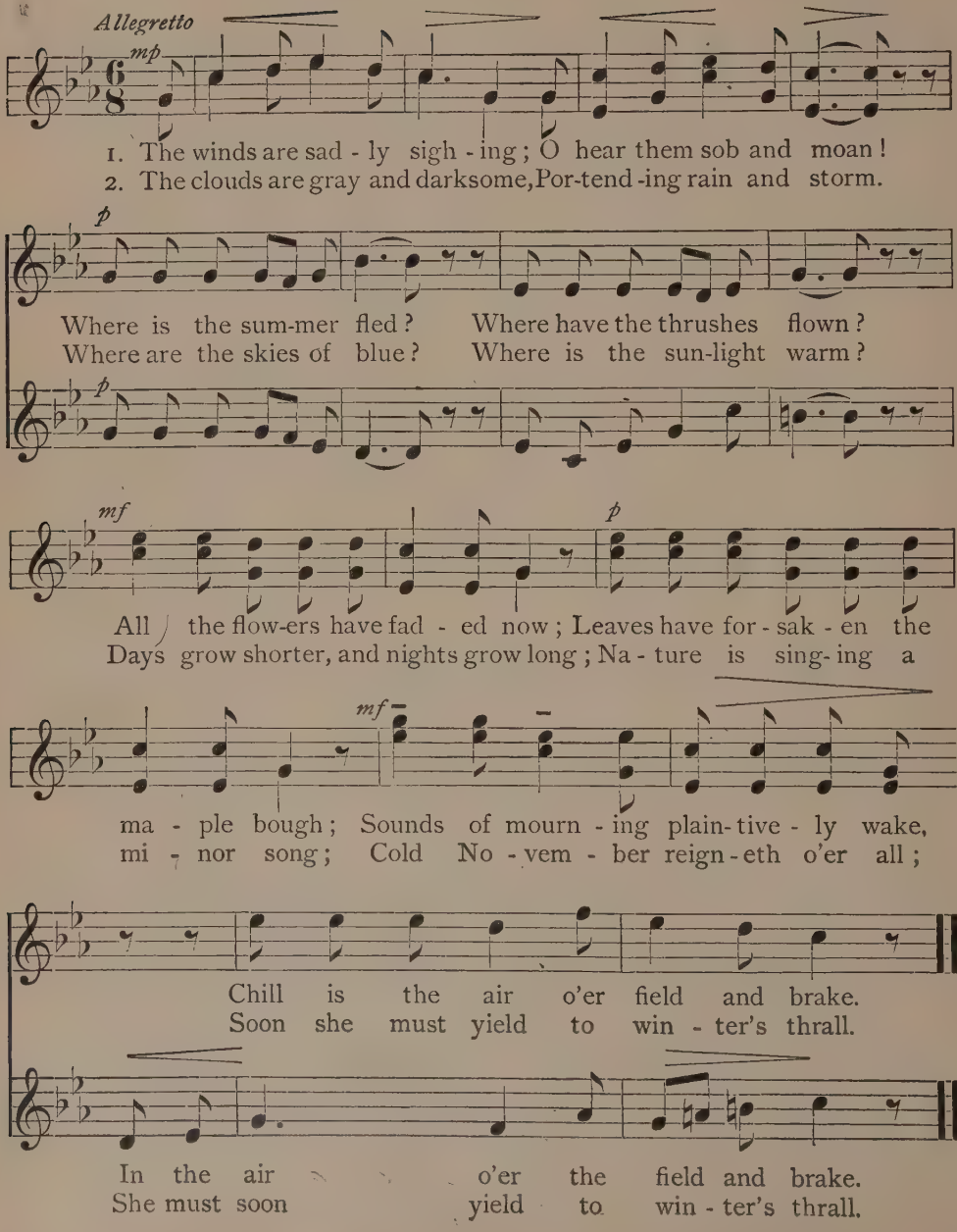
James F. Caldwell
Maestoso

Arthur Edward Johnstone


mp
f
poco rit.
1. Thanks-giv-ing Day dawns bright Out of chill No-vem-ber's
2. Ripe sheaves of wheat and corn Of the Au-gust noon-tides
3. Our grate-ful hearts we raise On a song of joy and
mp
f
poco rit.
a tempo
p
cresc.
night. Rich har-vests of the sum-mer-time Are gar-ner'd safe from
born—No cof-fers rich with mint-ed gold Such prince-ly store of
praise; Our voic-es blent in sweet ac-cord Give prais-es to our
p
a tempo
cresc.
poco rit.
dimin.
f
Au-tumn's rime, Pro-tect-ed from the win-ter's blight.
treas-ure hold. All hail to glad Thanks-giv-ing morn!
Fa-ther-Lord Who bless-es us thro' all our days.
f
poco rit.
dimin.

NOVEMBER

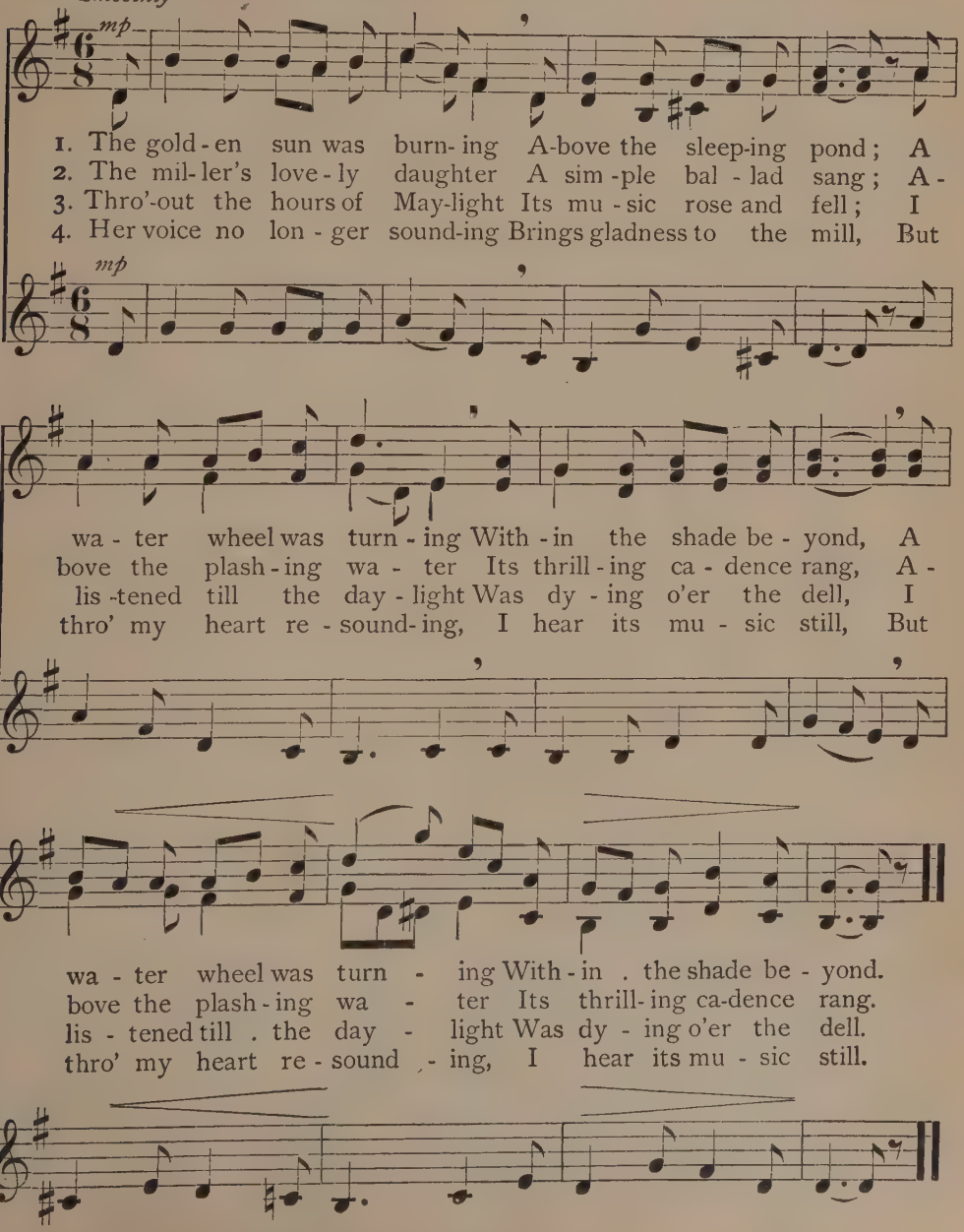
Creole Melody


Allegretto
mp
1. The winds are sad - ly sigh - ing; O hear them sob and moan!
2. The clouds are gray and darksome, Por-tend -ing rain and storm.
p
Where is the sum-mer fled? Where have the thrushes flown?
Where are the skies of blue? Where is the sun-light warm?
p
mf
All the flow-ers have fad - ed now; Leaves have for - sak - en the
Days grow shorter, and nights grow long; Na - ture is sing- ing a
p
mf
ma - ple bough; Sounds of mourn - ing plain- tive - ly wake,
mi - nor song; Cold No - vem - ber reign - eth o'er all;
Chill is the air o'er field and brake.
Soon she must yield to win - ter's thrall.
In the air o'er the field and brake.
She must soon yield to win - ter's thrall.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

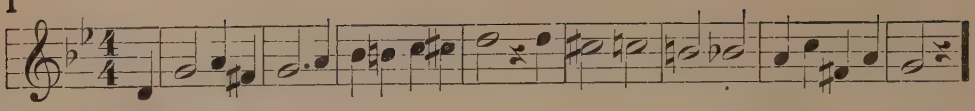
Frederick Winthrop — J. L. F. Glück

Smoothly


mp
1. The gold-en sun was burn-ing A-bove the sleep-ing pond; A
2. The mil-ler's love-ly daughter A sim-ple bal-lad sang; A-
3. Thro'-out the hours of May-light Its mu-sic rose and fell; I
4. Her voice no lon-ger sound-ing Brings gladness to the mill, But
mp
wa-ter wheel was turn-ing With-in the shade be-yond, A
bove the plash-ing wa-ter Its thrill-ing ca-dence rang, A-
lis-tened till the day-light Was dy-ing o'er the dell, I
thro' my heart re-sound-ing, I hear its mu-sic still, But
wa-ter wheel was turn-ing With-in . the shade be-yond.
bove the plash-ing wa-ter Its thrill-ing ca-dence rang.
lis-tened till . the day-light Was dy-ing o'er the dell.
thro' my heart re-sound-ing, I hear its mu-sic still.

BFLAT Mi

1



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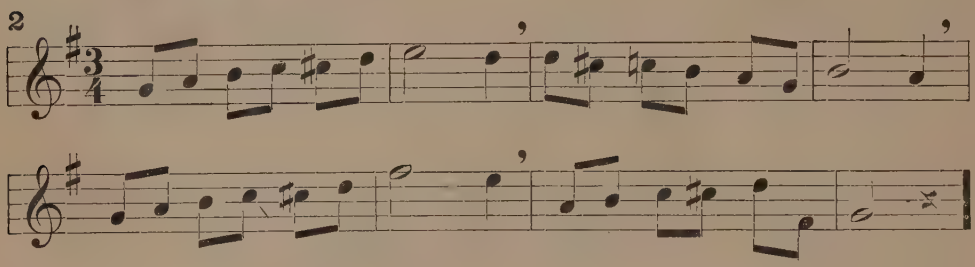

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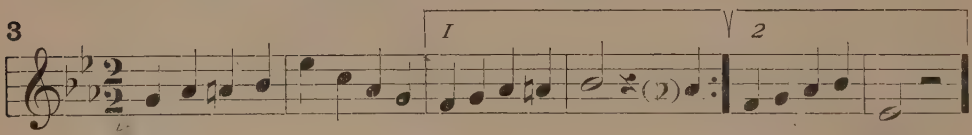

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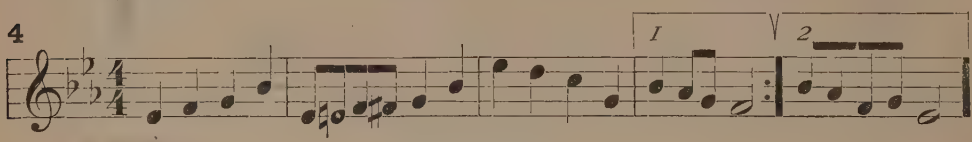


3 line

B♭

MEMORIES

Russell M. Dodge

Andante

mp

1. Gone the bloom that made the mead-ow glad; Dark is the
2. Mute the birds that woke the heart of May; Pine-trees are

mf

shad-ow on the land-scape sad; Bright snow-y clouds that
moan-ing in the wood-land way; Spring's fair-est hopes, like

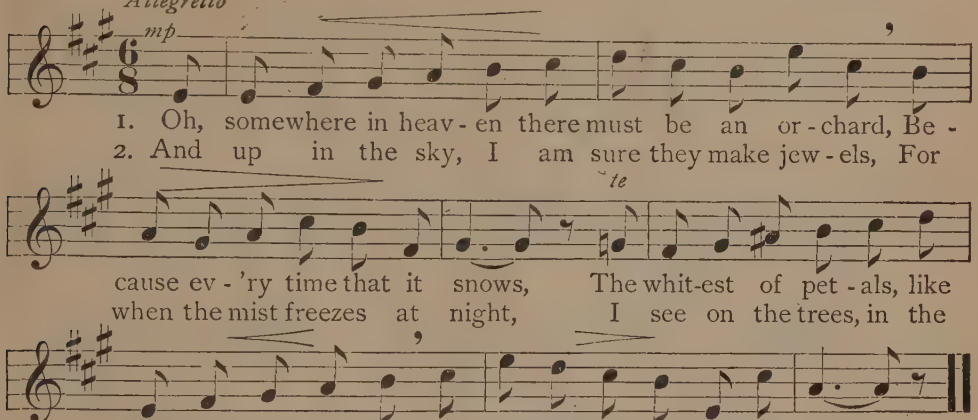
mp

sail'd from summer's shore, Gone, like to ves-sels that re-turn no more.
with-ered ro-ses lie; Au-tumn herself in Winter's arms must die.

OUT OF THE SKY

Foster B. Merriam — Herbert Fullerton

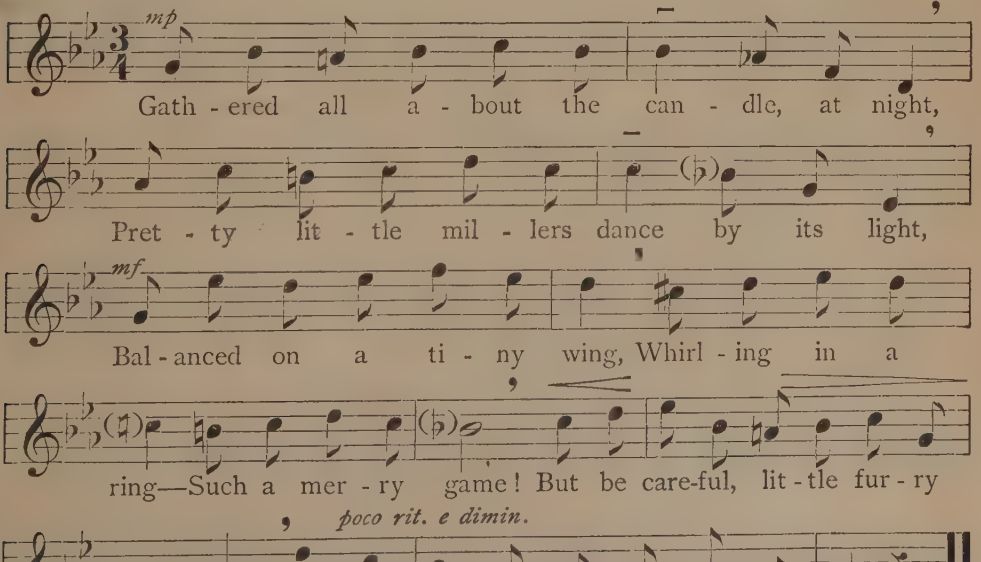
Allegretto


mp
1. Oh, somewhere in heav - en there must be an or - chard, Be -
2. And up in the sky, I am sure they make jew - els, For
te
cause ev - 'ry time that it snows, The whit-est of pet - als, like
when the mist freezes at night, I see on the trees, in the
cher - ry tree blos-soms Are drift - ing wher-ev - er one goes.
gold of the sun - rise, A mil - lion of di - a-monds bright.

BY CANDLE LIGHT

James F. Caldwell — Eugene Stoddard

Moderato


mp
Gath - ered all a - bout the can - dle, at night,
Pret - ty lit - tle mil - lers dance by its light,
mf
Bal - anced on a ti - ny wing, Whirl - ing in a
ring—Such a mer - ry game! But be care-ful, lit - tle fur - ry
poco rit. e dimin.
dan - cers, That you do not fin - ish in the flame!

STAR WISHES

Anne Sykes Schutze
in The Youth's Companion

John E. West

Allegretto con moto

SOLO

1. A lit - tle girl sat up one night To
2. A lit - tle owl sat up till day To

mp *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *simile*

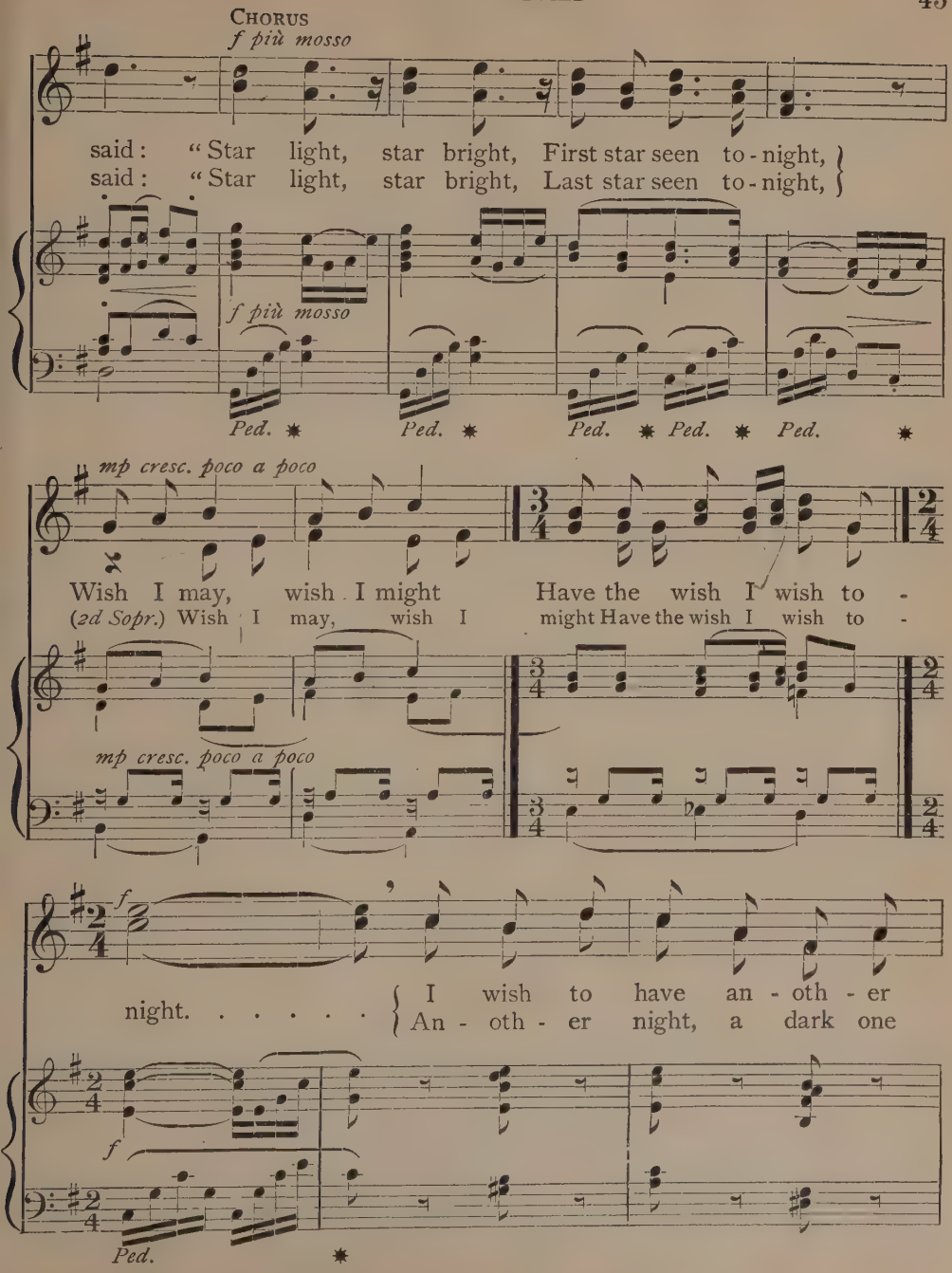
watch the first star o - ver - head, And when she saw its
watch the last star o - ver - head, And when he saw it

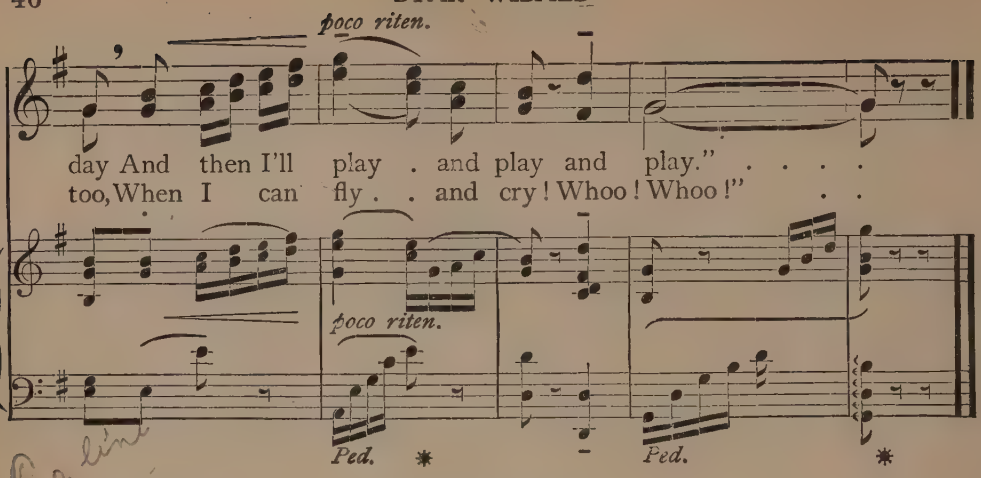
p

rall.

ti - ny light, These are the words she said, These are the words she
fade a - way, These are the words he said, These are the words he

mp *rall.*


Chorus
f più mosso
said: "Star light, star bright, First star seen to-night,
said: "Star light, star bright, Last star seen to-night,
f più mosso
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mp cresc. poco a poco
Wish I may, wish I might Have the wish I wish to -
(2d Sopr.) Wish I may, wish I might Have the wish I wish to -
mp cresc. poco a poco
f
night. . . . . I wish to have an - oth - er
An - oth - er night, a dark one
f
Ped. *

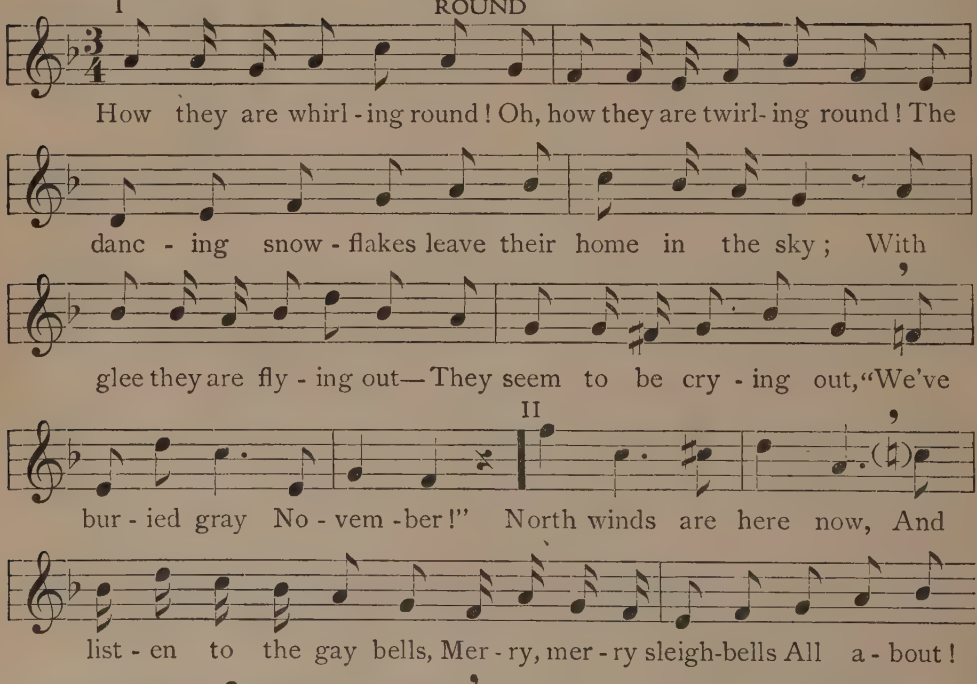


A SNOWFALL

Moderato

I

ROUND


How they are whirl - ing round! Oh, how they are twirl- ing round! The
danc - ing snow - flakes leave their home in the sky; With
glee they are fly - ing out—They seem to be cry - ing out, "We've
II
bur - ied gray No - vem - ber!" North winds are here now, And
list - en to the gay bells, Mer - ry, mer - ry sleigh-bells All a - bout!
Tho' no flow'rs ap - pear now, We'll twine the hol-ly of De-cem-ber.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Johannes Brahms

Con moto
SOLO
mf

CHORUS
f

SOLO
mf

1. Let all the world in joy a - rise To sing and pray; The
2. From na - tive land or dis - tant clime Our prais - es bring! Up -
3. Sing peace on earth, good-will to men For Christ-mas morn! This

Con moto
mf

f

mf

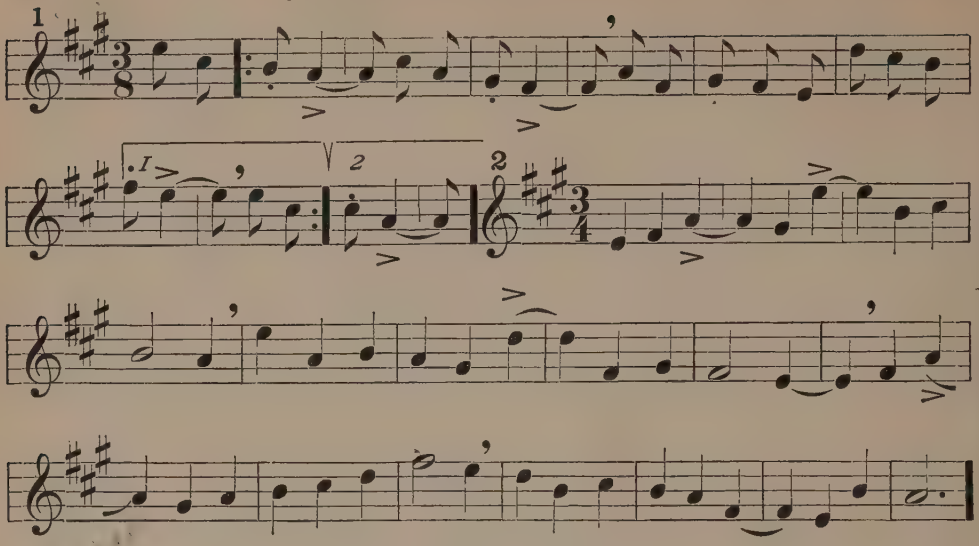
CHORUS

morn-ing stars have hid their eyes Before the lord of day, The
on the air, from gold-en chime, Let peals of tri - umph ring! Up -
mes-sage, o'er and o'er a - gain, On wings of song is borne, This

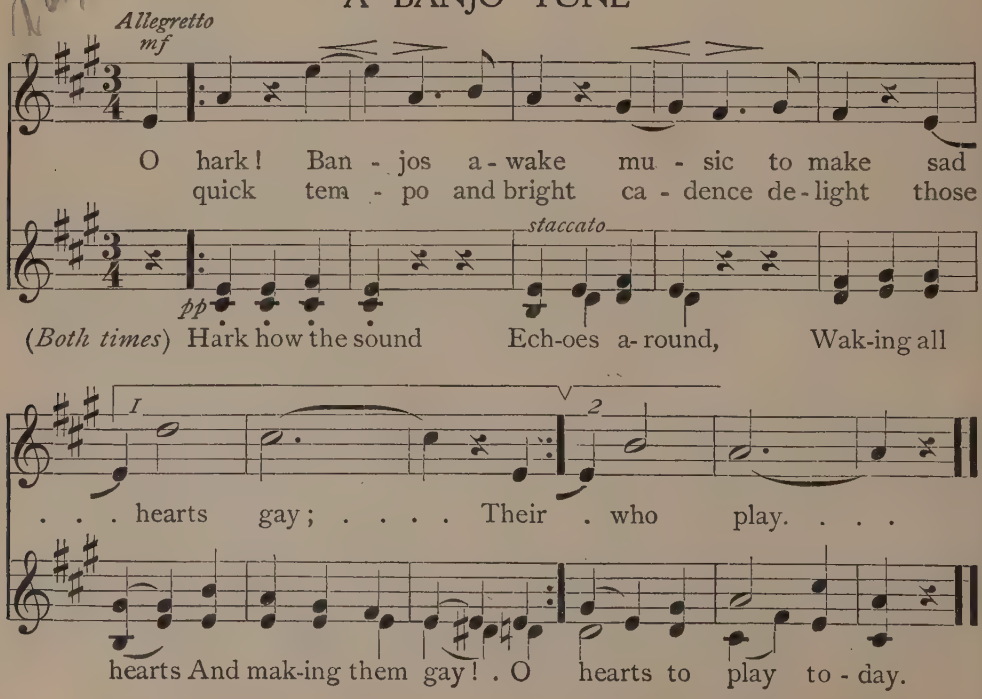
f

morn-ing stars have hid their eyes Be - fore the lord of day.
on the air, from gold - en chime, Let peals of tri - umph ring.
mes-sage, o'er and o'er a - gain, On wings of song is borne.

See definition of Syncopation, page 36

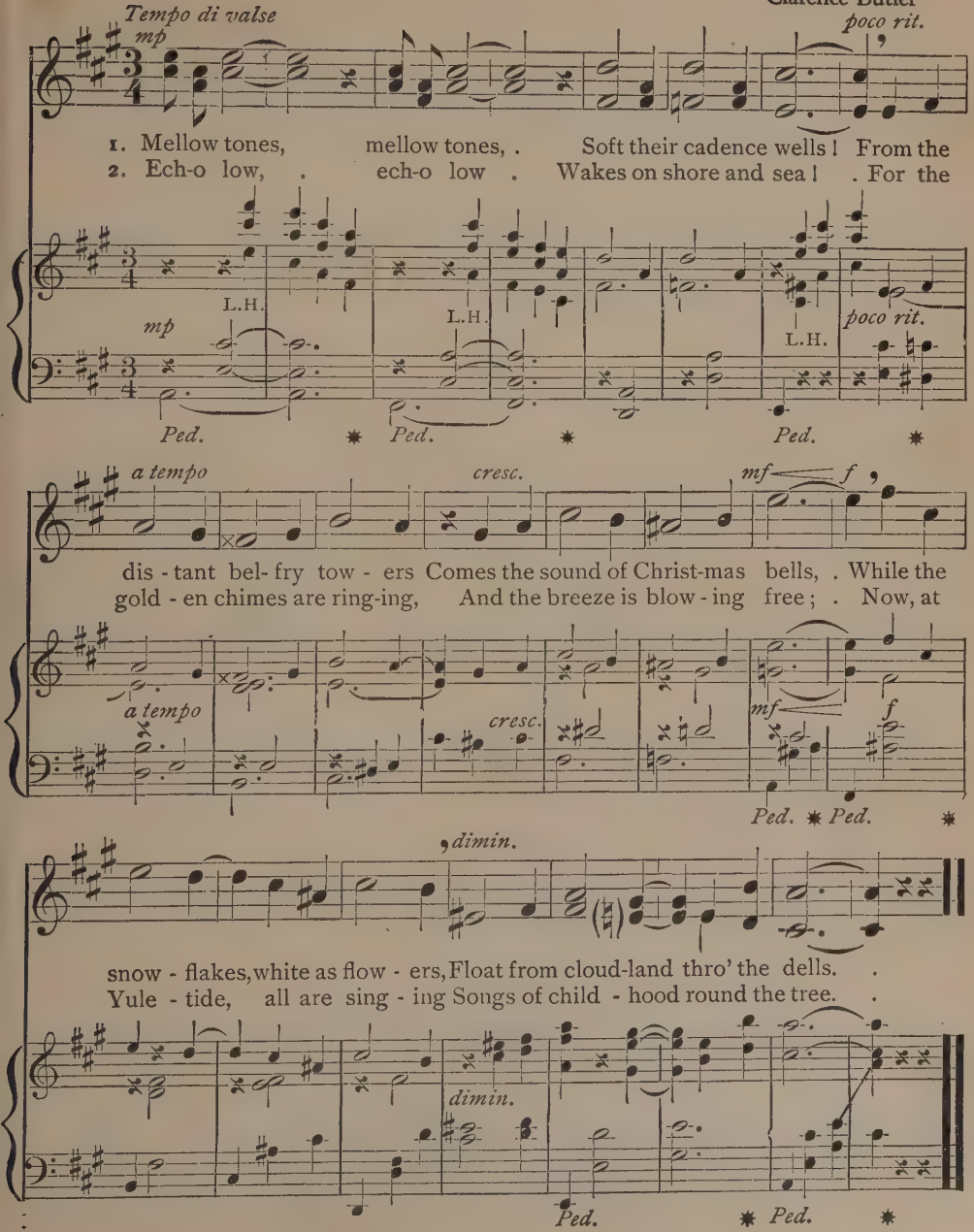


A BANJO TUNE


Allegretto
mf
O hark! Ban - jos a - wake mu - sic to make sad
quick tem - po and bright ca - dence de - light those
staccato
pp
(Both times) Hark how the sound Ech-oes a - round, Wak-ing all
1
2
. . . hearts gay; . . . . Their . who play. . . .
hearts And mak-ing them gay! . O hearts to play to - day.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Clarence Butler

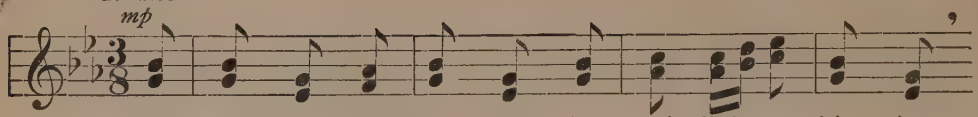

Tempo di valse
mp
poco rit.
1. Mellow tones, mellow tones, . Soft their cadence wells ! From the
2. Ech-o low, . ech-o low . Wakes on shore and sea ! . For the
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
a tempo
cresc.
mf
f
dis - tant bel- fry tow - ers Comes the sound of Christ-mas bells, . While the
gold - en chimes are ring-ing, And the breeze is blow - ing free ; . Now, at
a tempo
cresc.
mf
f
Ped.
Ped.
dimin.
snow - flakes, white as flow - ers, Float from cloud-land thro' the dells. .
Yule - tide, all are sing - ing Songs of child - hood round the tree. .
dimin.
Ped.
Ped.

A WINTER LULLABY

Frederick Winthrop — Herbert Fullerton

Grazioso

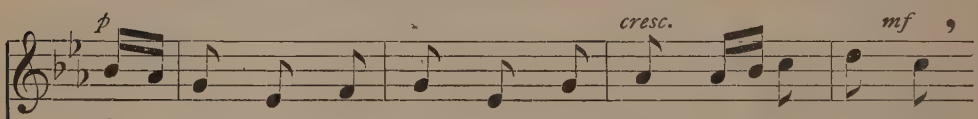
mp



1. The winds of the Nor - land by twi - light are hie - ing,
2. Each breeze of the Nor - land from caves in the moun - tains,

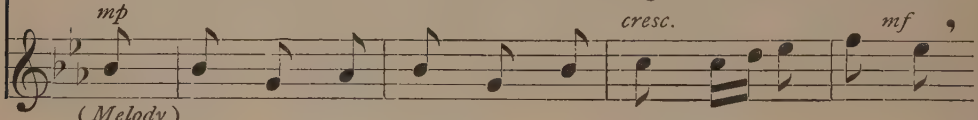
The spice of the pine - lands they bring on . their breath;
O'er miles of white win - ter, a lull - a - by sings.

p *cresc.* *mf*



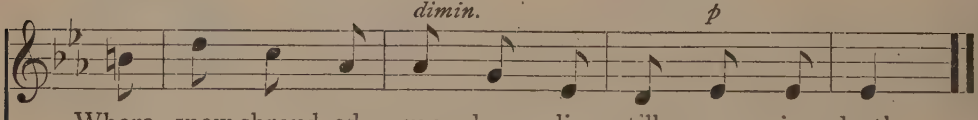
Mys - te - ri - ous mu - sic they weave in their sigh - ing,
To hush in - to si - lence the laugh - ter of foun - tains,

mp *cresc.* *mf*



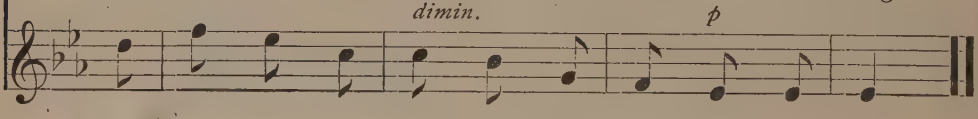
(*Melody*)

dimin. *p*



Where snow-shroud-ed gar - dens lie still as in death.
And cra - dle the night in the folds of their wings.

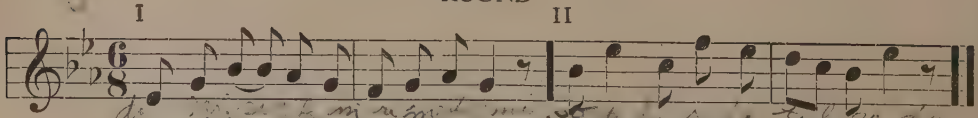
dimin. *p*



HOLIDAY TIME

ROUND

I II



1. Win-ter- time has her fes - ti-vals gay; Sor-row, sor-row must hide a-way.
2. Ev - er-green with the holly is bound; Car- ol, car-ol a joy - ful round.

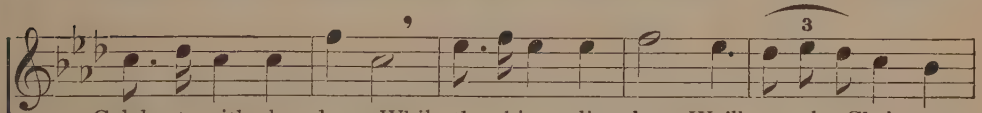
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Giuseppe Verdi
in Rigoletto

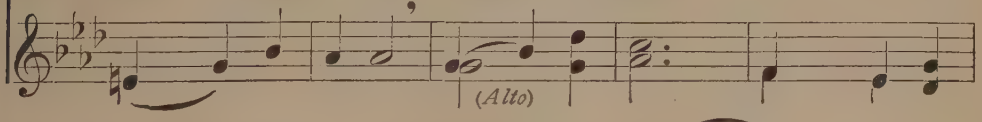
Allegretto alla mazurka

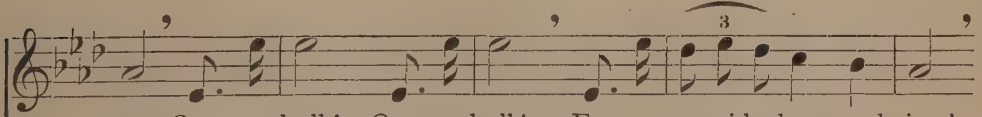
Bells thrill the air to-day, Mirth con-quers care to-day, All things seem
Snowflakes drift light to-day, Meadows gleam white to-day, All hearts beat

fair to-day—Rough win-ter's joy - time! Gather round the tree here,
bright to-day—Glad girl- and - boy - time! Round . . the tree here,

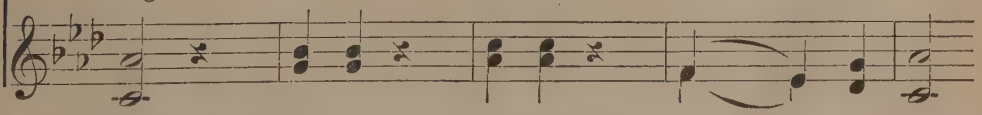


Celebrate with glee here; While the chimes ding-dong We'll car- ol a Christmas
(*2d Sopr.*) Shout . with glee here! Chimes . ding - dong; Glad . . Christ-mas

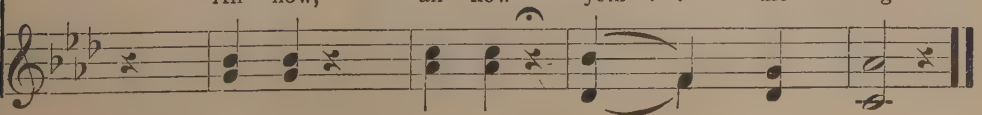




song. One and all! One and all! Ev - er mer-ri-ly dance and sing!
song! Wel - come! Wel - come! Dance . . and sing!



Hear the call! Hear the call! Ah, join the hap-py, hap-py ring!
All now, all now Join . . the ring!



THE CLANG OF THE FORGE

Clarence Buder

Moderato (two beats in a measure)

mp

1. The fur - nace fires are shin - ing Thro' the dark-ness, clear and bright,
2. A crowd of vil - lage chil-dren Stand a - bout the o - pen door,

mp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

For the jo - vial smith is work-ing At the vil - lage forge to-night.
For they love to see the blacksmith work, And hear the bellows roar.

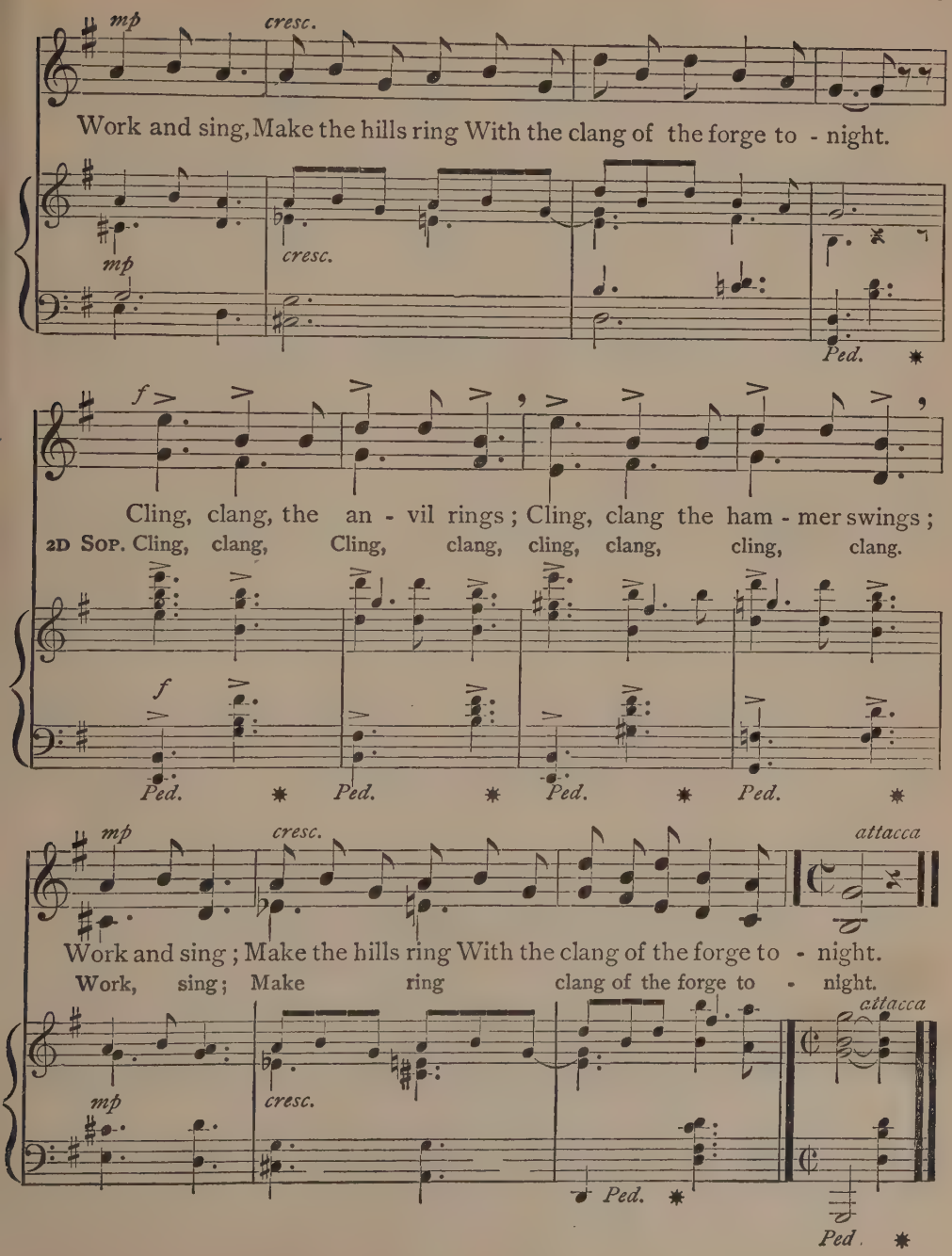
* *simile*

f REFRAIN

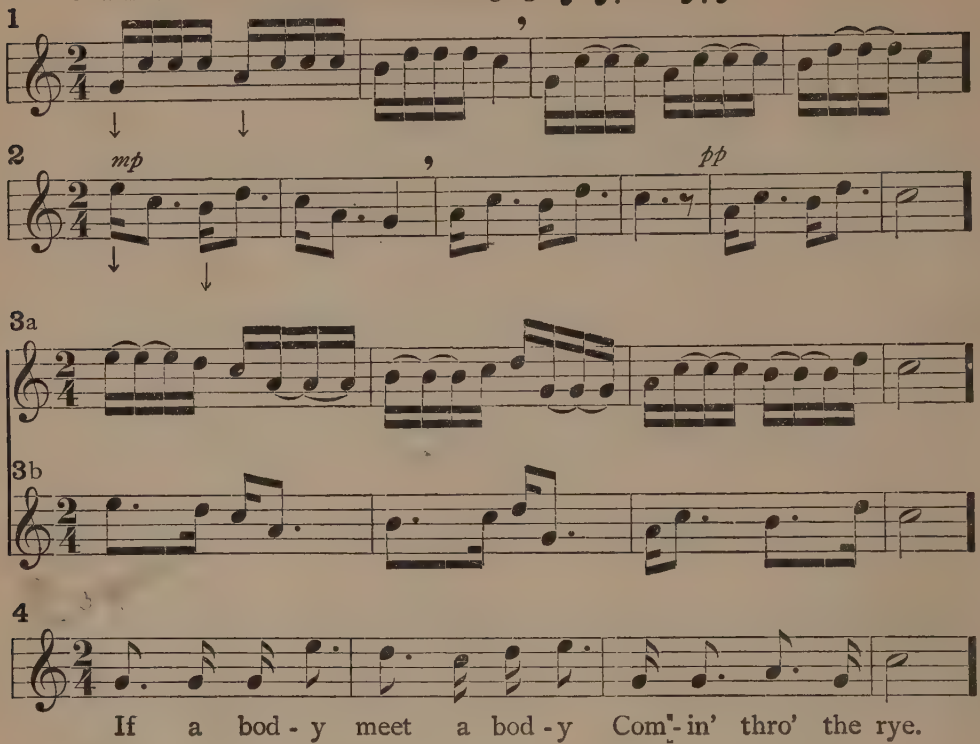
Cling, clang, the an - vil rings; Cling, clang, the ham - mer swings;

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *


mp
cresc.
Work and sing, Make the hills ring With the clang of the forge to - night.
mp
cresc.
Ped.
f
Cling, clang, the an - vil rings; Cling, clang the ham - mer swings;
2D SOP. Cling, clang, Cling, clang, cling, clang, cling, clang.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mp
cresc.
attacca
Work and sing; Make the hills ring With the clang of the forge to - night.
Work, sing; Make ring clang of the forge to - night.
attacca
mp
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.

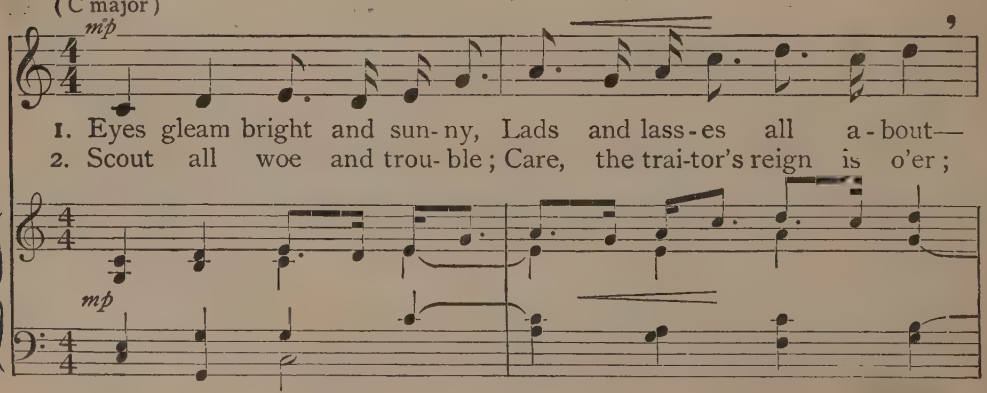
Think four tones to the beat when singing ♫. and ♪♪

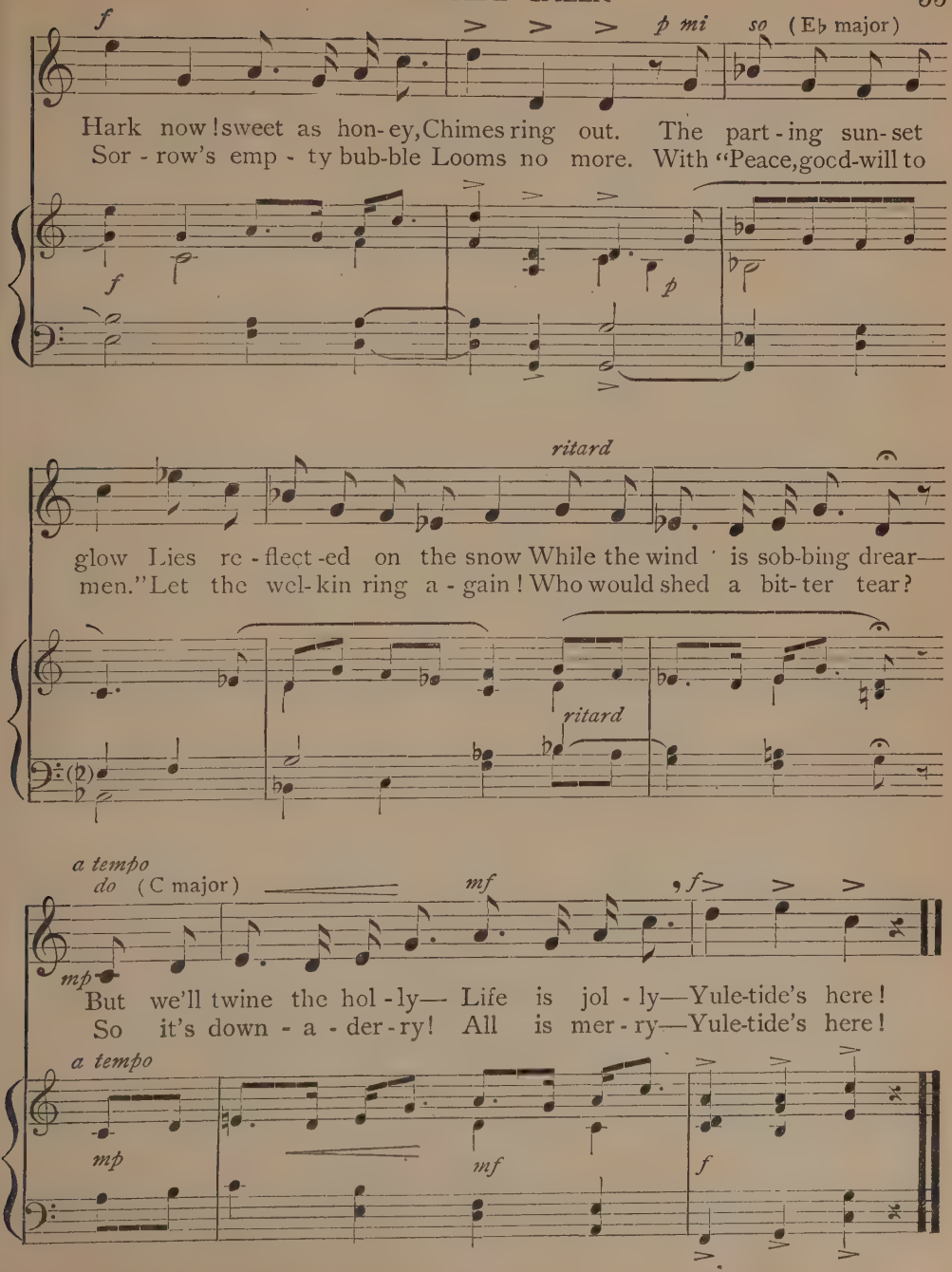


YULETIDE CHEER

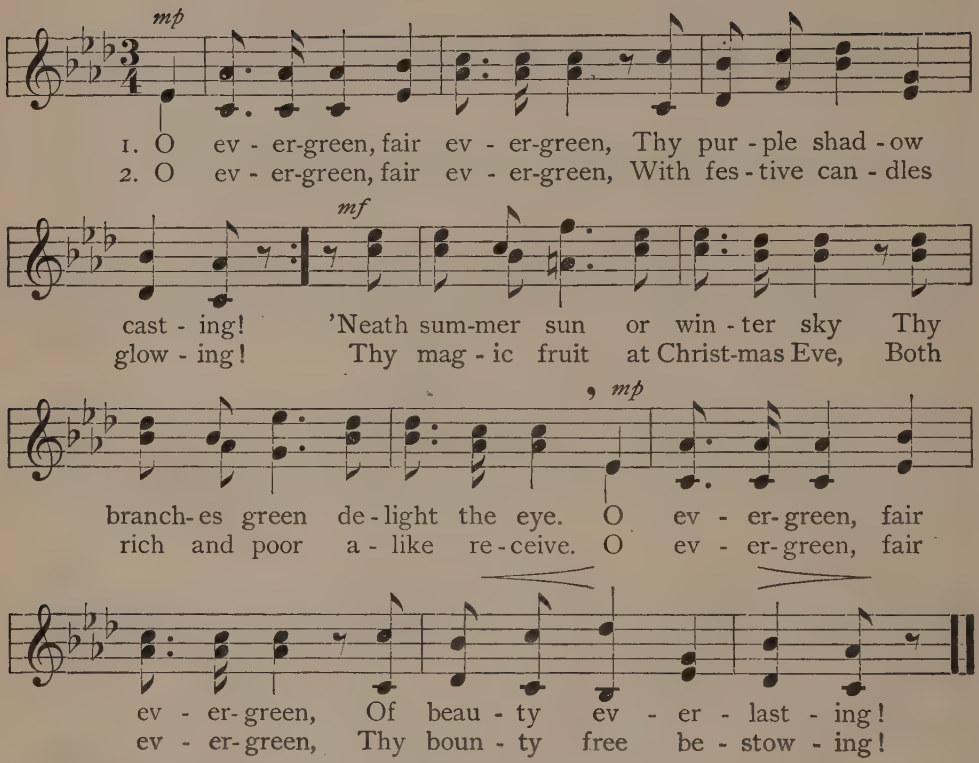
George W. Pennington — Scottish Air

Moderato
(C major)

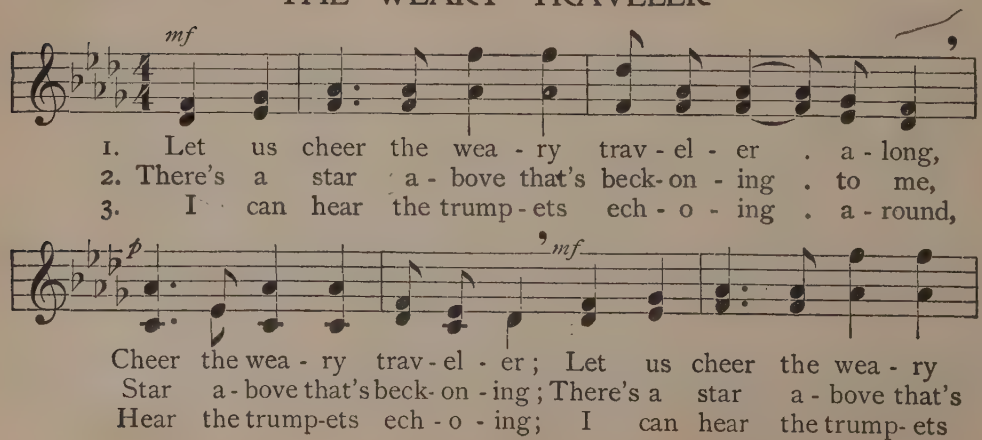


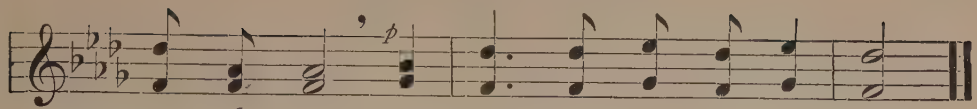

f
p mi
so (E♭ major)
Hark now! sweet as hon-ey, Chimes ring out. The part-ing sun-set
Sor-row's emp-ty bub-ble Looms no more. With "Peace, good-will to
f
p
ritard
glow Lies re-flect-ed on the snow While the wind is sob-bing drear—
men." Let the wel-kin ring a-gain! Who would shed a bit-ter tear?
ritard
a tempo
do (C major)
mf
f
mp
But we'll twine the hol-ly— Life is jol-ly—Yule-tide's here!
So it's down-a-der-ry! All is mer-ry—Yule-tide's here!
a tempo
mp
mf
f

THE EVERGREEN


mp
1. O ev - er-green, fair ev - er-green, Thy pur - ple shad - ow
2. O ev - er-green, fair ev - er-green, With fes - tive can - dles
mf
cast - ing! 'Neath sum-mer sun or win - ter sky Thy
glow - ing! Thy mag - ic fruit at Christ-mas Eve, Both
mp
branch-es green de - light the eye. O ev - er-green, fair
rich and poor a - like re - ceive. O ev - er-green, fair
ev - er-green, Of beau - ty ev - er - last - ing!
ev - er-green, Thy boun - ty free be - stow - ing!

THE WEARY TRAVELER

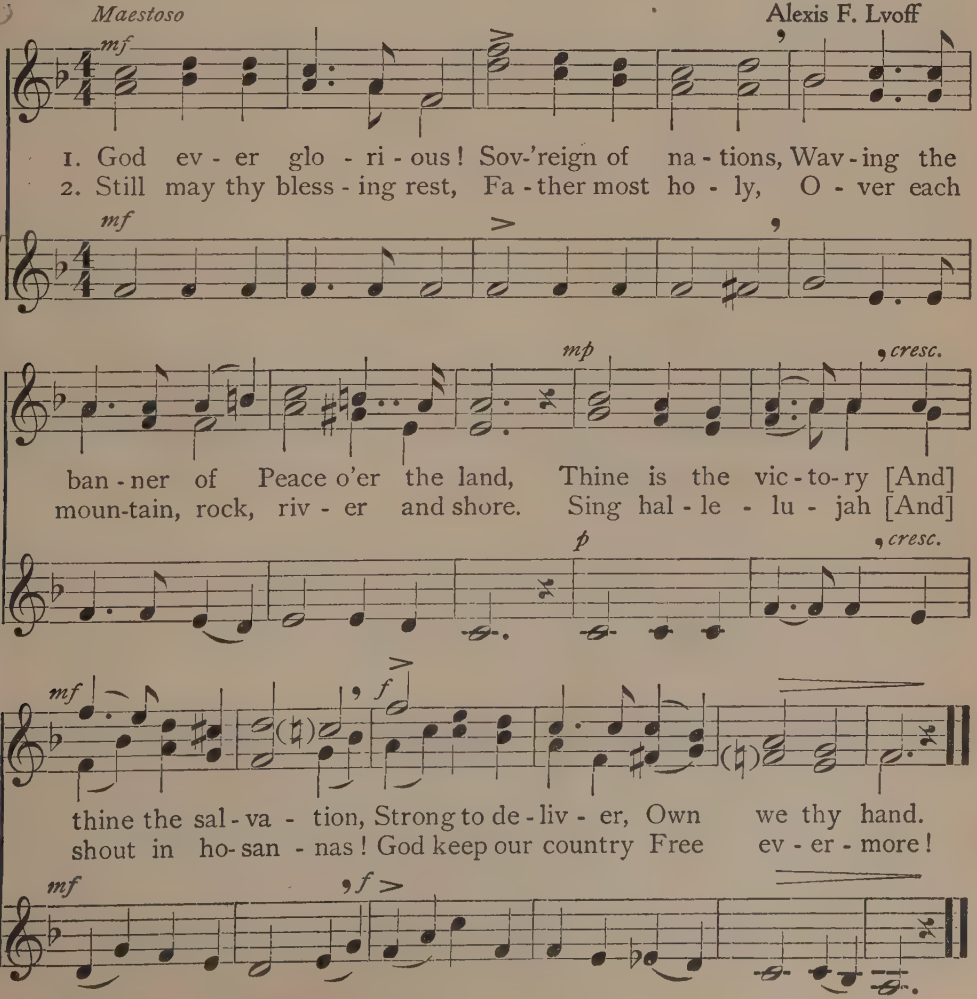

mf
1. Let us cheer the wea - ry trav - el - er . a - long,
2. There's a star a - bove that's beck-on - ing . to me,
3. I can hear the trump - ets ech - o - ing . a - round,
p
mf
Cheer the wea - ry trav - el - er; Let us cheer the wea - ry
Star a - bove that's beck-on - ing; There's a star a - bove that's
Hear the trump-ets ech - o - ing; I can hear the trump- ets



GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Samuel Francis Smith

Russian Hymn
Alexis F. Lvoff


Maestoso
mf
1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov-'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may thy bless - ing rest, Fa - ther most ho - ly, O - ver each
mf
mp
cresc.
ban - ner of Peace o'er the land, Thine is the vic - to - ry [And]
moun-tain, rock, riv - er and shore. Sing hal - le - lu - jah [And]
p
cresc.
mf
f
thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we thy hand.
shout in ho-san - nas! God keep our country Free ev - er - more!
mf
f

THE SNOWMAKERS

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Arthur Edward Johnstone

Lightly and gracefully

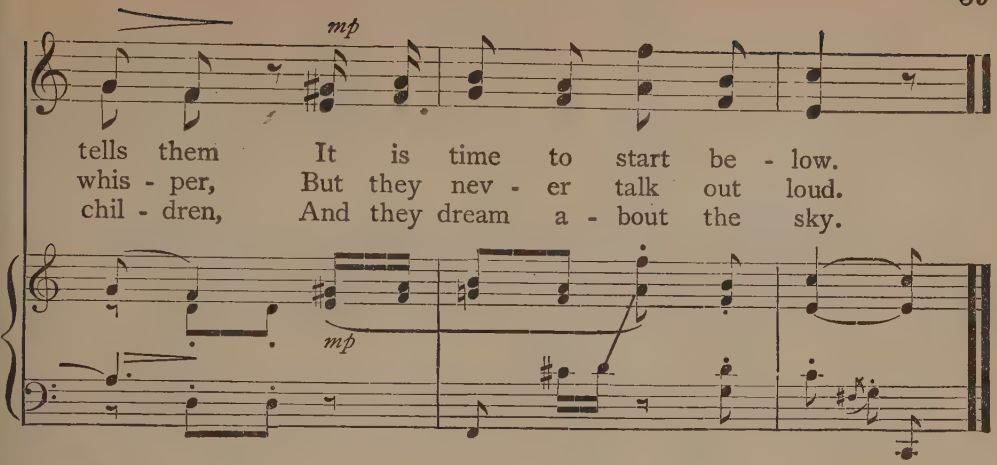
1. Lit - tle elves who make the snow In the cold De - cem - ber
2. So they leave the great white cloud Like a mil - lion or - chard
3. They will sail and float and fly O - ver wood and plain and

weath - er, When they hear the North-wind blow, Hud - dle
flow - ers; Such a light-some joy - ous crowd, (They are
hill - side, Till they choose a spot to lie On the

(*Divide*)

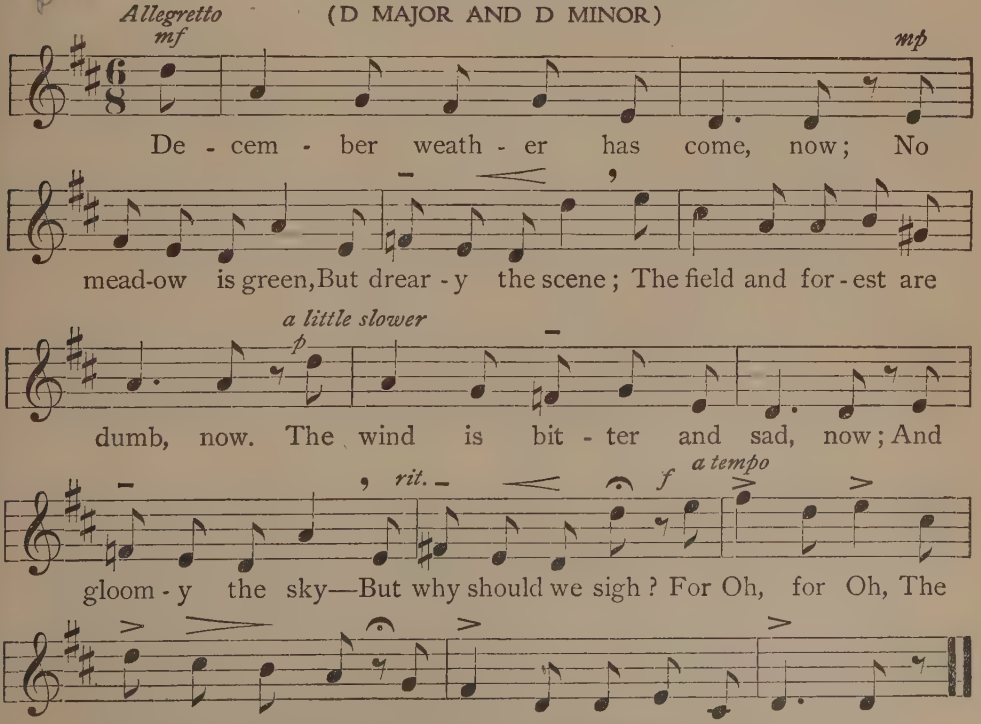
up all close to - geth - er, Till the King of Win - ter
real - ly fro - zen show - ers) You can oft - en hear them
pas - ture or the rill - side, Where they fall a - sleep like

legato



WINTER WEATHER

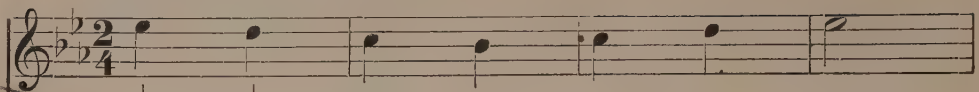
(D MAJOR AND D MINOR)


Allegretto
mf
mp
De - cem - ber weath - er has come, now; No
mead-ow is green, But drear - y the scene; The field and for - est are
a little slower
p
dumb, now. The wind is bit - ter and sad, now; And
rit.
f
a tempo
gloom - y the sky—But why should we sigh? For Oh, for Oh, The
won - der - ful snow! 'Twill make all Christ-en - dom glad, now!

FAMI FALA

Reference: New Manual, Pages 153–154

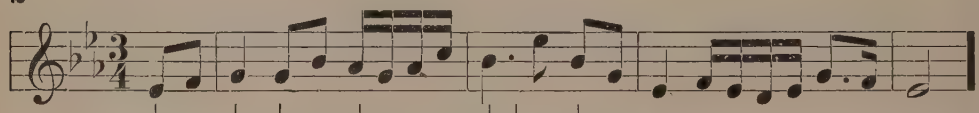
1 a Simple Duple measure



1 b Compound Duple measure

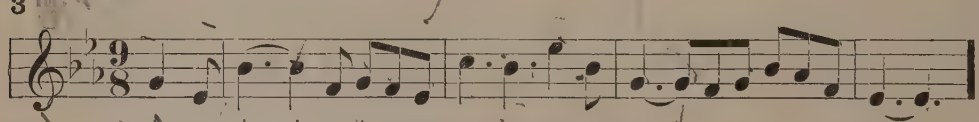
In *simple* duple, triple, and quadruple measure there may be two (or some multiple of two) tones to the beat.

2



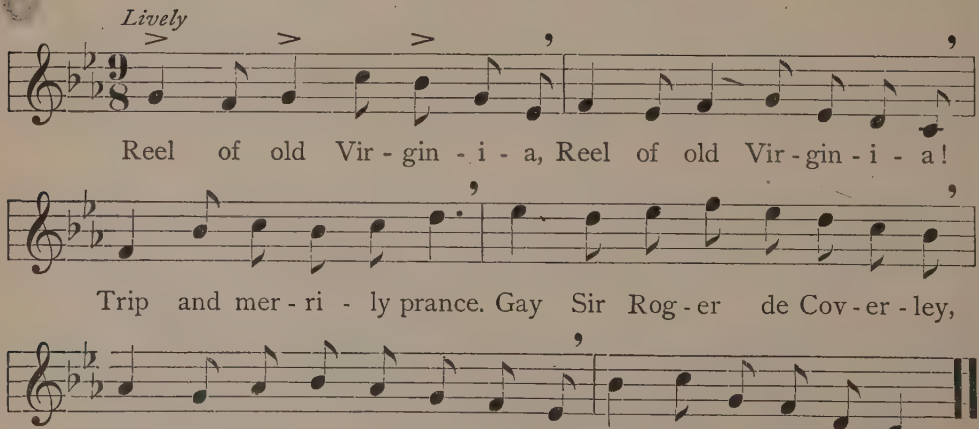
In *compound* duple, triple, and quadruple measure there may be three (or some multiple of three) tones to the beat.

3



THE VIRGINIA REEL

Lively


Reel of old Vir - gin - i - a, Reel of old Vir - gin - i - a!
Trip and mer - ri - ly prance. Gay Sir Rog - er de Cov - er - ley,
Gay Sir Rog - er de Cov - er - ley, That's the name of the dance.

THE WANING MOON

Jean Ingelow

Moderato (*beat four*) (*beat three*)

mp

2d Sopr. optional

1. O Moon! In the night I have seen you sail - ing And
2. You Moon! Have you done something wrong in heav - en That

mp

Ped.

cresc.

shin - ing so round and low; You were bright, ah, bright! but your light is
God . . has hidden your face? I . hope, if you have, . you will soon be for-

sempre legato *cresc.*

p

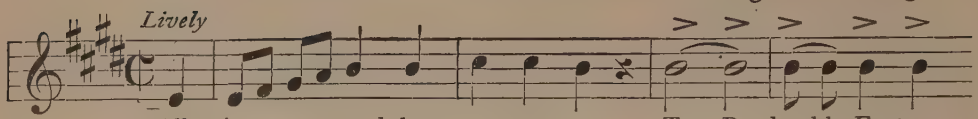
fail - ing, You're noth - ing now . but a bow. .
giv - en, And shine a - gain . in your place. .

p

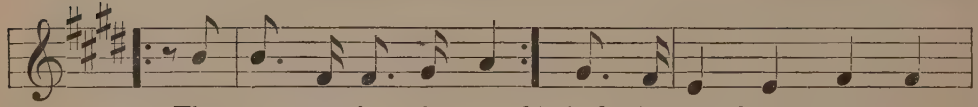
rall.

THE TREE IN THE WOOD

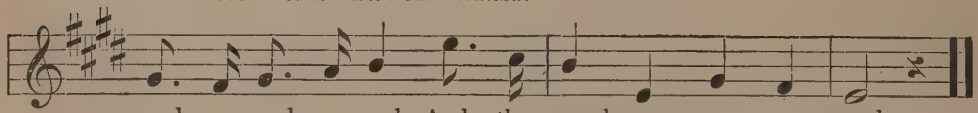
English Folk Song



1. All in . a . wood there grew a tree; T - R dou-ble E, tree;
2. And on . this tree there was a limb; L - I - M - B, limb;
3. And on . this limb there was a twig; T - W - I - G, twig;
4. And on . this twig there was a nest; N - E - S - T, nest;
5. And in . this nest there was an egg; E - dou-ble G, egg;
6. And in . this egg there was a yolk; Y - O - L - K, yolk;
7. And in . this yolk there was a bird; B - I - R - D, bird;
8. And on . this bird there was a wing; W - I - N - G, wing;
9. And on . this wing there was some fuzz; F - U - dou-ble Z, fuzz;

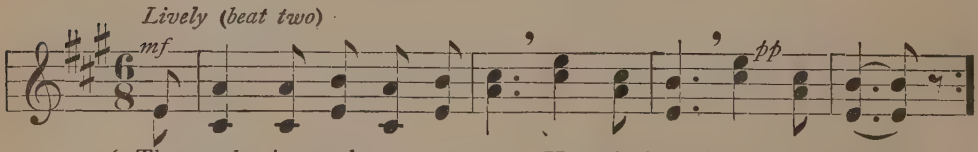


1. The tree was in the ground, And the green leaves grew a -
2. { The limb was on the tree, / The tree was in the ground } And the green leaves grew a -
3. { The twig was on the limb, / The limb was on the tree, / The tree was in the ground } And the green leaves grew a -
4. The nest *etc., repeating the items in reverse order with each stanza.*

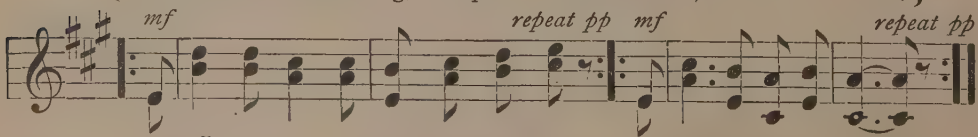


round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew a - round.

THE TALLY HO



{ The coach is read - y to start—Hear the horn, Hear the horn! }
{ Good friends un - will - ing, de - part—Hear the horn, Hear the horn! }



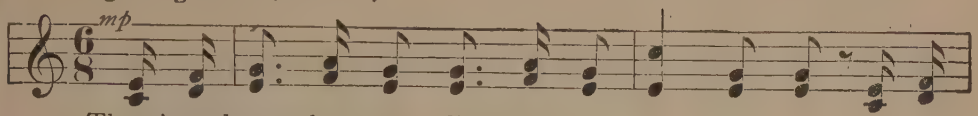
{ As off they go it sounds a good- by; } { A - way o-ver the hill, . }
{ A - far we'll hear the ech - o re - ply, } { A - way o-ver the hill. }

GRANDMOTHER'S DANCE

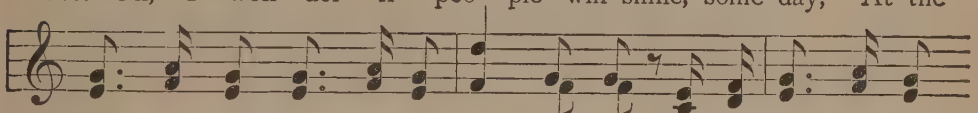
Harvey Worthington Loomis

Old English

Allegretto grazioso (beat two)

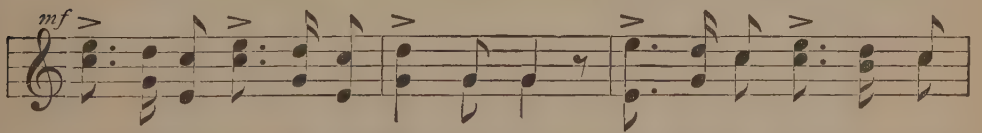


1. There's a dance that was called the quad-rille, they say, And I
2. And the tune we are sing-ing right here, to-day, Is the
D.C. Oh, I won-der if peo-ple will smile, some day, At the

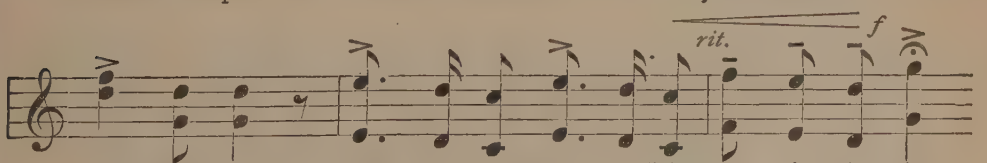


would they were danc-ing it still, to-day, But its mem-o-ries
same that they played in that year, they say, When they danced with a
waltz-es we dance by the mile to-day, And re-mark: "They were

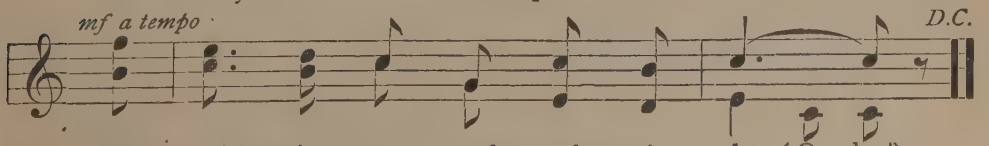
lie in a time gone by, Way back in my grand-mother's day. (O ho!)
will in the old quadrille, Way back in my grand-mother's day. (O ho!)
real-ly the style, they say, Way back in my grand-mother's day." (O ho!)



O-ver and o-ver the same re-frain: "Bal-ance to part-ners!" and
Grace-ful the pos-es the danc-ers made, Ev-'ry-one there in his



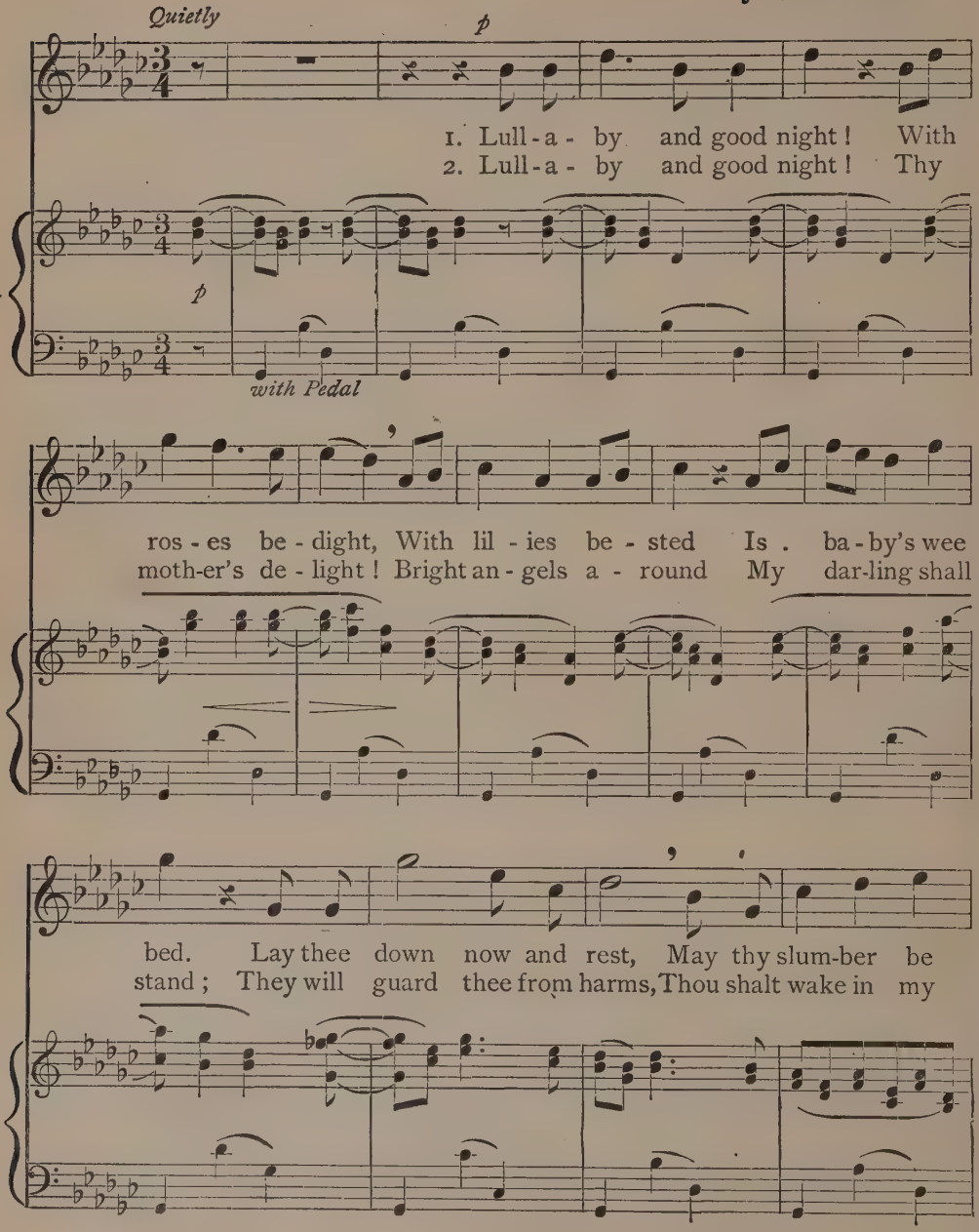
"La-dies' Chain!" That was a dance in Vic-to-ri-a's reign,
best ar-rayed, All with de-port-ment old-fash-ioned and staid,

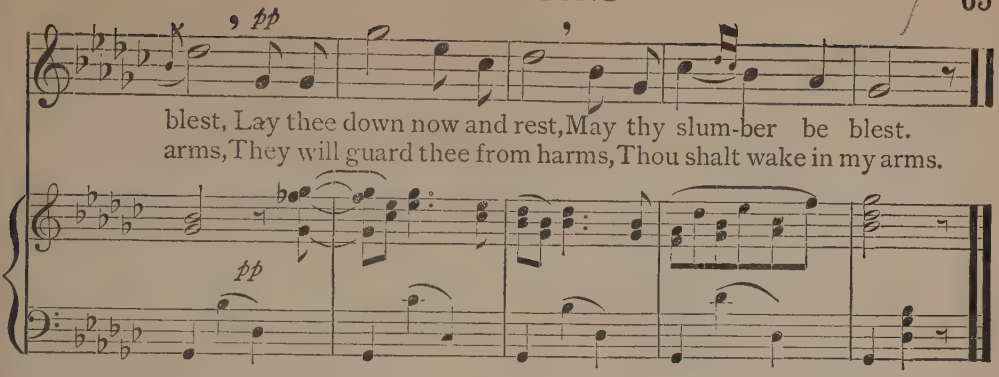


Way back in my grand-moth-er's day. (O ho!)
Way back in my grand-moth-er's day. (O ho!)

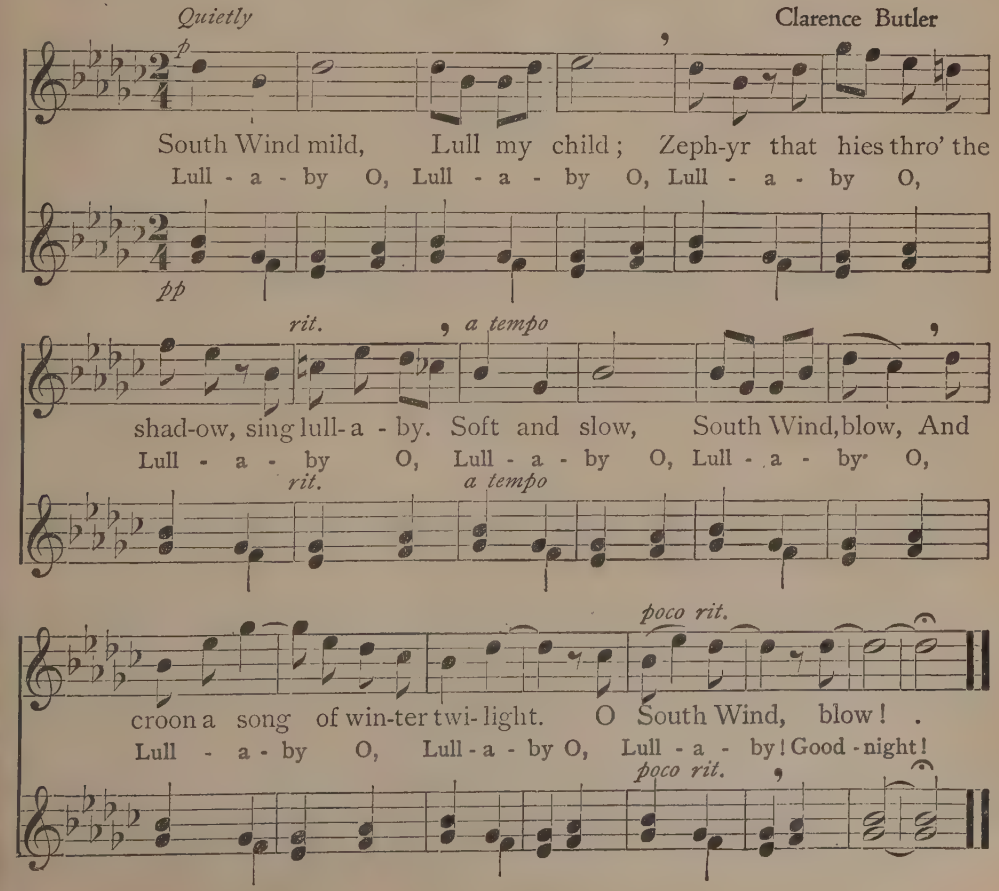
CRADLE SONG

Johannes Brahms


Quietly
p
1. Lull-a- by and good night! With
2. Lull-a- by and good night! Thy
p
with Pedal
ros - es be - dight, With lil - ies be - sted Is . ba - by's wee
moth-er's de - light! Bright an - gels a - round My dar-ling shall
bed. Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be
stand; They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my


pp
blest, Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum-ber be blest.
arms, They will guard thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.
pp

A WINTER CROON


Quietly
Clarence Butler
p
South Wind mild, Lull my child; Zeph-yr that hies thro' the
Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by O,
pp
rit.
a tempo
shad-ow, sing lull-a - by. Soft and slow, South Wind, blow, And
Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by O,
rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
croon a song of win-ter twi-light. O South Wind, blow!
Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by O, Lull - a - by! Good - night!
poco rit.

GYPSIES

Foster B. Merriam — Clarence Butler

Tempo di valse

mp
mf
1. As the for-est slept in the moon-light, . All at rest there,
2. Dream-y ech-oes woke from the high-land; . By the far light
Ped.
Ped.
p
mp
. Birds a-nest there . Dreamt of gold-en hours . of the
. Of the star-light . Cloud-lets wove their lace . o'er the
Ped.
Ped.
mf
noon-light; . When a sound a-waked the glade—
sky-land, . While the brook sang out his tune, .
Ped.
Ped.

dimin.
rall - en - tan - do a tempo
p
. . Was't a sprite or elf who strayed? Ah, no! 'Twas the
. . With a laugh and lilt of June. . The sharp cas - ta -
dimin.
p
rall - en - tan - do a tempo
Ped. *
cresc.
f
gyp - sy queen and her throng, Play - ing 'mid shad-ows, danc-
nets, the gay . tam-bour-ine, Blent with the cho - rus, li -
molto legato
sempre legato
cresc.
f
with Pedal
. . ing a - long To a joy - ful wild - wood song. .
. . ven'd the scene As the gyp - sies crowned their queen. .
Ped. *
Ped. *

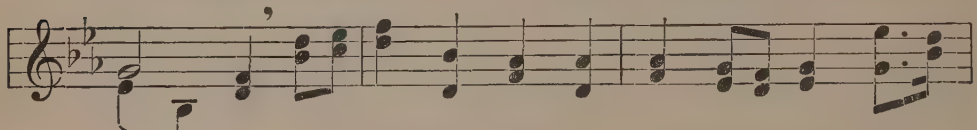
AWAKE, MY SOUL

Rev. P. Doddridge — George Frederic Handel

Alla marcia vigoroso

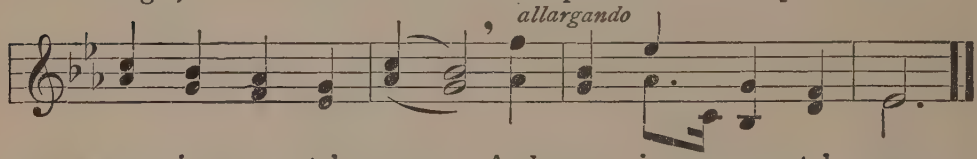
mf

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur -
3. 'Tis God's own an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on



on; . . . A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
vey; . . . For - get the steps al - ready trod And
high; . . . 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To

allargando

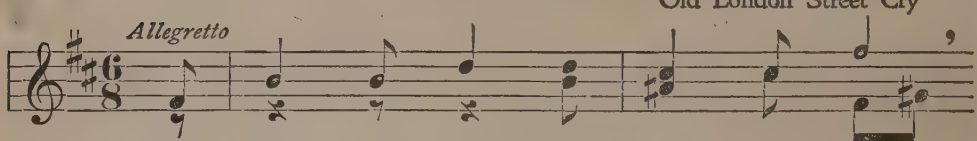


an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
thine up - lift - ed eye, To thine up - lift - ed eye.

TOY LAMBS

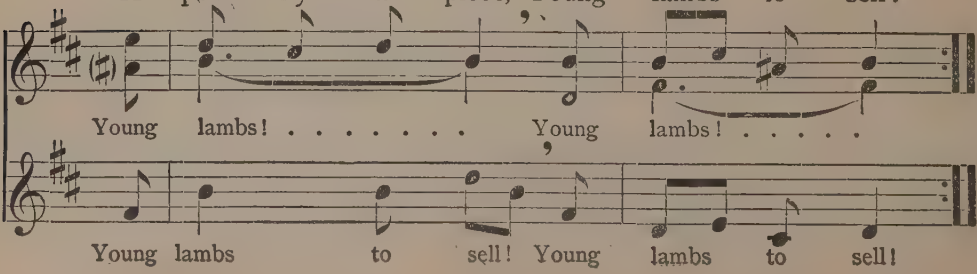
Old London Street Cry

Allegretto



Young lambs to sell! Young lambs to sell!

A pen - ny a - piece, Young lambs to sell!



Young lambs! . . . . . Young lambs! . . . . .

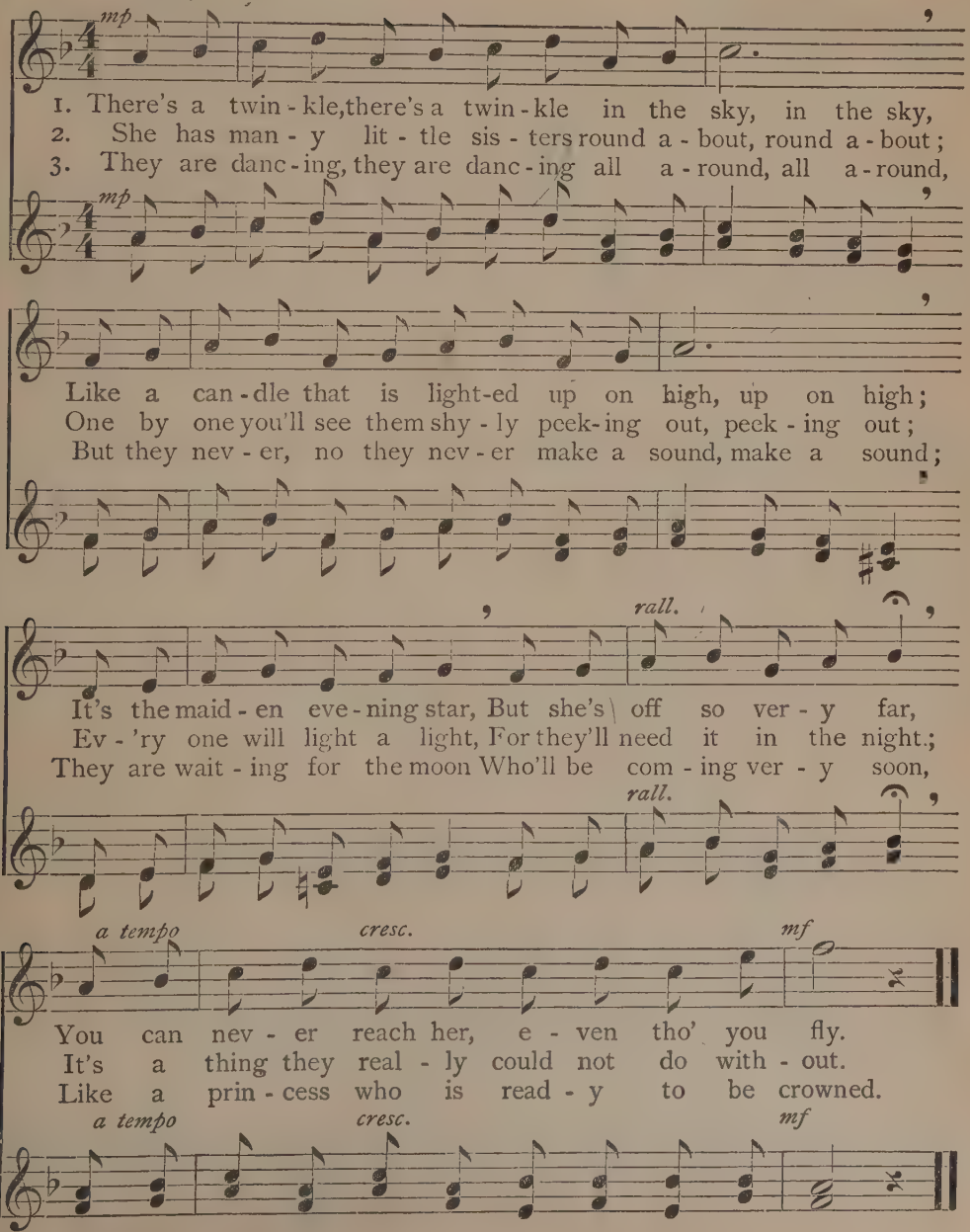
Young lambs to sell! Young lambs to sell!

A SKY DANCE

George W. Pennington

James Lloyd Fullerton

Lightly


mp
1. There's a twin - kle, there's a twin - kle in the sky, in the sky,
2. She has man - y lit - tle sis - ters round a - bout, round a - bout;
3. They are danc - ing, they are danc - ing all a - round, all a - round,
Like a can - dle that is light-ed up on high, up on high;
One by one you'll see them shy - ly peek - ing out, peek - ing out;
But they nev - er, no they nev - er make a sound, make a sound;
rall.
It's the maid - en eve - ning star, But she's off so ver - y far,
Ev - 'ry one will light a light, For they'll need it in the night.;
They are wait - ing for the moon Who'll be com - ing ver - y soon,
rall.
a tempo
cresc.
mf
You can nev - er reach her, e - ven tho' you fly.
It's a thing they real - ly could not do with - out.
Like a prin - cess who is read - y to be crowned.
a tempo
cresc.
mf

WATCH NIGHT

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Moderato

mf SEMI CHORUS

1. Hail the wel-come sea - son that we love, As bel - fries wake the
2. Lift the voice and fol - low ev - er true The sky - born mu - sic

mf

Glad
Glad

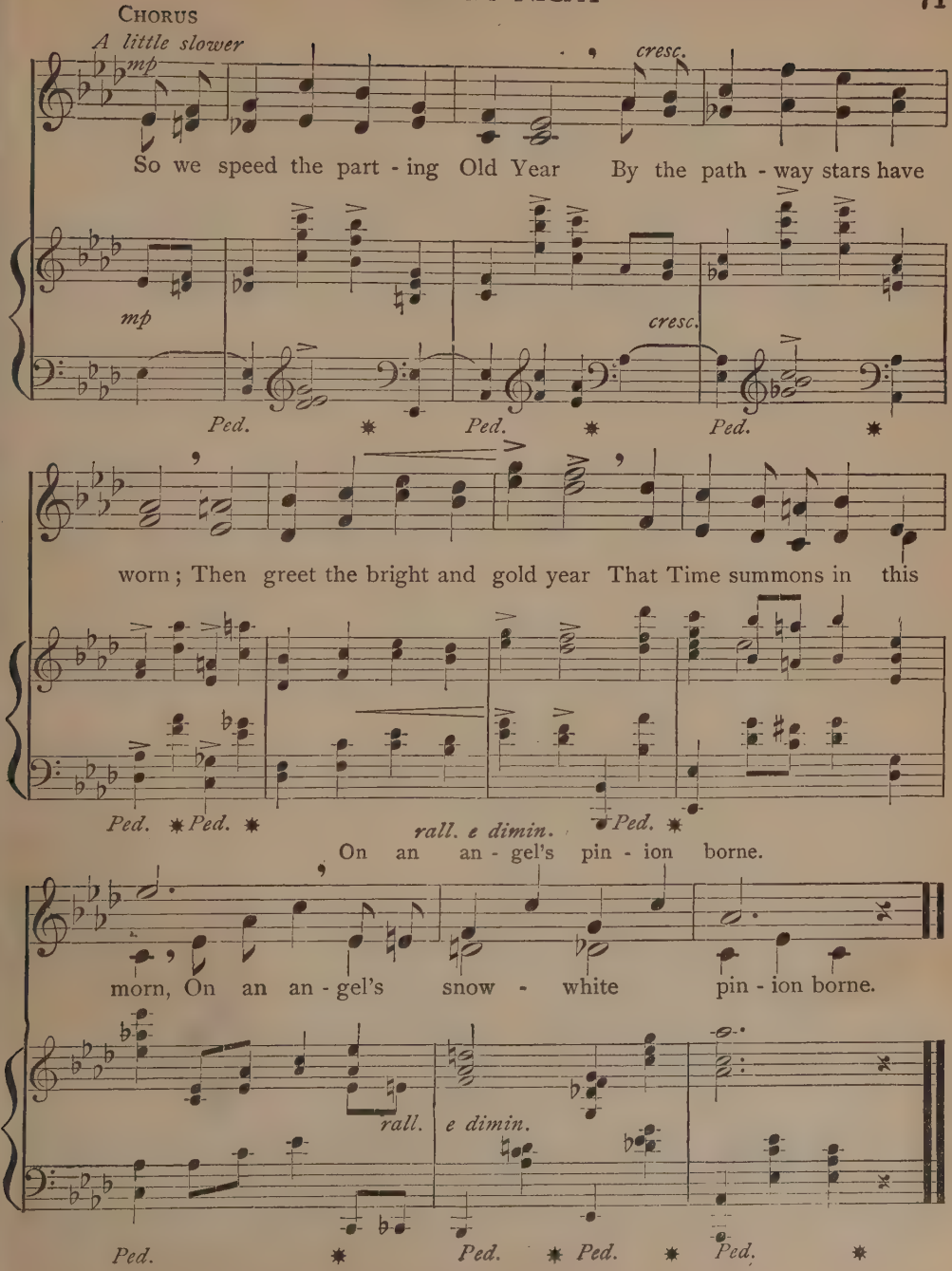
mid - night chime; Hark the joy - ful car - il - lon a - bove: Mer - ry
o'er and o'er; Sing the old - en car - ol, ev - er new, Ech - o

New Year! Hap-py New Year! Floats out on win - ter's rime.
New Year! Hap-py New Year! Good for- tune bide e'er - more!

poco rall.

peal of the bells As it wells, Floats out on win- ter's rime, Keeping time.
loud, ech-o soft, . High a- loft; Good for-tune bide e'er-more, Ev-er - more!

poco rall.


Chorus
A little slower
mp
cresc.
So we speed the part - ing Old Year By the path - way stars have
mp
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
worn; Then greet the bright and gold year That Time summons in this
Ped. Ped. Ped.
rall. e dimin.
On an an - gel's pin - ion borne.
morn, On an an - gel's snow - white pin - ion borne.
rall. e dimin.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Reference: New Manual, Pages 153–156

1 a

Compound measure may be expressed by using the triplet, as below:

1 b

2 a

Simple measure may be expressed by using the duplet, as below:

2 b

3 a

not ; not

Whoever plays or sings No. 3 correctly has a well-trained sense of rhythm.

3 b

THE LAND OF SPAIN

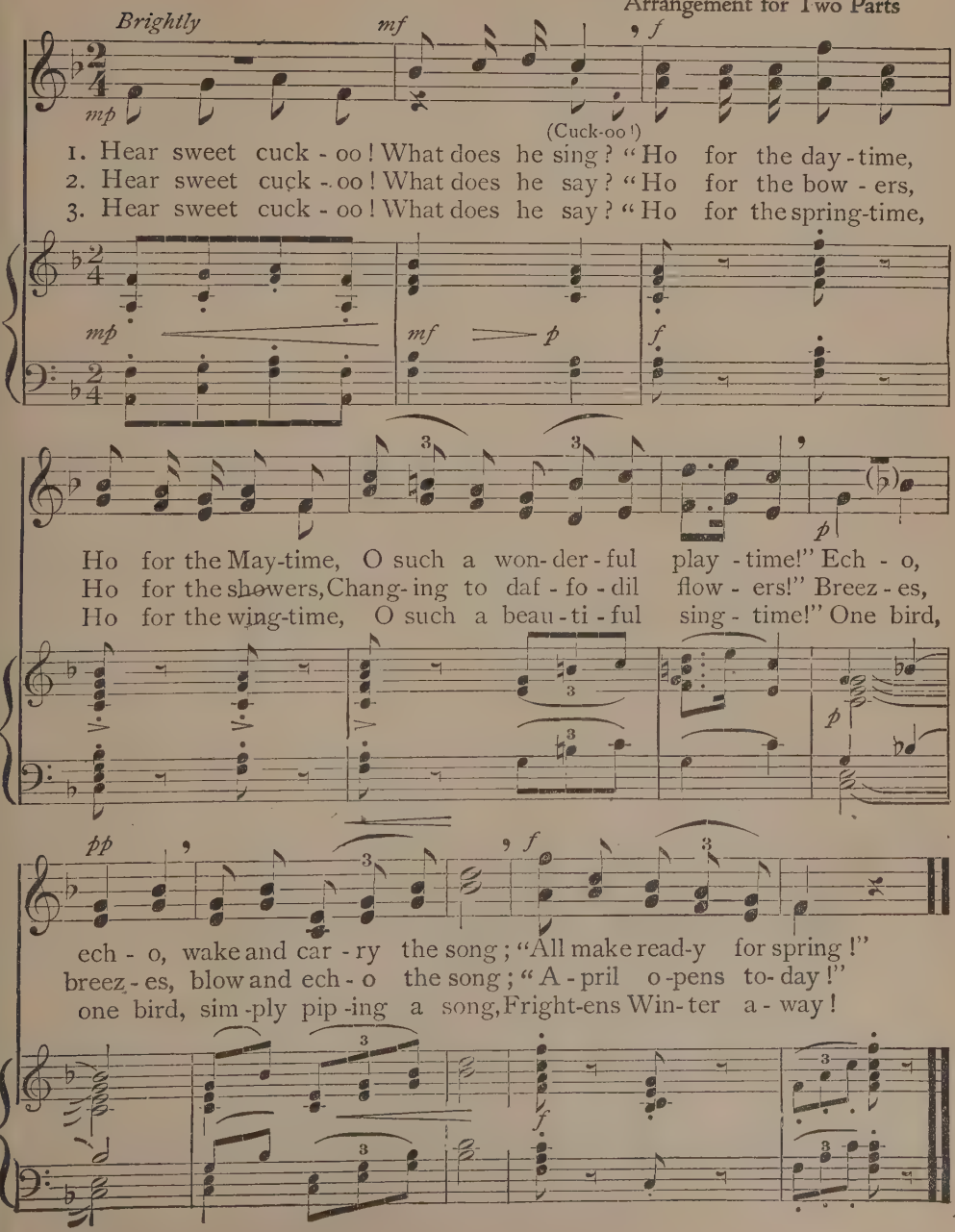
Moderato *mp* *cresc.*

O fair do-min-ion of sun-lit gar-dens, A-cross the roll-ing main!

cresc. *mp*

Had I but pin-ions of mag-ic, . I would hasten to the Land of Spain.

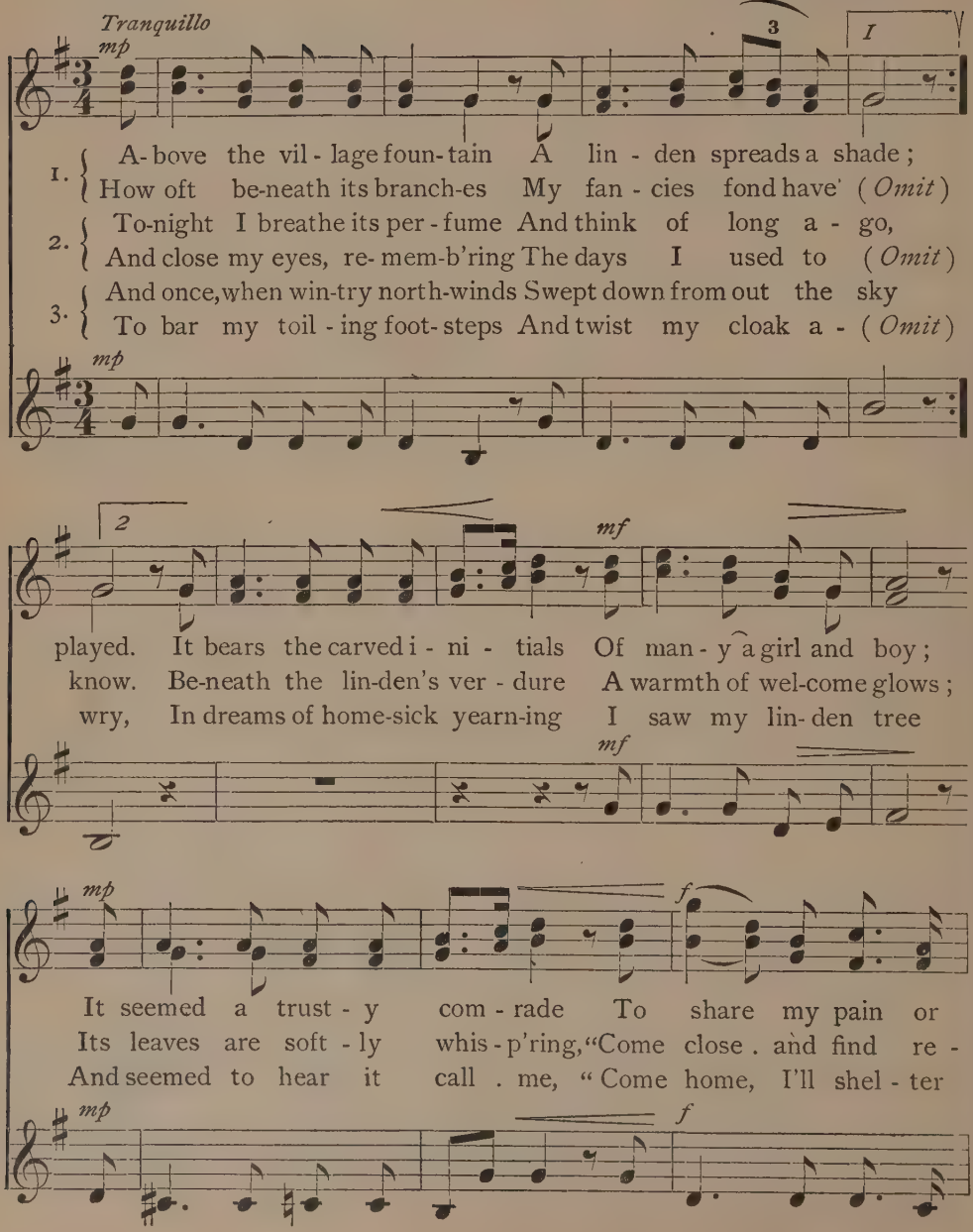
Robert Schumann
Arrangement for Two Parts

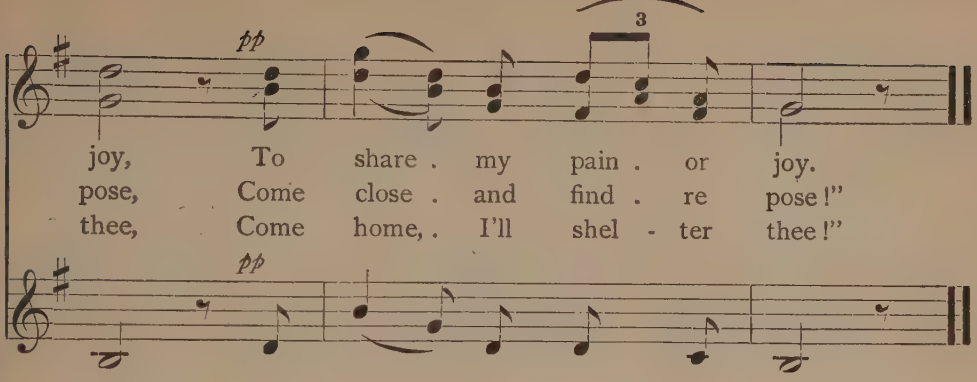

Brightly
mf
f
mp
(Cuck-oo!)
1. Hear sweet cuck - oo! What does he sing? "Ho for the day - time,
2. Hear sweet cuck - oo! What does he say? "Ho for the bow - ers,
3. Hear sweet cuck - oo! What does he say? "Ho for the spring-time,
mp
mf
p
f
Ho for the May-time, O such a won-der-ful play - time!" Ech - o,
Ho for the showers, Chang-ing to daf - fo - dil flow - ers!" Breez - es,
Ho for the wing-time, O such a beau - ti - ful sing - time!" One bird,
p
pp
f
ech - o, wake and car - ry the song; "All make read-y for spring!"
breez - es, blow and ech - o the song; "A - pril o - pens to-day!"
one bird, sim - ply pip - ing a song, Fright-ens Win-ter a - way!
f

THE LINDEN TREE

Adapted from
W. Müller

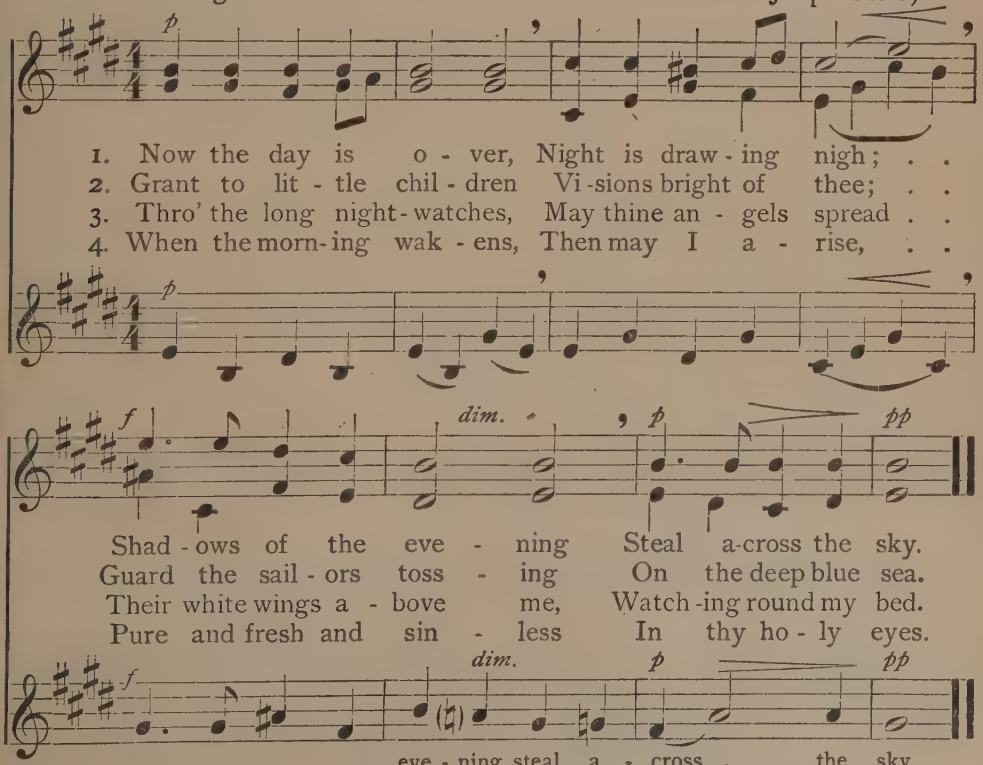
Franz Schubert
Arr. for Three Parts


Tranquillo
mp
3
4
1
2
mf
f
1. A-bove the vil-lage foun-tain A lin-den spreads a shade;
How oft be-neath its branch-es My fan-cies fond have (Omit)
2. To-night I breathe its per-fume And think of long a-go,
And close my eyes, re-mem-b'ring The days I used to (Omit)
3. And once, when win-try north-winds Swept down from out the sky
To bar my toil-ing foot-steps And twist my cloak a- (Omit)
played. It bears the carved i-ni-tials Of man-y a girl and boy;
know. Be-neath the lin-den's ver-dure A warmth of wel-come glows;
wry, In dreams of home-sick yearn-ing I saw my lin-den tree
It seemed a trust-y com-rade To share my pain or
Its leaves are soft-ly whis-p'ring, "Come close and find re-
And seemed to hear it call me, "Come home, I'll shel-ter

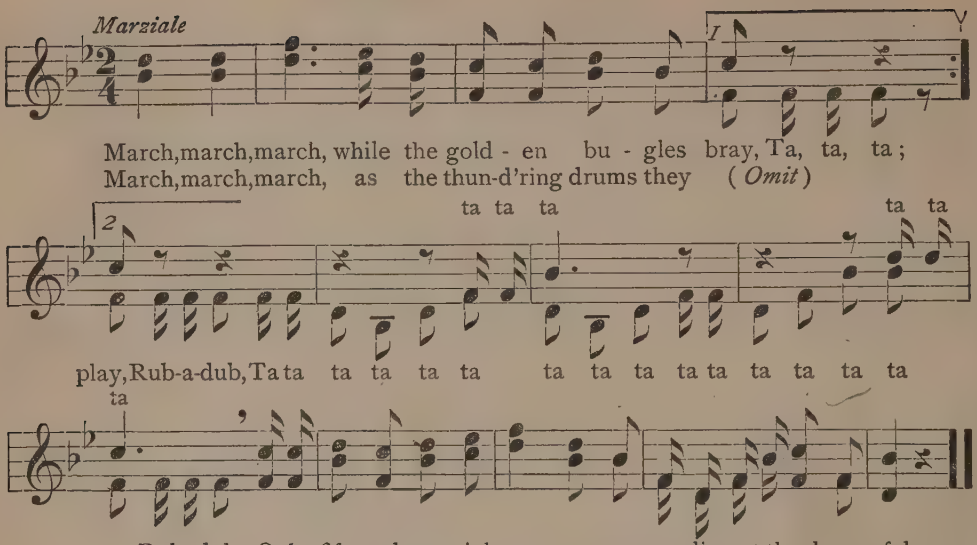


NOW THE DAY IS OVER

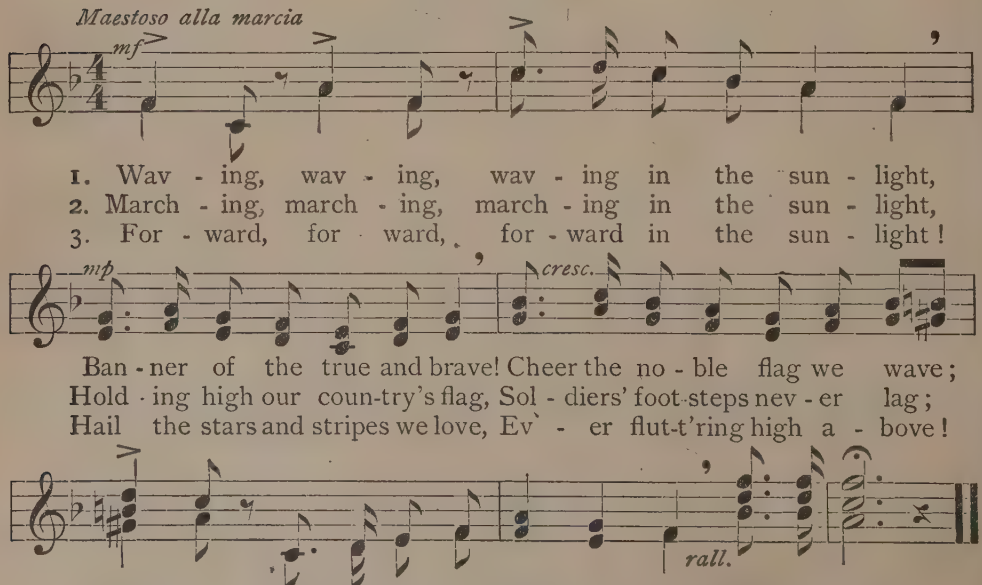
Rev. S. Baring-Gould — Joseph Barnby


p
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; . .
2. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of thee; . .
3. Thro' the long night - watches, May thine an - gels spread . .
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise, . .
p
f
dim.
p
pp
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
f
dim.
p
pp
eve - ning steal a - cross . the sky.
toss - ing On the deep . blue sea.
bove me, Watch - ing round . my bed.
sin - less In thy ho - . ly eyes.

MARCHING SONG


Marziale
1
March, march, march, while the gold - en bu - gles bray, Ta, ta, ta;
March, march, march, as the thun-d'ring drums they (Omit)
2
ta ta ta
ta ta
play, Rub-a-dub, Ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta
ta
ta, Rubadub, O the fife and mar-tial trump-et are sounding at the dawn of day.

OUR FLAG


Maestoso alla marcia
mf
1. Wav - ing, wav - ing, wav - ing in the sun - light,
2. March - ing, march - ing, march - ing in the sun - light,
3. For - ward, for - ward, for - ward in the sun - light!
mp
cresc.
Ban - ner of the true and brave! Cheer the no - ble flag we wave;
Hold - ing high our coun-try's flag, Sol - diers' foot-steps nev - er lag;
Hail the stars and stripes we love, Ev` - er flut-t'ring high a - bove!
rall.
Cheer it, ban - ner of the true and brave! Hail the flag!
March then, hold - ing high our coun - try's flag! Hail the flag!
For - ward! hail the stars and stripes we love! Hail the flag!

TEMPEST

Allegro

Russian Folk Tune

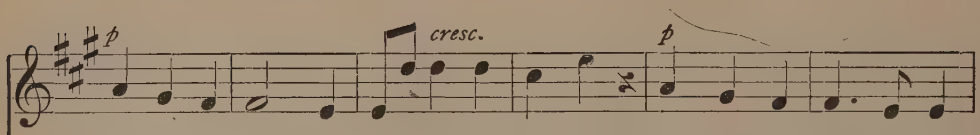
mf
1. Winds are ris - ing high; See the an - gry clouds that fly Thro' the
2. Splintered branches crash As the blind - ing tor-rents dash, While a
mf
do
rain - clouds fly
cloud - floods dash,
cha - os of the sky; 'Mid the thun - der how they glow - er!
sud - den viv - id flash Lights the sky and earth and o - cean.
peals, they glow'r!
sky and sea.
Burst-ing o'er the tree, O'er the lake and o'er the lea, Pour - ing
Now 'tis dark as night, While the birds in hur - ried flight, Seek a
lake and lea,
birds take flight;
wa - ter on the sea With a might - y, might - y pow - er.
shel - ter in their fright—All the for - est in com - mo - tion.
With a vast, vast pow'r
All the wild things flee.

THE MAIDEN'S WISH

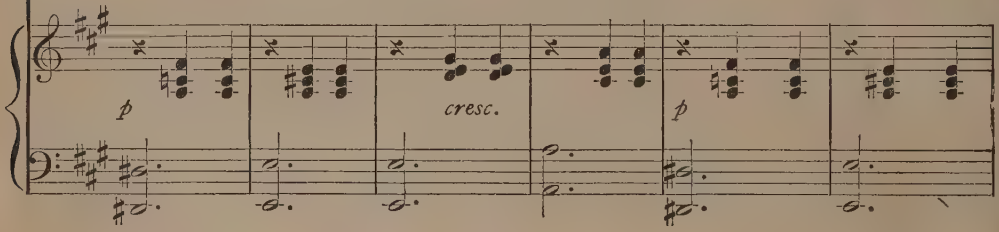
Adapted from the Polish

Frédéric Chopin

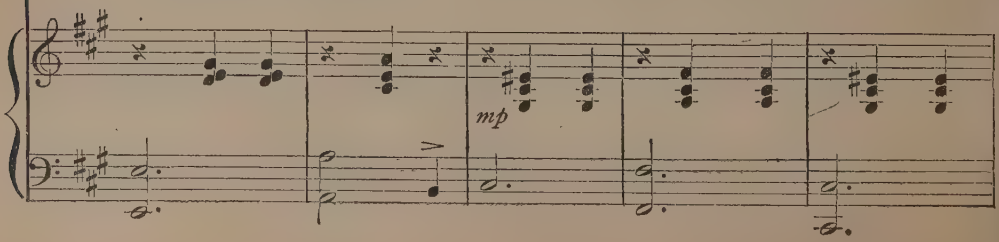
Tempo di mazurka

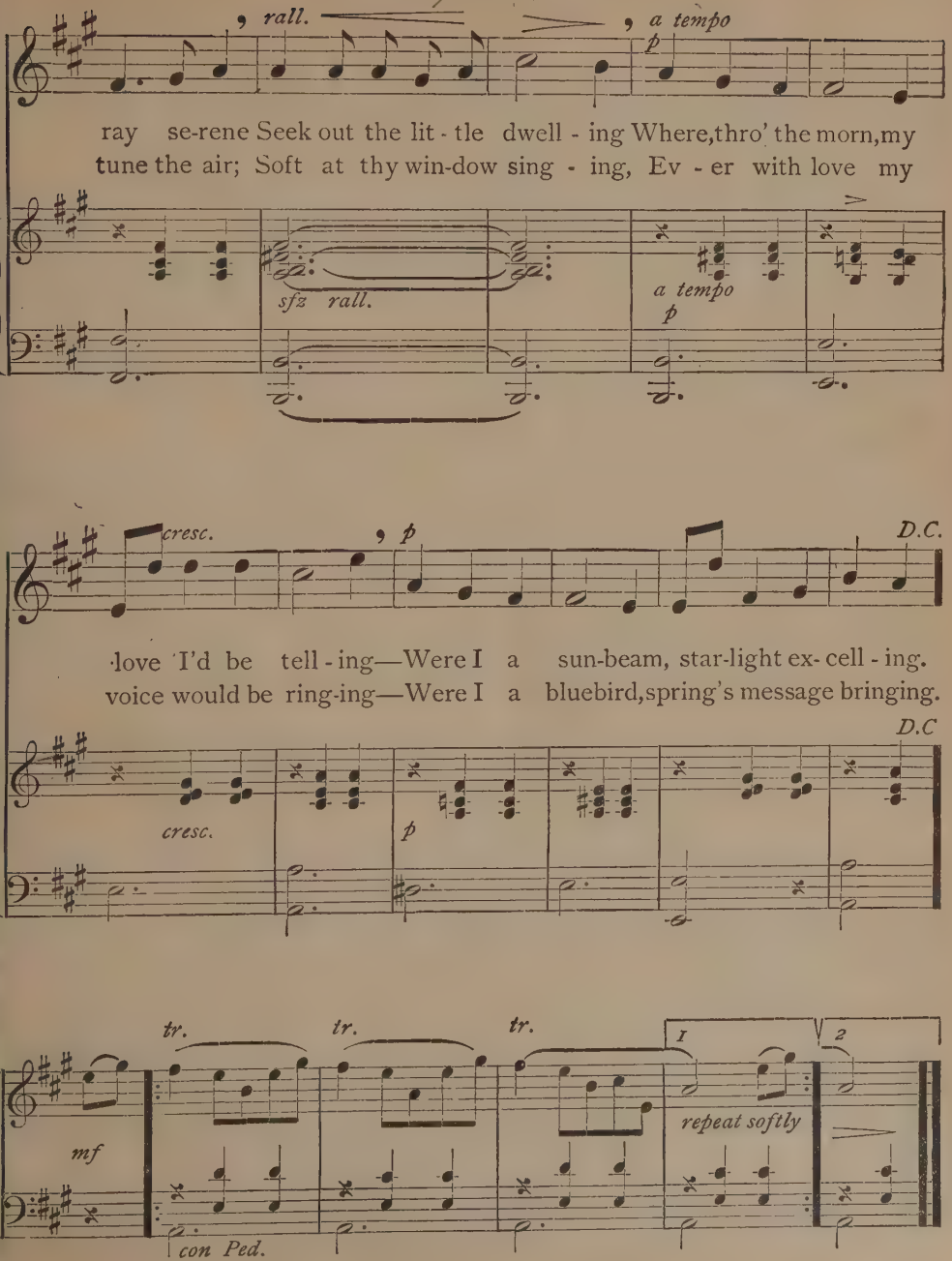


1. Were I a sun - beam speeding from skyland, Ne'er would I spend my light
2. Were I a blue - bird, her-ald of springtime, Ne'er in the sky would I



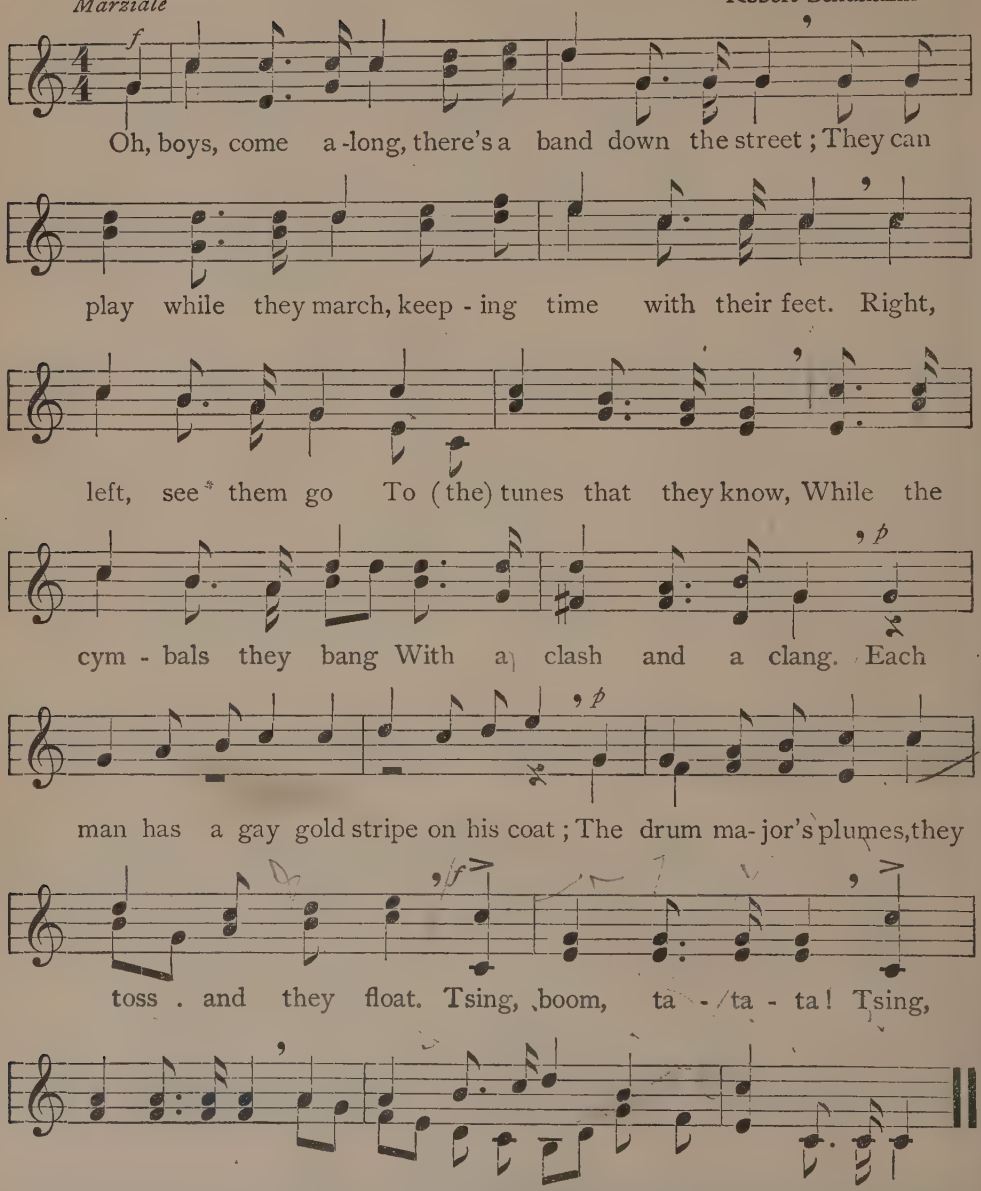
o'er the bleak high-land; Deep in a val - ley green, There would my
waste my brief wing-time; O - ver a gar - den fair Sweet-ly I'd




rall.
a tempo
p
ray se-rene Seek out the lit - tle dwell - ing Where, thro' the morn, my
tune the air; Soft at thy win-dow sing - ing, Ev - er with love my
sfz rall.
a tempo
p
cresc.
p
D.C.
love I'd be tell - ing—Were I a sun-beam, star-light ex- cell - ing.
voice would be ring-ing—Were I a bluebird, spring's message bringing.
D.C
cresc.
p
tr.
tr.
tr.
1
2
mf
repeat softly
con Ped.

THE MILITARY BAND

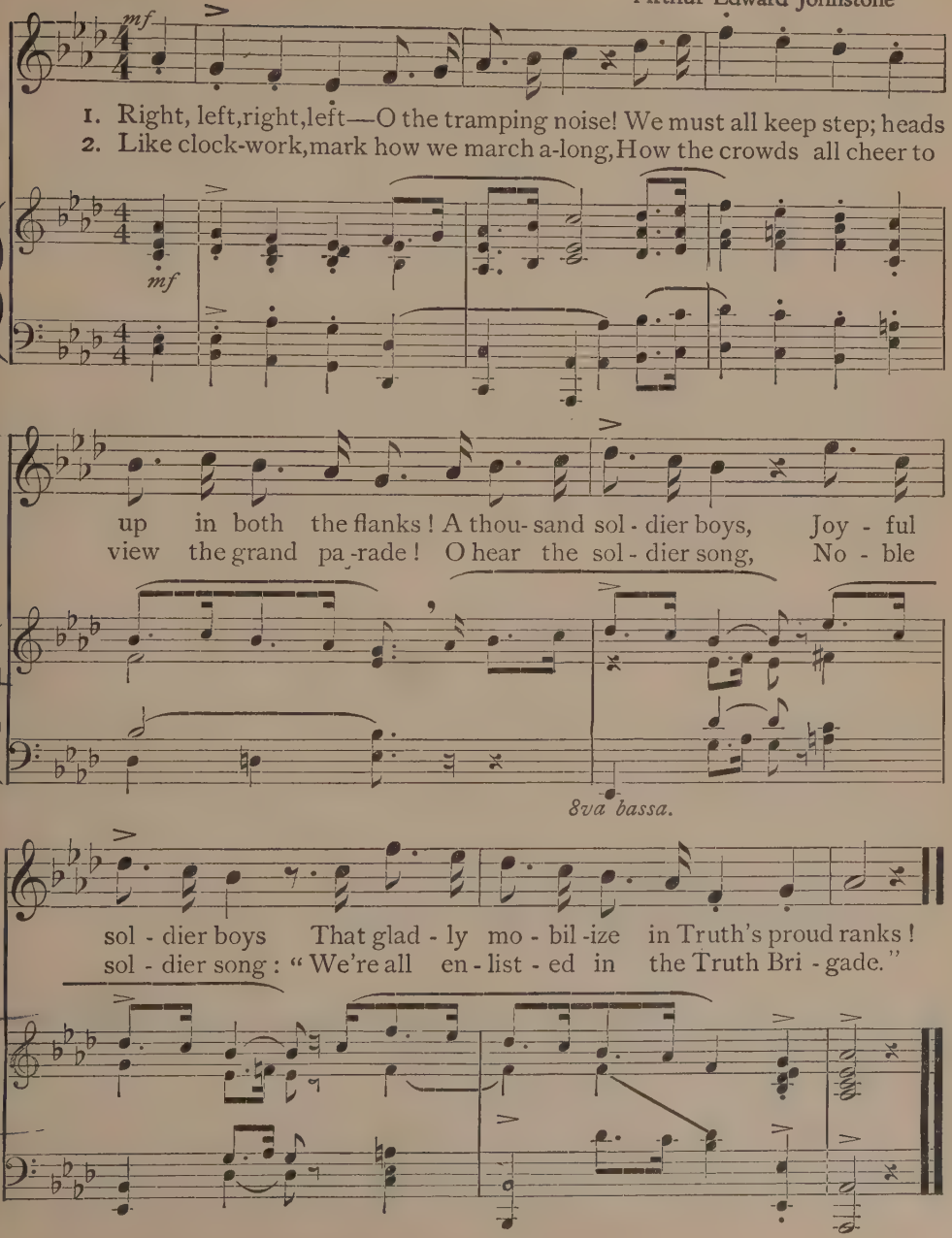
Melody by
Robert Schumann


Marziale
f
Oh, boys, come a-long, there's a band down the street; They can
play while they march, keep-ing time with their feet. Right,
left, see them go To (the) tunes that they know, While the
p
cym-bals they bang With a clash and a clang. Each
p
man has a gay gold stripe on his coat; The drum ma-jor's plumes, they
f
toss and they float. Tsing, boom, ta-ta-ta! Tsing,
boom, dum-de-dum! They toot on the horn, then (they) pound on the drum.

THE TRUTH BRIGADE

Marziale

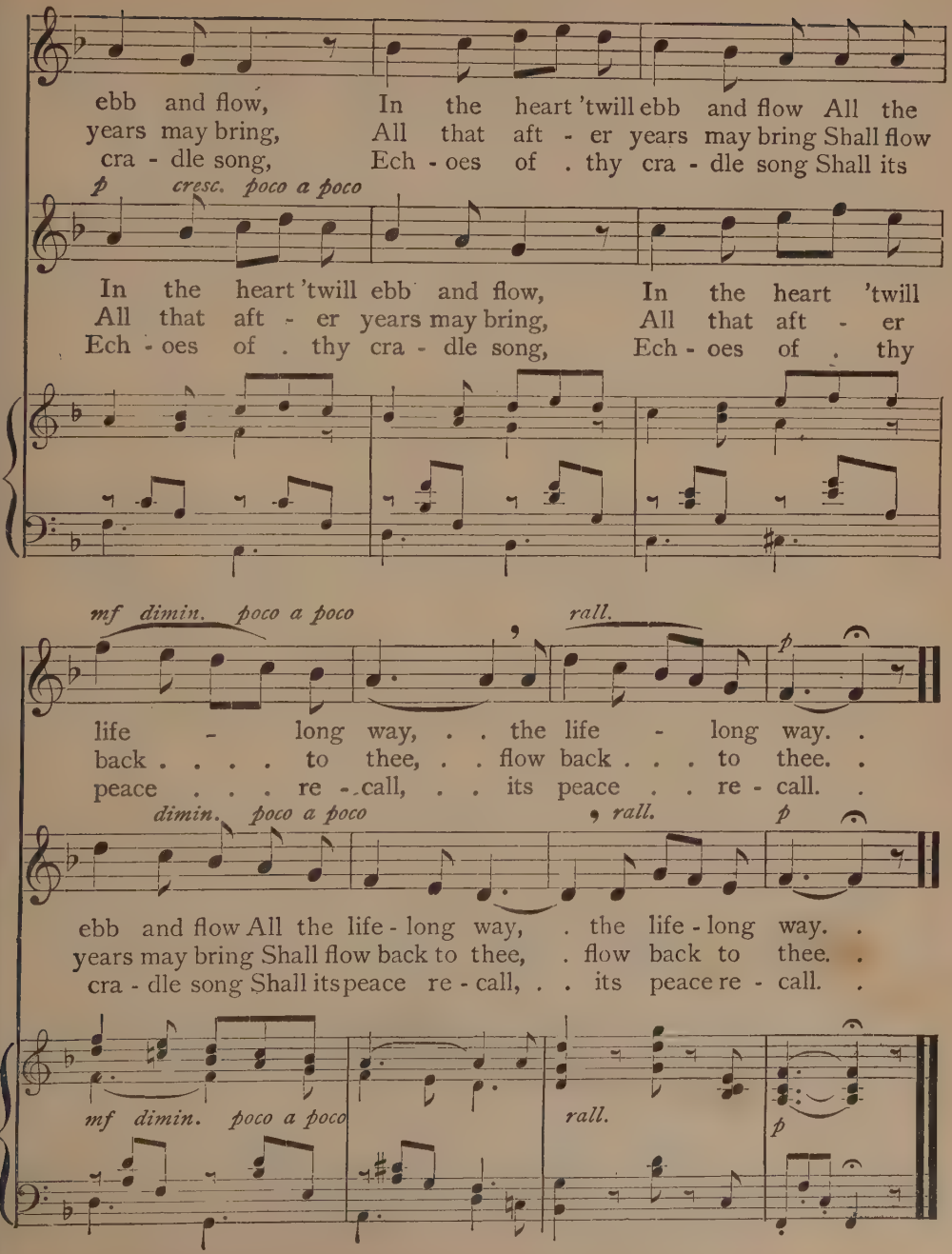
Arthur Edward Johnstone


mf
1. Right, left, right, left—O the tramping noise! We must all keep step; heads
2. Like clock-work, mark how we march a-long, How the crowds all cheer to
mf
up in both the flanks! A thou-sand sol-dier boys, Joy-ful
view the grand pa-rade! O hear the sol-dier song, No-ble
8va bassa.
sol-dier boys That glad-ly mo-bil-ize in Truth's proud ranks!
sol-dier song: "We're all en-list-ed in the Truth Bri-gade."

A CRADLE SONG

John Banister Tabb — John E. West

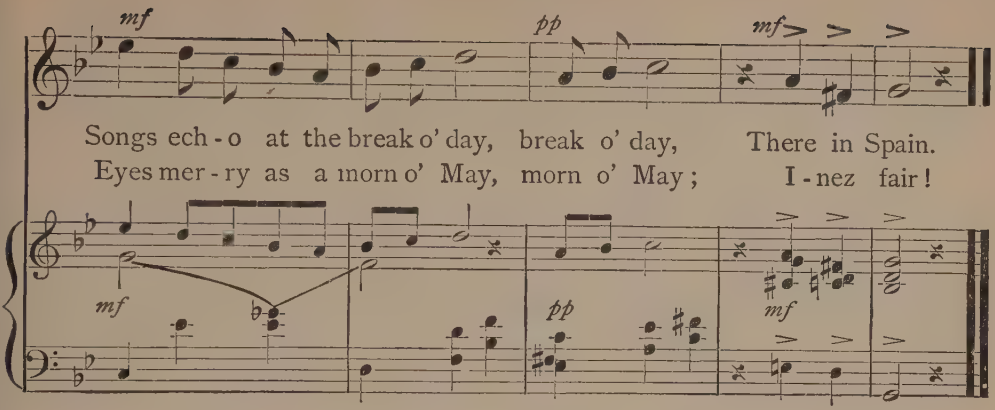
Andante con moto
p
1. Sing it, moth - er, sing it low;
2. Sing it, moth - er, soft - ly sing
3. Sing it, moth - er, love is strong;
Andante con moto
poco rit.
a tempo
mp
p
with Ped.
cres. poco a poco
Deem it not . an i - dle lay; In the heart 'twill
While he slum - bers on thy knee; All that aft - er
When the tears of man - hood fall, Ech - oes of . thy
cres. poco a poco
p


ebb and flow, In the heart 'twill ebb and flow All the
years may bring, All that aft - er years may bring Shall flow
cra - dle song, Ech - oes of . thy cra - dle song Shall its
p cresc. poco a poco
In the heart 'twill ebb and flow, In the heart 'twill
All that aft - er years may bring, All that aft - er
Ech - oes of . thy cra - dle song, Ech - oes of . thy
mf dimin. poco a poco
rall.
p
life - long way, . . the life - long way. .
back . . . . to thee, . . flow back . . . to thee. .
peace . . . re - call, . . its peace . . re - call. .
dimin. poco a poco
rall.
p
ebb and flow All the life - long way, . the life - long way. .
years may bring Shall flow back to thee, . flow back to thee. .
cra - dle song Shall its peace re - call, . . its peace re - call. .
mf dimin. poco a poco
rall.
p

IN SPAIN

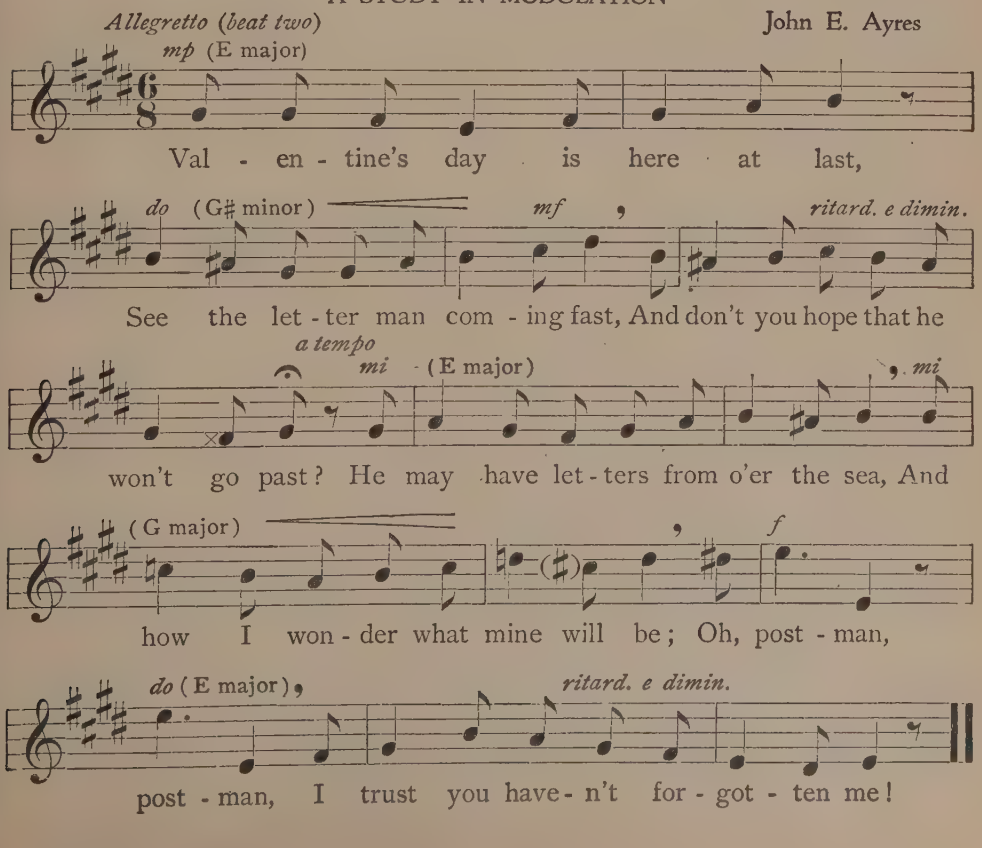
Arthur Edward Johnstone

Allegro con spirito
mp
mf
1. I know a land o'er the o - cean. Guess what it is!
2. I know a maid like a flow - er; Sweet is her name;
mp
mf
with Pedal
mp
Sun - lit Spain. Sweet, by the breeze set in mo - tion,
I - nez fair! There, in a vine - shad - ed bow - er,
mp
use Pedal discreetly
mf
mf
pp
Bells on the tow'r ring in Spain. Far - a - way, far - a - way,
Light she will dance; I - nez fair. Ev - er gay, ev - er gay,
mf
mf
pp



VALENTINES

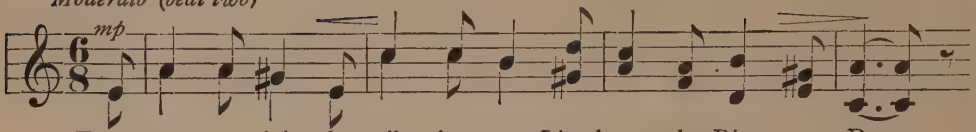
A STUDY IN MODULATION


Allegretto (beat two)
John E. Ayres
mp (E major)
Val - en - tine's day is here at last,
do (G♯ minor)
mf
ritard. e dimin.
See the let - ter man com - ing fast, And don't you hope that he
a tempo
mi (E major)
mi
won't go past? He may have let - ters from o'er the sea, And
(G major)
f
how I won - der what mine will be; Oh, post - man,
do (E major)
ritard. e dimin.
post - man, I trust you have - n't for - got - ten me!

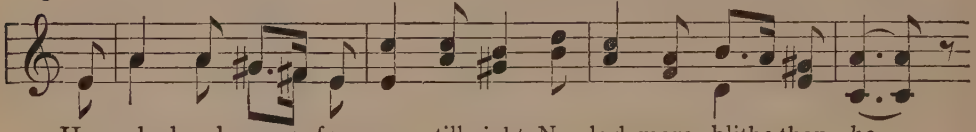
THE JOLLY MILLER

Traditional — Old English

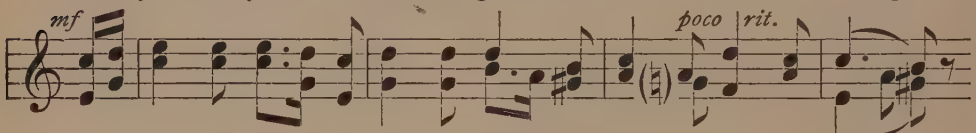
Moderato (beat two)



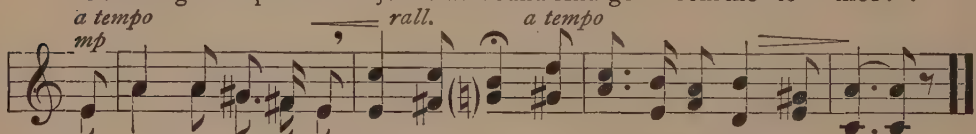
1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the Riv - er Dee, .
2. "I love my mill, she is to me Like par - ent, child, and wife; .
3. Thus like the mil - ler bold and free, Let us re-joice and sing; .



He worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he; .
I would not change my sta - tion here For oth - er walks of life. .
The days of youth are made for glee, And time is on the wing.



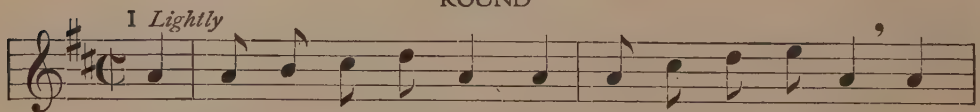
And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be: .
No law-yer, priest, or sur-geon e'er Has had a groat from me." .
This song shall pass in jo - vial round And go from me to thee: .



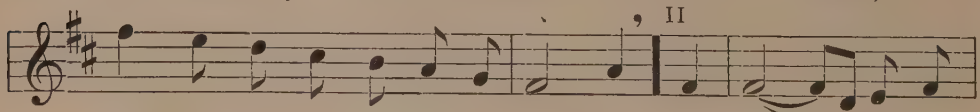
"I care for no-bod-y, no, not I, If no - bod-y cares for me!"

PLAYMATES

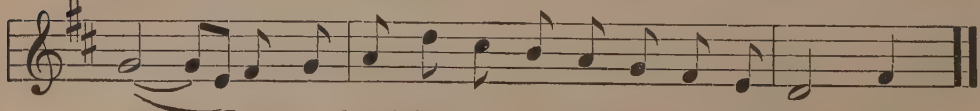
ROUND



The mer - ry lit - tle brook Lies hid - den in a nook, Then



laughs with a rip - ple, down a hill - side; The breeze . In the

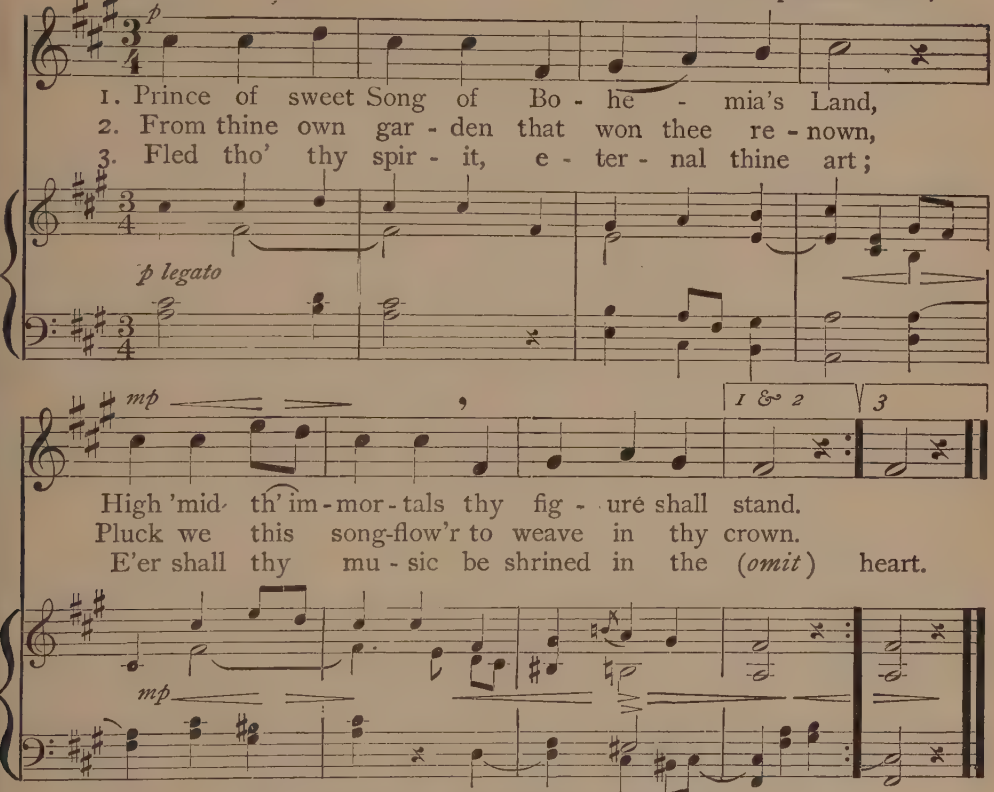


trees . Goes a-laugh-ing in a frol-ic by the rill - side.

A MEMORIAL*

Harvey Worthington Loomis

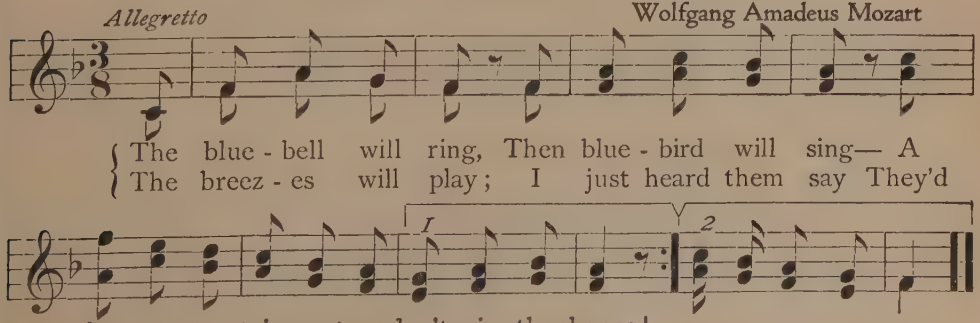
Antonin Dvořák
(From a hitherto unpublished MS.)


Andante
p
1. Prince of sweet Song of Bo - he - mia's Land,
2. From thine own gar - den that won thee re - nown,
3. Fled tho' thy spir - it, e - ter - nal thine art;
p legato
mp
1 & 2
3
High 'mid th' im - mor - tals thy fig - uré shall stand.
Pluck we this song-flow'r to weave in thy crown.
E'er shall thy mu - sic be shrined in the (omit) heart.
mp

A SPRING ENTERTAINMENT

Allegretto

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart


The blue - bell will ring, Then blue - bird will sing— A
The breez - es will play; I just heard them say They'd
1
2
fine en - ter - tainment, so don't miss the chance!
fur-nish the mu - sic for (omit)
Col-umbine to dance.

* Antonin Dvořák was Bohemia's greatest composer (1841–1904)

SWEET CONTENT

From J. Müller

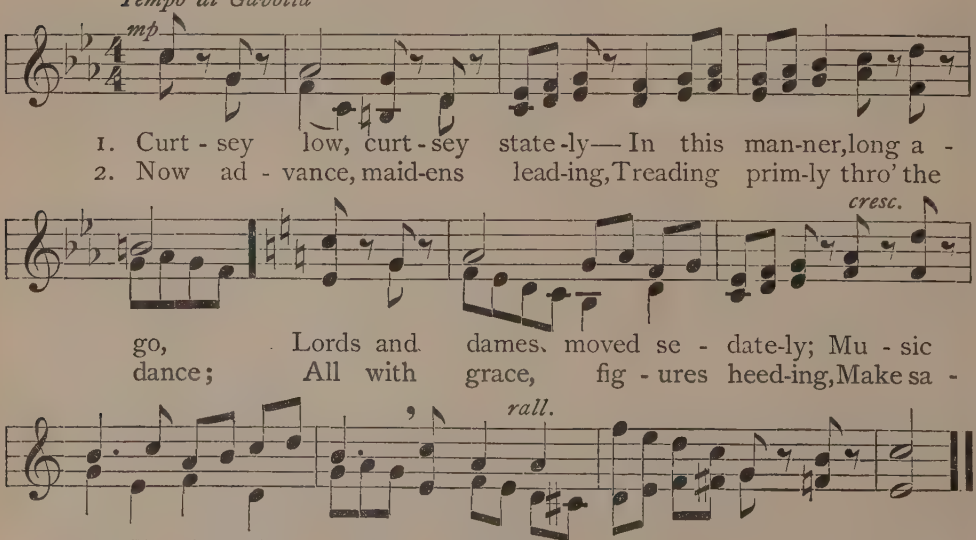
Ludwig van Beethoven *

Allegretto

mf
What need have I for goods or gold While sweet con - tent is
mine? With heav'n- ly bless - ings all un - told I'll
mp
deem my lot di - vine. At morn and eve my
rall.
songs of love Shall reach the throne of God a - bove.

THE GAVOTTE

Tempo di Gavotta


mp
1. Curt - sey low, curt - sey state - ly— In this man-ner, long a -
2. Now ad - vance, maid-ens lead-ing, Treading prim-ly thro' the
cresc.
go, Lords and dames moved se - date-ly; Mu - sic
dance; All with grace, fig - ures heed-ing, Make sa -
rall.
sweet To time their feet— A quaint ga - votte, se - rene and slow.
lute To sound of flute; Its old - time tunes the spell en - hance.

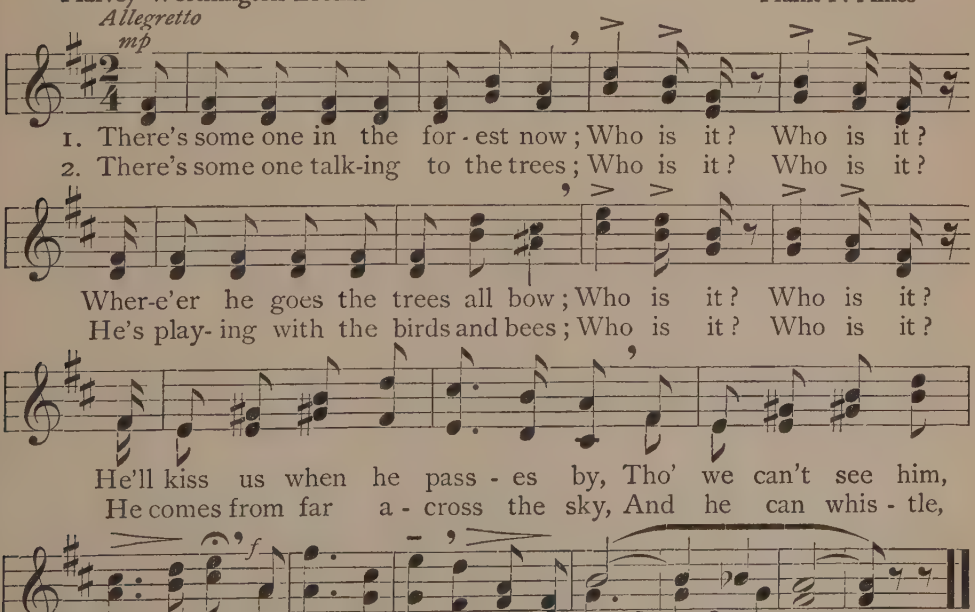
* This melody (not among his published works) appears in one of Beethoven's sketch-books.

HOLLAND CANALS

Moderato
mf
1. In Am - ster-dam, Quaint Am - ster-dam, That an - cient, wrink-led
2. When-e'er they wish To sell their fish In Hol - land, (so they
town, The fish - ing fleets In man - y streets Go
tell,) The boat - men halt, The deck - rail vault, And
cresc.
poco rit.
sail - ing up and down, Go sail - ing up and down.
ring the front-door - bell, They ring the front - door - bell.

WHO IS IT?

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Frank F. Ames

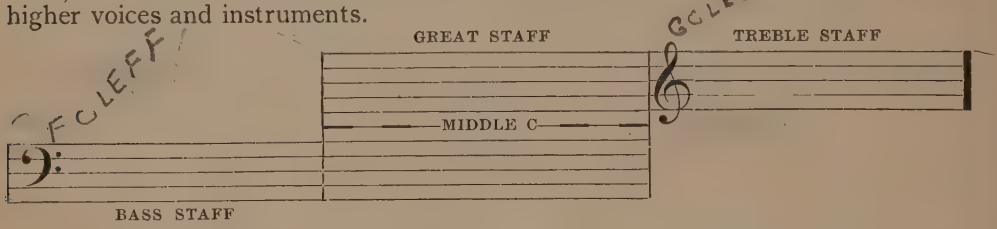

Allegretto
mp
1. There's some one in the for - est now; Who is it? Who is it?
2. There's some one talk-ing to the trees; Who is it? Who is it?
Wher-e'er he goes the trees all bow; Who is it? Who is it?
He's play- ing with the birds and bees; Who is it? Who is it?
He'll kiss us when he pass - es by, Tho' we can't see him,
He comes from far a - cross the sky, And he can whis - tle,
f
you and I, For Oh, you know, It must be whoo! . . . . . .
sing, and sigh, For Oh, you know, It must be whoo! . . . . . .

STAFFS AND CLEFS

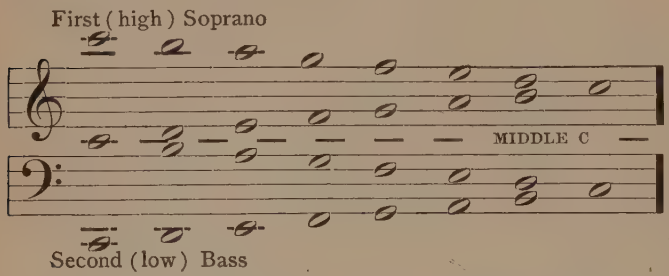
Reference: New Manual, Pages 118; 158

The staff originally consisted of eleven lines and was called the great staff. The great staff is divided into staves of five lines each.

The G clef (originally the letter G placed on the second line of the treble staff), makes the second line represent the pitch G. This staff is used for the higher voices and instruments.

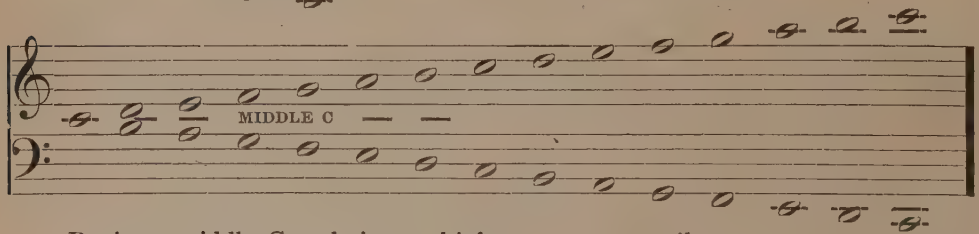


The F clef (originally the letter F placed on the fourth line of the bass staff) makes the fourth line represent the pitch F. This staff is used for the lower voices and instruments.



Middle C is represented on the line below the treble staff and the line above the bass staff. It is one of the lower tones of the soprano and one of the upper tones of the bass voice.

Notice that and represent the same tone, middle C.

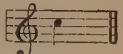


Begin at middle C and sing as high as you can easily.

Begin at middle C and sing as low as you can easily.

When tenors and basses sing from the treble staff, the tones sung are an octave *below* the tones represented.

When sopranos and altos sing from the bass staff, the tones sung are an octave *above* the tones represented.

The pitch of the first tone when sung by unchanged (soprano) voices is 

1 *Do* Ti LA S

c b a g f e d c d e f g a g f e d c

2 *Do*

3 *Do*

4 *Do*

5 *mf* *p* *mf*

THE MARCH WIND

Allegretto

f mi FINE

The wind is north And back and forth See the naked branches blow!
clouds are gray This wind-y day, And I think it looks like snow.

mp

It was on - ly yes - ter - day I found a flow'r, But the

D.S.

cresc.

weath - er can al - ter in a quar - ter of an hour—For

WOODEN SHOES

Katharine Whitmore

French Folk Tune

Giocoso

mf *dimin.*

1. Thro' Lor - raine I took my way In my wood - en shoes, .
2. Oh, I let the cap - tains laugh At my wood - en shoes, .

mf *dimin.* O ho!

mf *dimin.*

And I met three cap - tains gay In my wood - en shoes; .
For I did not mind their chaff Nor my wood - en shoes; .

mf *dimin.* O ho!

mf *cresc.*

And the tall - est cap - tain said, "Fool-ish maid, you'll ne'er be wed
Then I an - swered up and said, "But the hus - band I have wed

Hey, O hey! . O hey, O hey!

mf

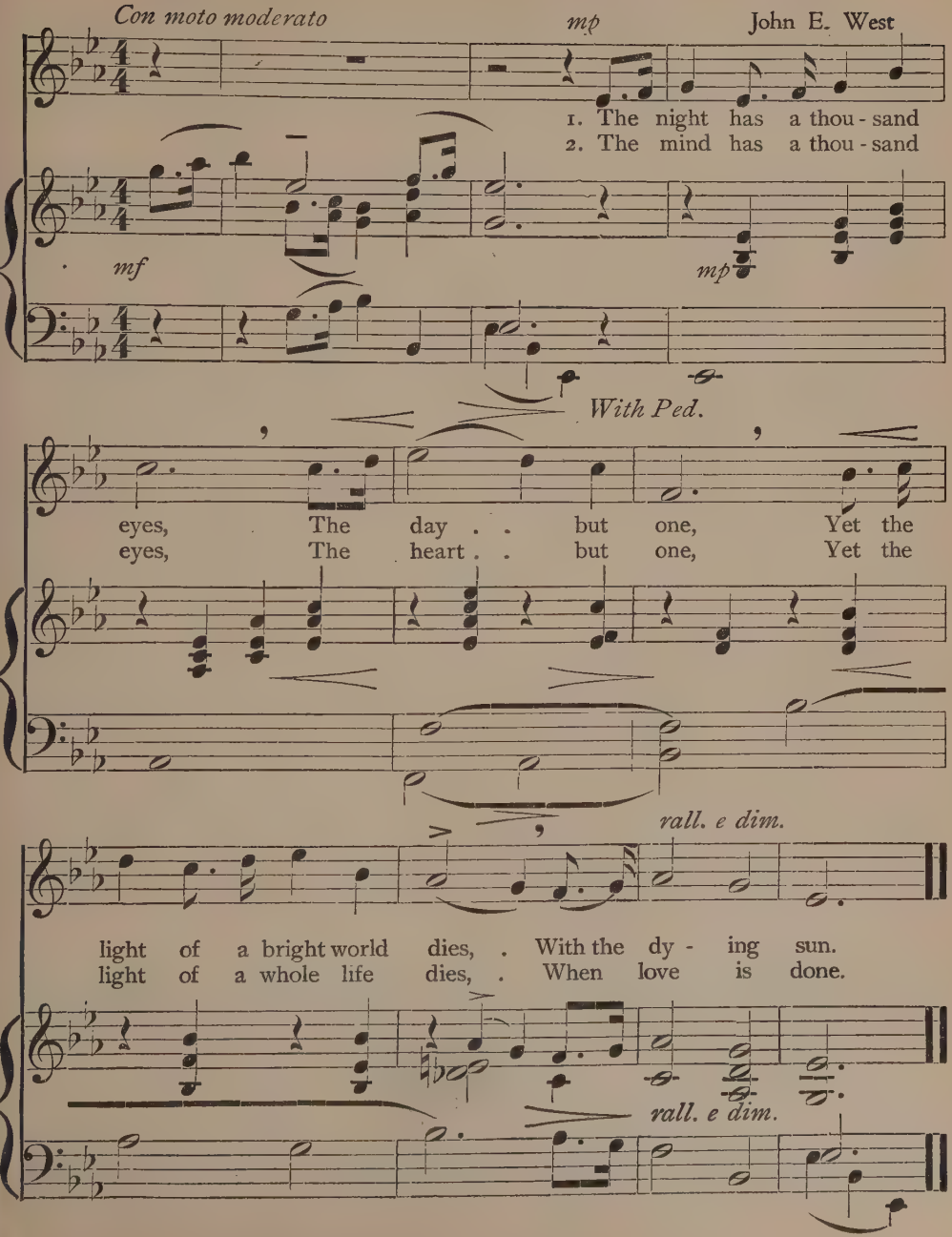
p

If you wear ug - ly wood - en shoes." . . .
Thinks me fair, spite of wood - en shoes." . . .

O such ug - ly shoes. . . . O ho!
Fair as morn in June. . . . O ho!

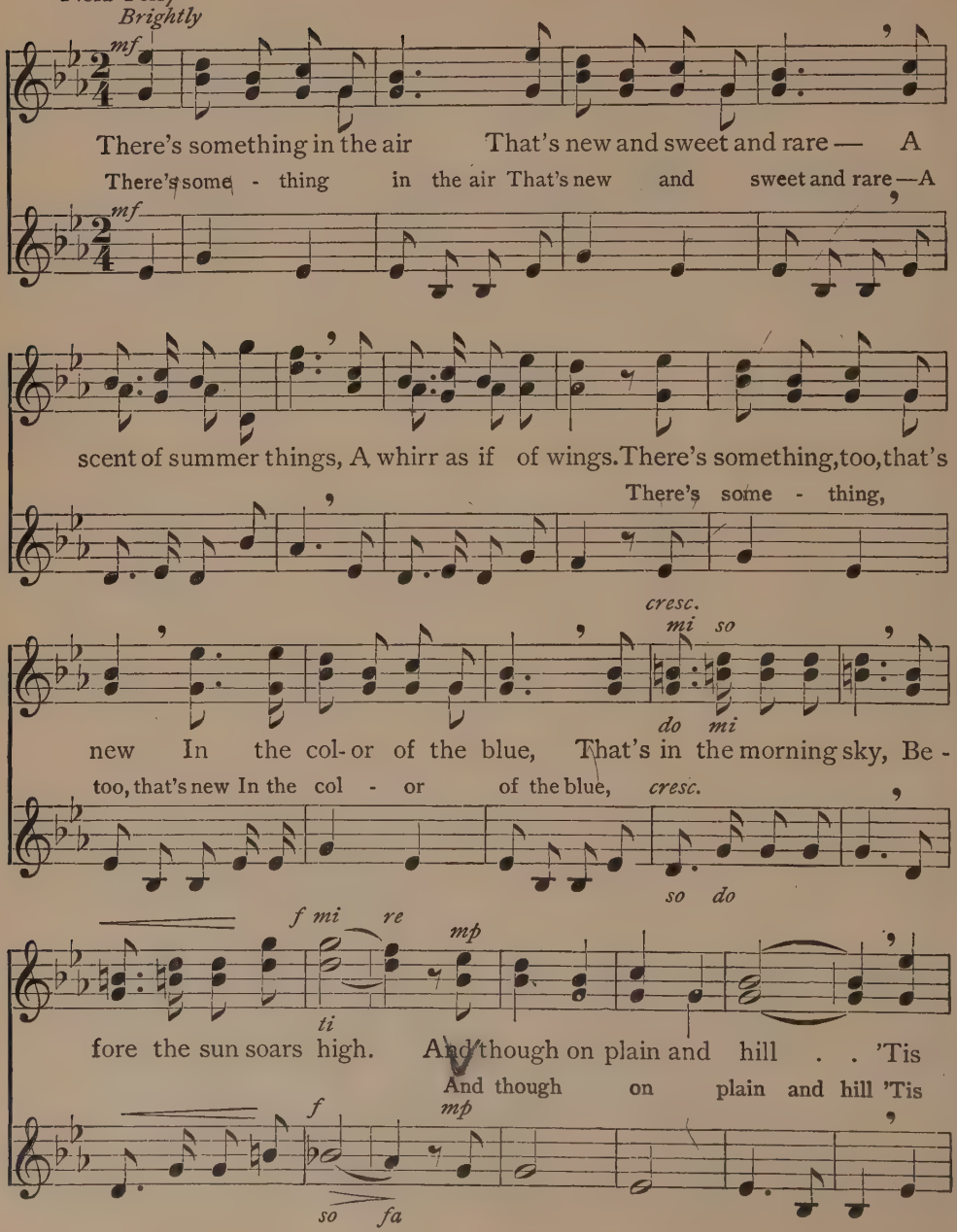
p

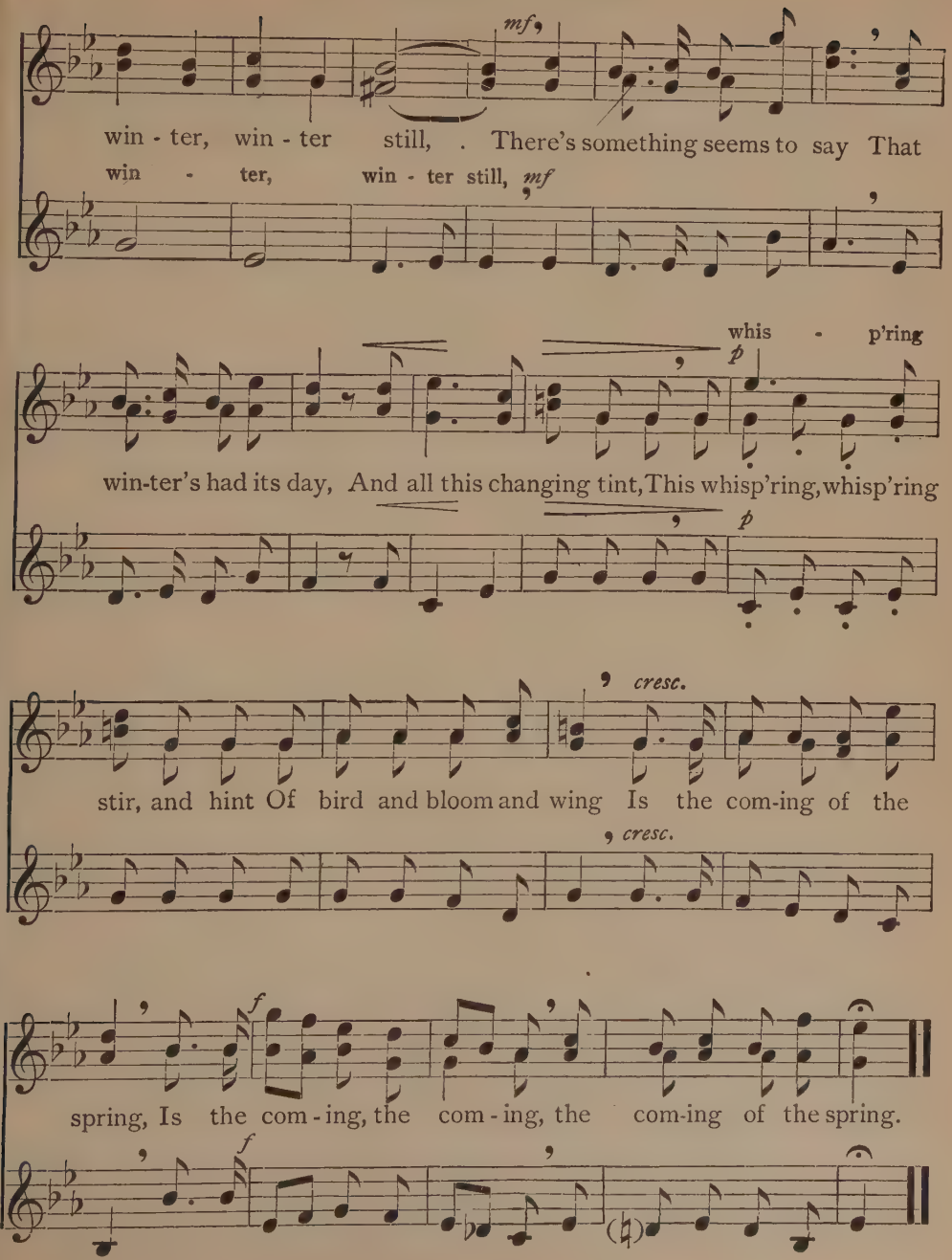
THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES


Con moto moderato
mp
John E. West
1. The night has a thou - sand
2. The mind has a thou - sand
mf
mp
With Ped.
eyes, The day . . but one, Yet the
eyes, The heart . . but one, Yet the
rall. e dim.
light of a bright world dies, . With the dy - ing sun.
light of a whole life dies, . When love is done.
rall. e dim.

THE COMING OF SPRING

Nora Perry — Rossetter G. Cole


Brightly
mf
There's something in the air That's new and sweet and rare — A
There's some - thing in the air That's new and sweet and rare — A
scent of summer things, A whirr as if of wings. There's something, too, that's
There's some - thing,
cresc.
mi so
do mi
new In the col - or of the blue, That's in the morning sky, Be -
too, that's new In the col - or of the blue,
cresc.
so do
f mi re
mp
ti
fore the sun soars high. And though on plain and hill . . 'Tis
And though on plain and hill 'Tis
f
mp
so fa

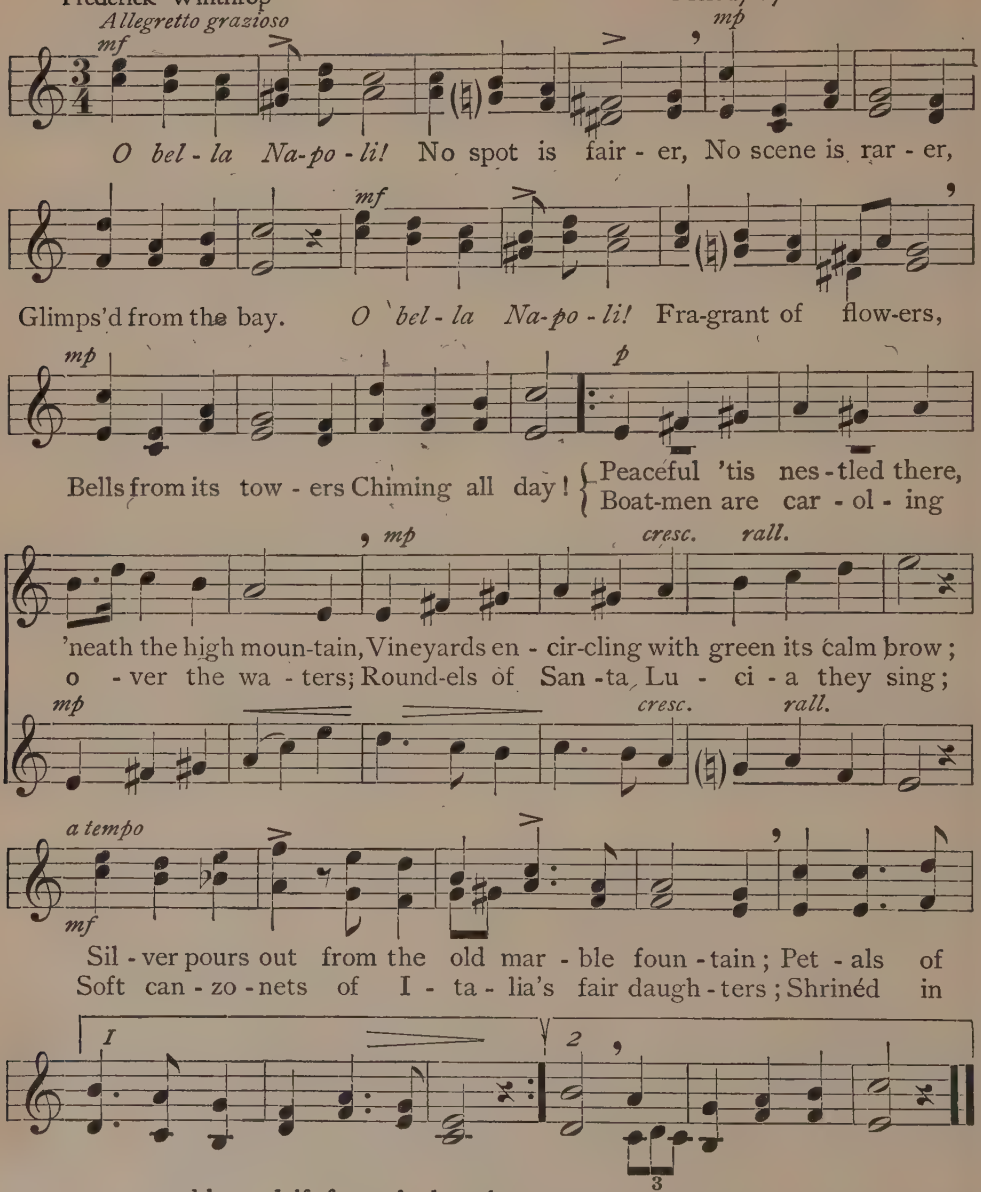

mf
win - ter, win - ter still, . There's something seems to say That
win - ter, win - ter still,
mf
whis - p'ring
p
win-ter's had its day, And all this changing tint, This whisp'ring, whisp'ring
p
cresc.
stir, and hint Of bird and bloom and wing Is the com-ing of the
cresc.
f
spring, Is the com - ing, the com - ing, the com-ing of the spring.
f

BELLA NAPOLI *

Frederick Winthrop

Melody by G. Torrente

Allegretto grazioso


mf
mp
O bel - la Na-po - li! No spot is fair - er, No scene is rar - er,
mf
Glimps'd from the bay. O bel - la Na-po - li! Fra-grant of flow-ers,
mp
p
Bells from its tow - ers Chiming all day!
Peaceful 'tis nes - tled there,
Boat-men are car - ol - ing
mp
cresc.
rall.
'neath the high moun-tain, Vineyards en - cir-cling with green its calm brow;
o - ver the wa - ters; Round-els of San - ta Lu - ci - a they sing;
mp
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
mf
Sil - ver pours out from the old mar - ble foun - tain; Pet - als of
Soft can - zo - nets of I - ta - lia's fair daugh - ters; Shrinéd in
1
2
3
or - ange-bloom drift from the bough.
song, their hom-age they bring.

(*Omit*)

* Beautiful Naples

NEVERMORE

Foster B. Merriam

Old Tune

Allegro moderato

mp SOLO *pp* CHORUS

1. The clouds re - call their rain - drops nev - er - more;
   Their fleec - y folds may hold . them nev - er - more;
2. The van - ished breeze brings per - fume nev - er - more;
   Its gen - tle voice may charm us nev - er - more;
3. Fair yes - ter's morn shall greet us nev - er - more;
   Its song of joy shall wake us nev - er - more;

pp

mp

And e'en the clouds drift off like a fleet on an
It wings its way thro' gar - dens a - far till the
Its hours of gold must fade in the night, tho' their

mp

dimin. SOLO VOICES CHORUS

o - cean that knows not a shore, To re - turn nev - er - more.
hours of its mu - sic are o'er, To re - turn nev - er - more.
pass - ing how - e'er we de - plore, To re - turn nev - er - more.

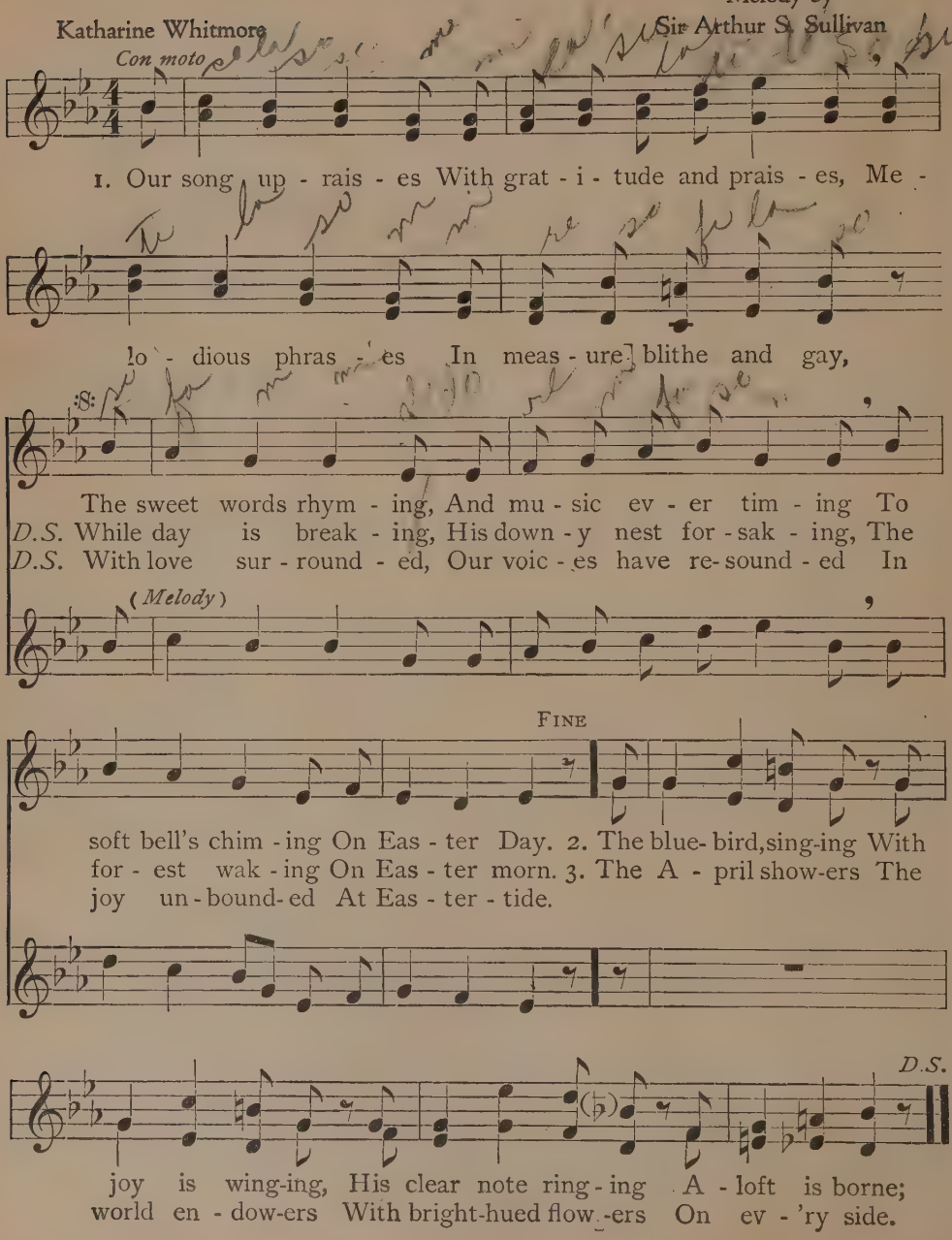
rall. pp

dimin. *rall. pp*

EASTERTIDE

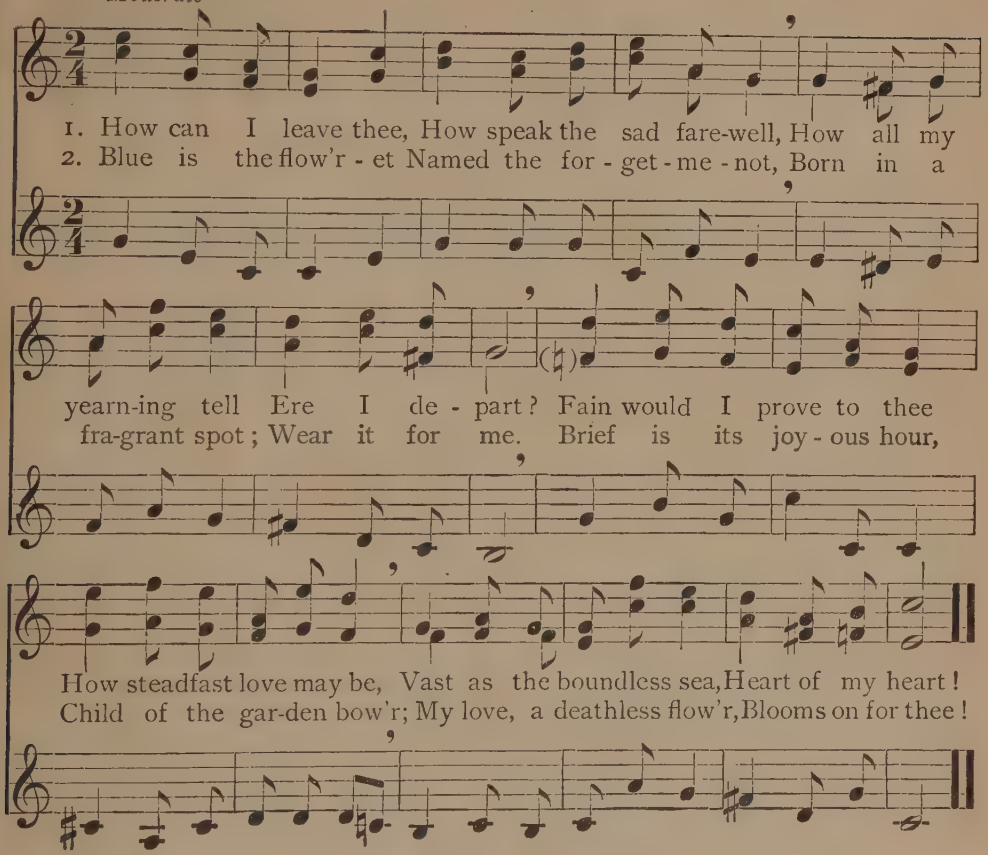
Katharine Whitmore

Melody by
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan


Con moto
1. Our song up - rais - es With grat - i - tude and prais - es, Me -
lo - dious phras - es In meas - ure blithe and gay,
The sweet words rhym - ing, And mu - sic ev - er tim - ing To
D.S. While day is break - ing, His down - y nest for - sak - ing, The
D.S. With love sur - round - ed, Our voic - es have re-sound - ed In
(Melody)
FINE
soft bell's chim - ing On Eas - ter Day. 2. The blue- bird, sing-ing With
for - est wak - ing On Eas - ter morn. 3. The A - pril show-ers The
joy un - bound- ed At Eas - ter - tide.
D.S.
joy is wing-ing, His clear note ring - ing A - loft is borne;
world en - dow-ers With bright-hued flow - ers On ev - 'ry side.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

Moderato

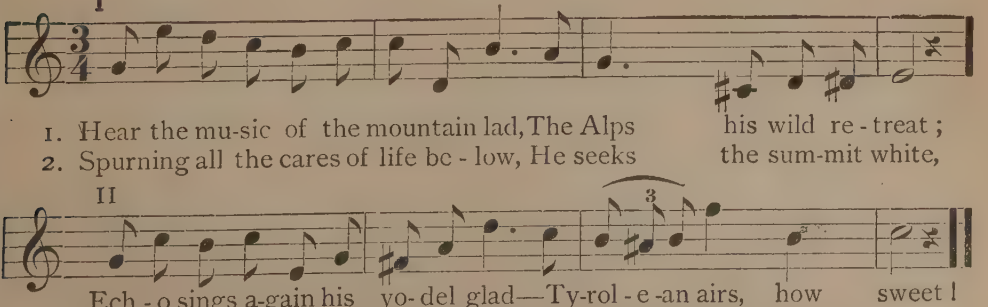

1. How can I leave thee, How speak the sad fare-well, How all my
2. Blue is the flow'r - et Named the for - get - me - not, Born in a
yearn-ing tell Ere I de - part? Fain would I prove to thee
fra-grant spot; Wear it for me. Brief is its joy - ous hour,
How steadfast love may be, Vast as the boundless sea, Heart of my heart!
Child of the gar-den bow'r; My love, a deathless flow'r, Blooms on for thee!

IN THE TYROL

ROUND

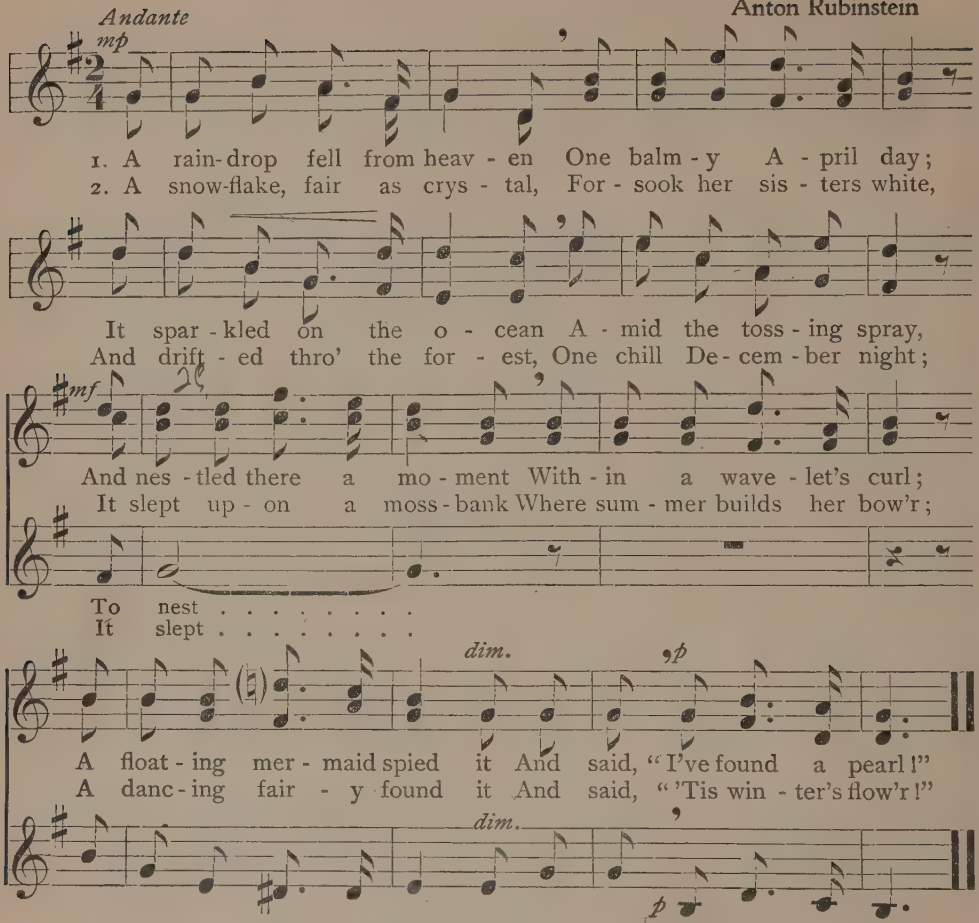
Tempo di valse

I

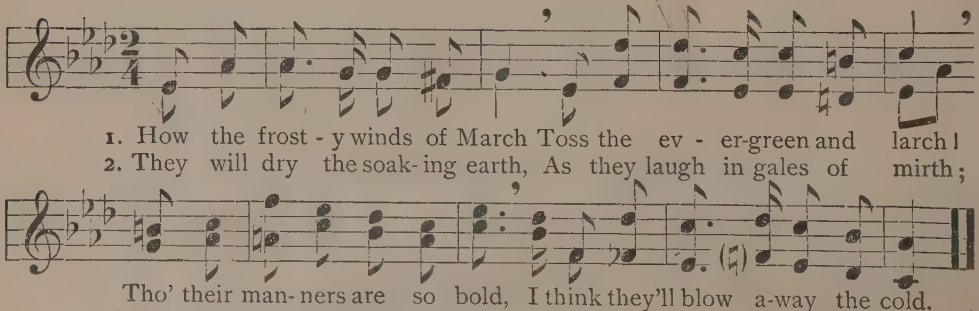

1. Hear the mu-sic of the mountain lad, The Alps his wild re - treat;
2. Spurning all the cares of life be - low, He seeks the sum-mit white,
II
3
Ech - o sings a-gain his yo - del glad—Ty-rol - e -an airs, how sweet!
There to view the wondrous Alpine-glow, Or welcome a dawn's first light.

A PEARL AND A FLOWER

Anton Rubinstein


Andante
mp
1. A rain-drop fell from heav - en One balm - y A - pril day;
2. A snow-flake, fair as crys - tal, For - sook her sis - ters white,
It spar - kled on the o - cean A - mid the toss - ing spray,
And drift - ed thro' the for - est, One chill De - cem - ber night;
mf
And nes - tled there a mo - ment With - in a wave - let's curl;
It slept up - on a moss - bank Where sum - mer builds her bow'r;
To nest . . . . . .
It slept . . . . . .
dim.
p
A float - ing mer - maid spied it And said, "I've found a pearl!"
A danc - ing fair - y found it And said, "'Tis win - ter's flow'r!"
dim.
p

MARCH WINDS

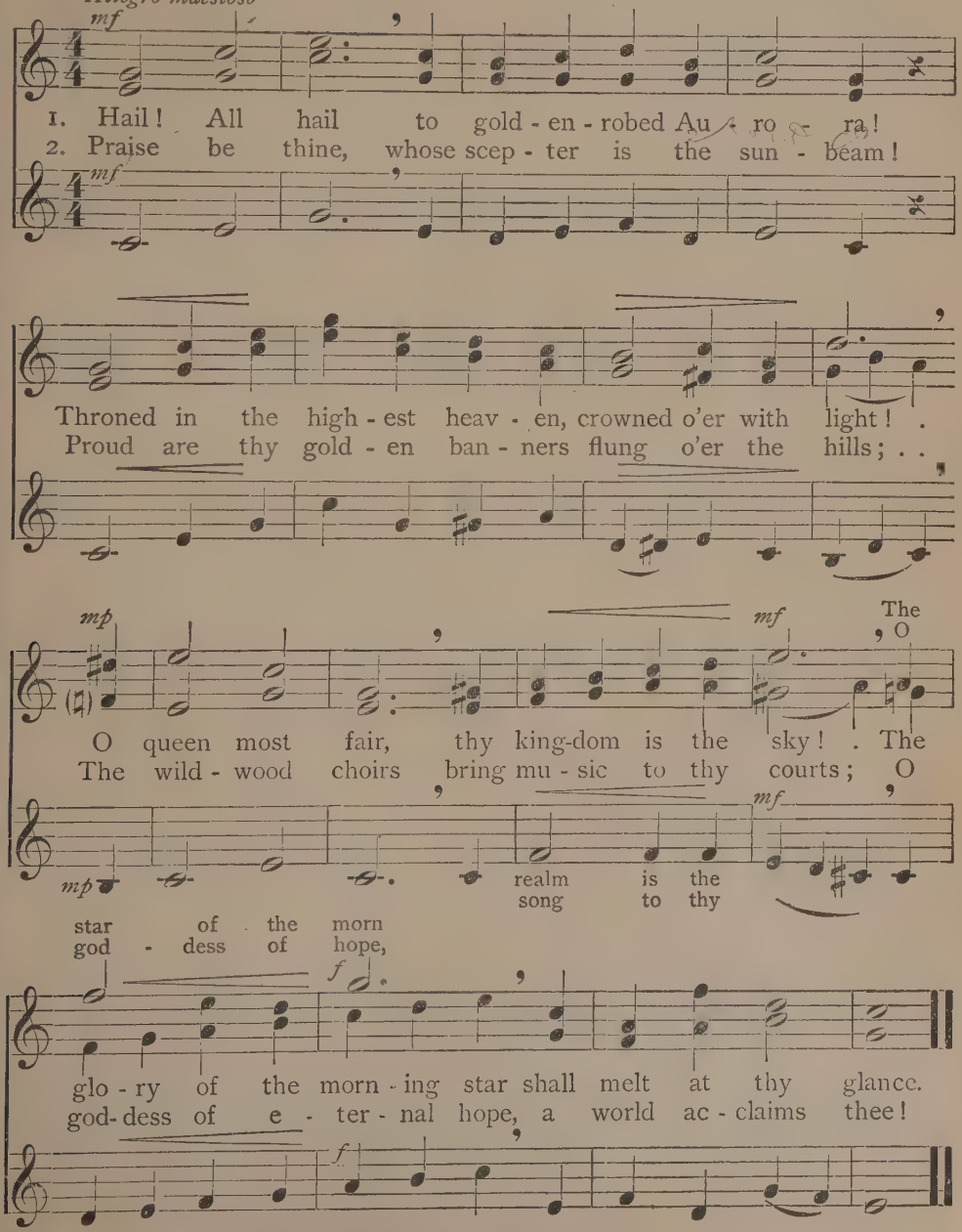

1. How the frost - y winds of March Toss the ev - er-green and larch!
2. They will dry the soak - ing earth, As they laugh in gales of mirth;
Tho' their man - ners are so bold, I think they'll blow a-way the cold.
Whis tling loud and whis-tling clear Un - til the buds of spring appear.

AURORA

James F. Caldwell

Arthur Edward Johnstone

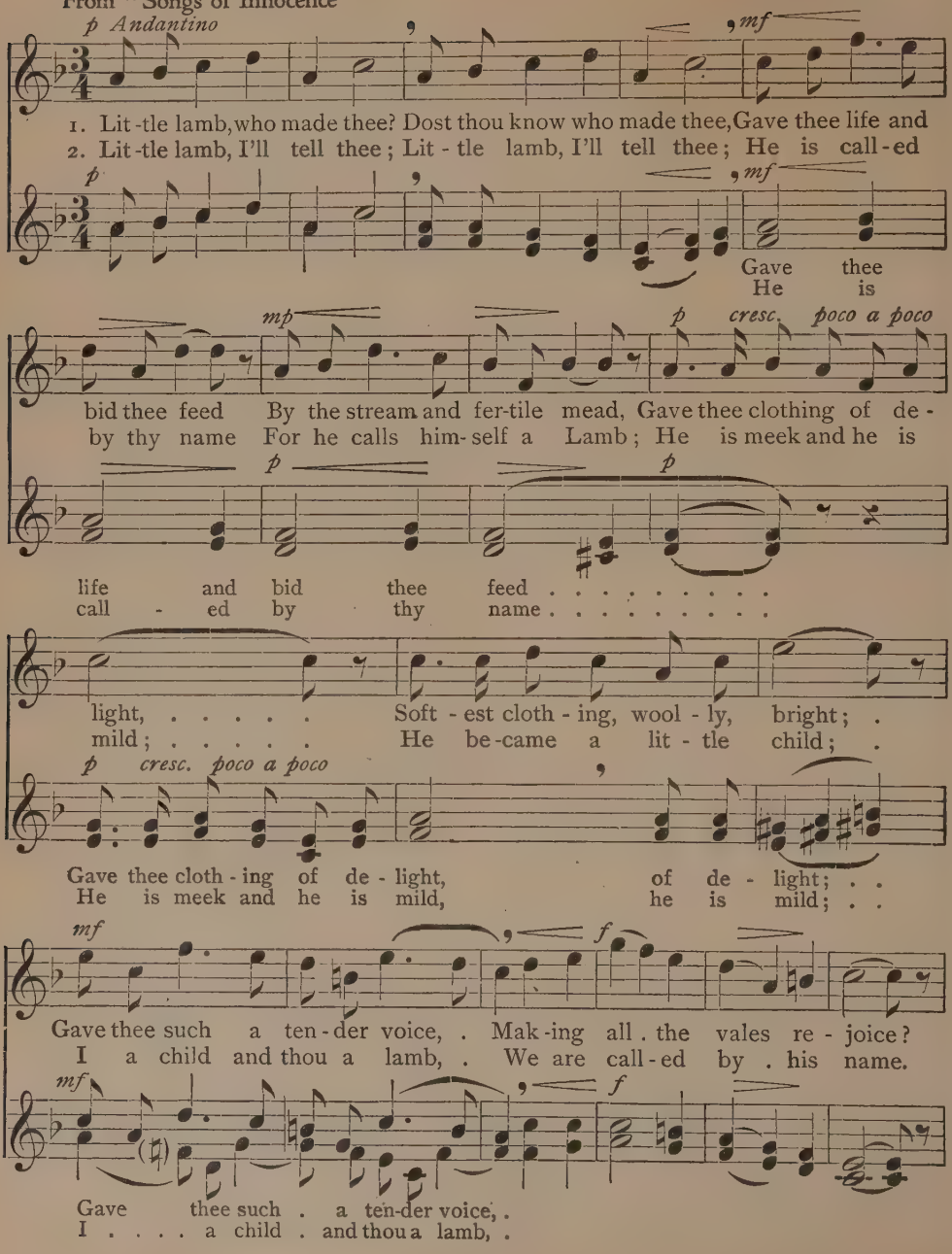
Allegro maestoso


mf
1. Hail! All hail to gold - en - robed Au - ro - ra!
2. Praise be thine, whose scep - ter is the sun - beam!
Throned in the high - est heav - en, crowned o'er with light!
Proud are thy gold - en ban - ners flung o'er the hills;
mp
mf
The
O queen most fair, thy king-dom is the sky! The
The wild - wood choirs bring mu - sic to thy courts; O
realm is the
song to thy
star of the morn
god - dess of hope,
f
glo - ry of the morn - ing star shall melt at thy glance.
god-dess of e - ter - nal hope, a world ac - claims thee!

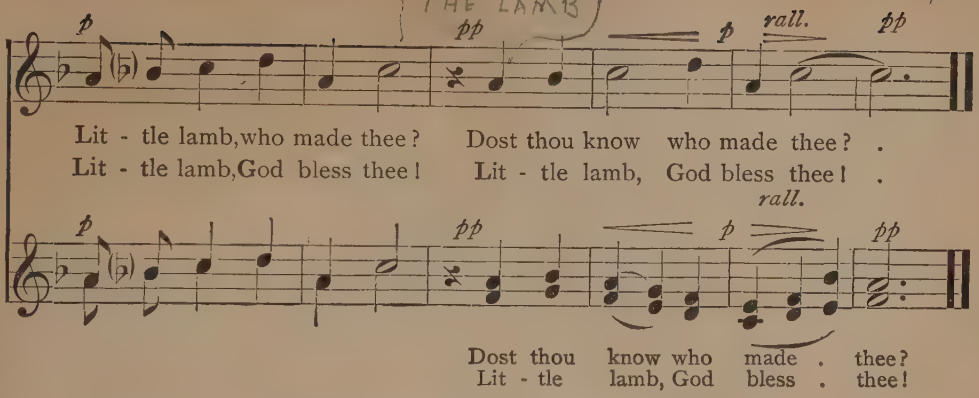
THE LAMB

William Blake
From "Songs of Innocence"

John E. West


p Andantino
mf
1. Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee, Gave thee life and
2. Lit-tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit-tle lamb, I'll tell thee; He is call-ed
p
mf
Gave thee
He is
mp
p cresc. poco a poco
bid thee feed By the stream and fer-tile mead, Gave thee clothing of de-
by thy name For he calls him-self a Lamb; He is meek and he is
p
p
life and bid thee feed . . . . . .
call - ed by thy name . . . . . .
light, ... Soft - est cloth - ing, wool - ly, bright; .
mild; . . . . . He be-came a lit - tle child; .
p cresc. poco a poco
Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, of de - light; . .
He is meek and he is mild, he is mild; . .
mf
f
Gave thee such a ten - der voice, . Mak - ing all . the vales re - joice?
I a child and thou a lamb, . We are call - ed by . his name.
mf
f
Gave thee such . a ten-der voice, .
I . . . . a child . and thou a lamb, .

THE LAMB

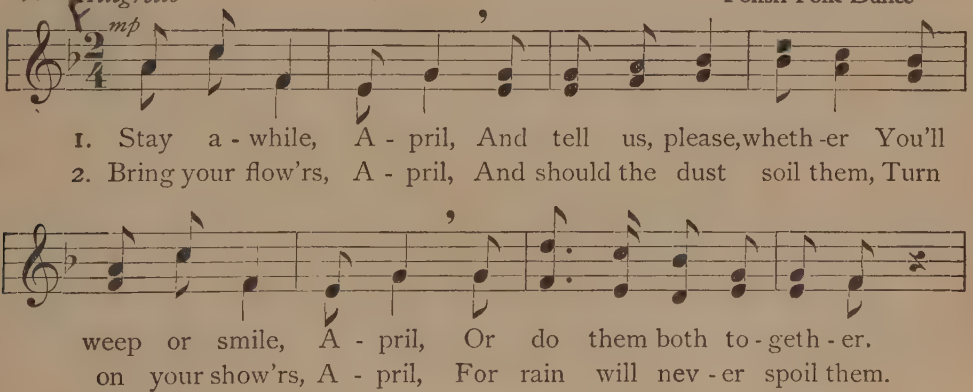


THE MONTH OF MOODS

Key of F

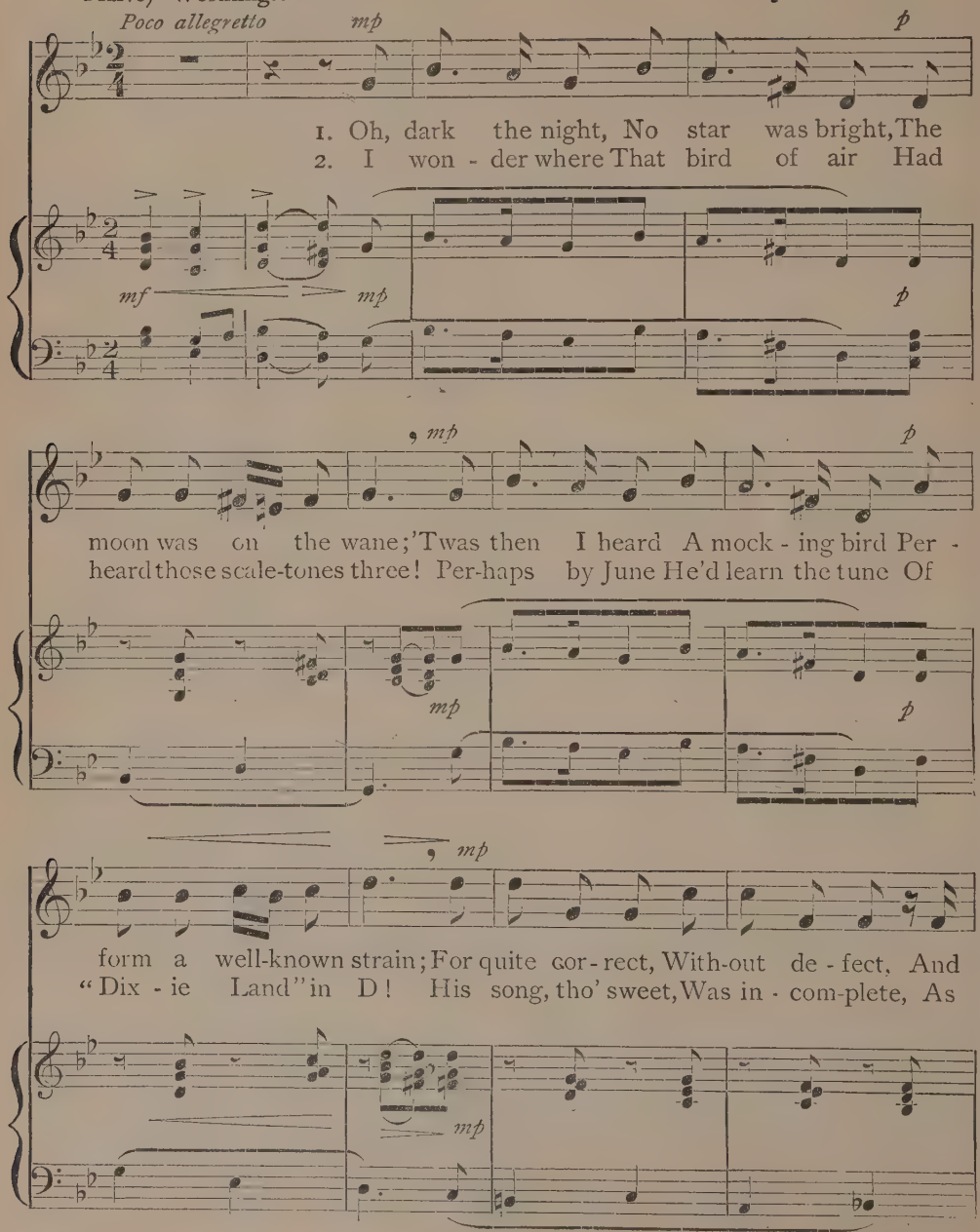
Allegretto

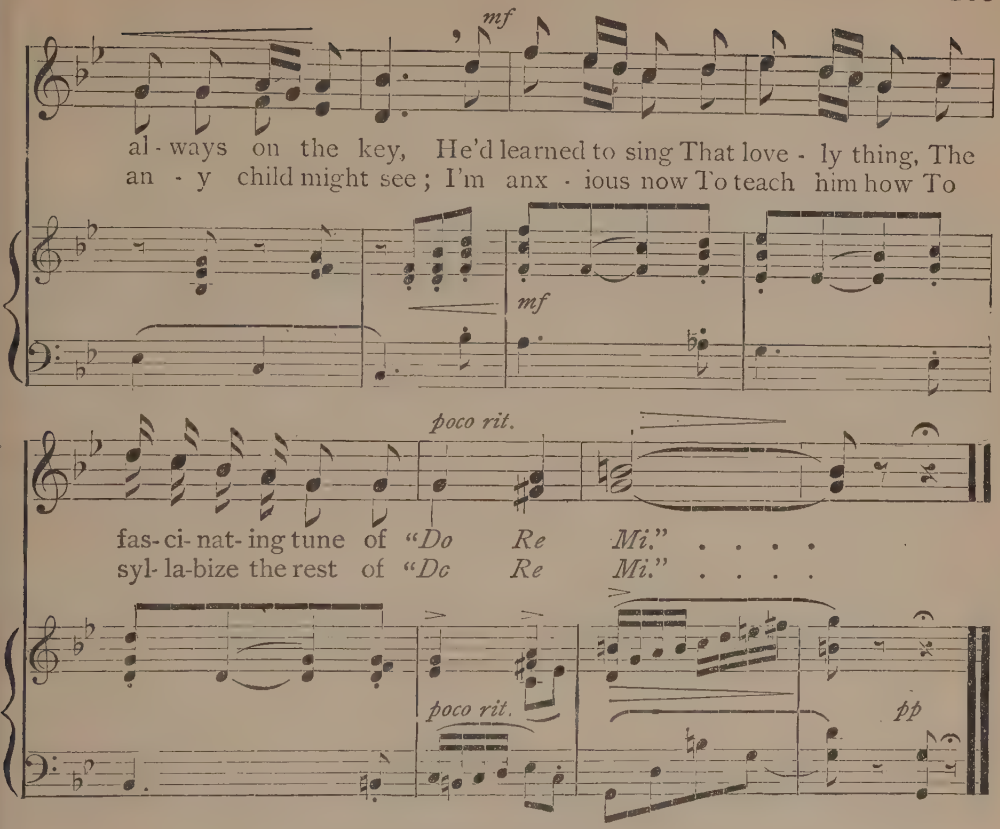
Polish Folk Dance


mp
1. Stay a - while, A - pril, And tell us, please, wheth - er You'll
2. Bring your flow'rs, A - pril, And should the dust soil them, Turn
weep or smile, A - pril, Or do them both to - geth - er.
on your show'rs, A - pril, For rain will nev - er spoil them.
mf
Change your mind, A - pril, We know you're most ca - pri - cious,
Pray be kind, A - pril, In deal - ing out your weath-ers;
mp
Still, we love you, A - pril, Your airs are so de - li - cious.
Give us warn-ing, A - pril, For wa - ter ru - ins feath-ers.

THE MOCKING BIRD

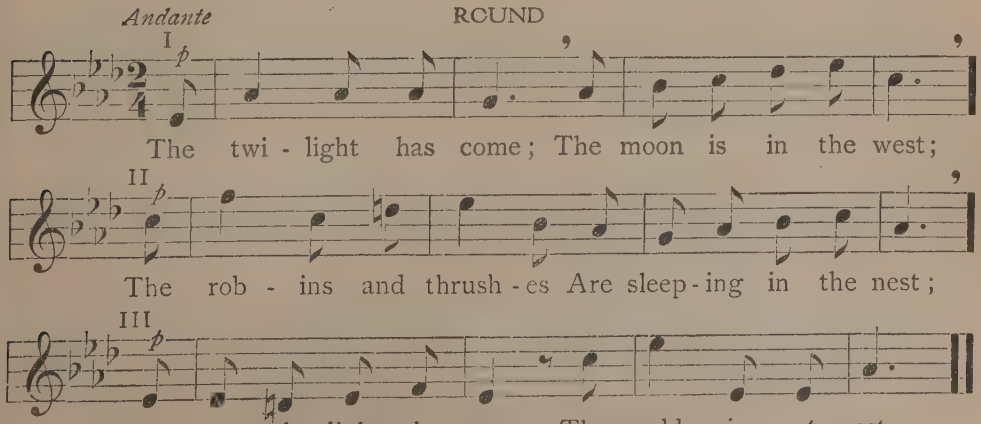
Harvey Worthington Loomis — John E. West


Poco allegretto
mp
p
1. Oh, dark the night, No star was bright, The
2. I won - der where That bird of air Had
mf
mp
p
mp
p
moon was on the wane; 'Twas then I heard A mock - ing bird Per -
heard those scale-tones three! Per-haps by June He'd learn the tune Of
mp
p
mp
form a well-known strain; For quite cor - rect, With-out de - fect, And
"Dix - ie Land" in D! His song, tho' sweet, Was in - com-plete, As
mp


mf
al - ways on the key, He'd learned to sing That love - ly thing, The
an - y child might see; I'm anx - ious now To teach him how To
mf
poco rit.
fas-ci-nat-ing tune of "Do Re Mi."
syl-la-bize the rest of "Do Re Mi."
poco rit.
pp

TWILIGHT

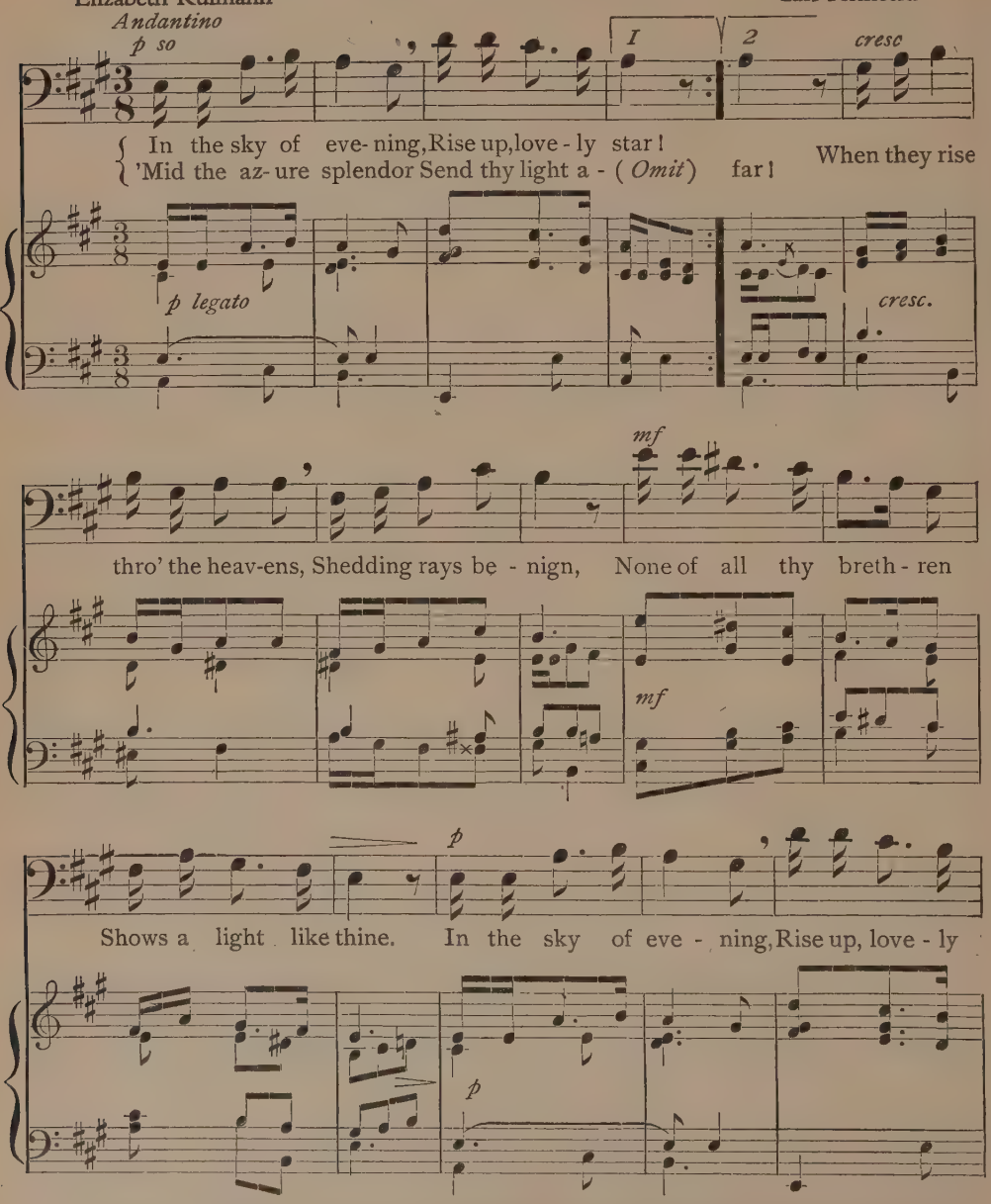
ROUND


Andante
I
p
The twi - light has come; The moon is in the west;
II
p
The rob - ins and thrush - es Are sleep - ing in the nest;
III
p
The an - gels light the stars— The world is at rest.

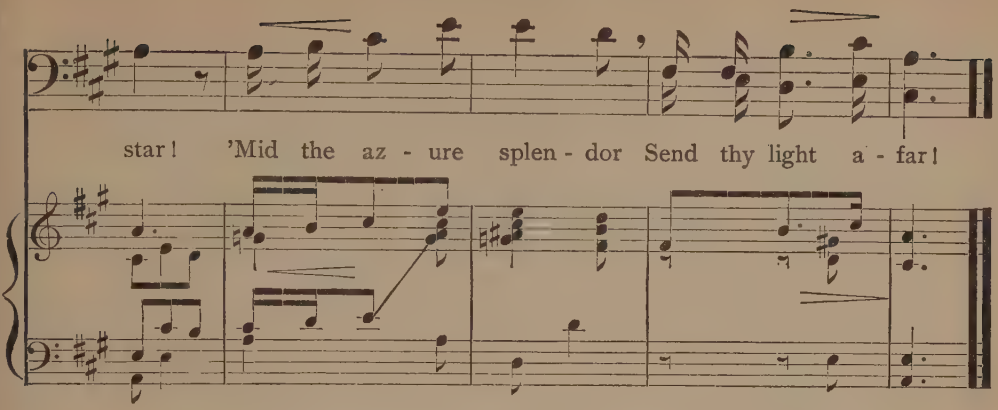
TO THE EVENING STAR*

Elizabeth Kulmann

Carl Reinecke

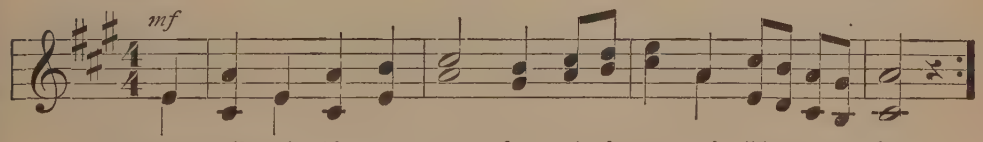

Andantino
p so
1
2
cresc
In the sky of eve- ning, Rise up, love - ly star!
'Mid the az- ure splendor Send thy light a - (Omit) far!
When they rise
p legato
cresc.
mf
thro' the heav-ens, Shedding rays be - nign, None of all thy breth - ren
mf
p
Shows a light like thine. In the sky of eve - ning, Rise up, love - ly
p

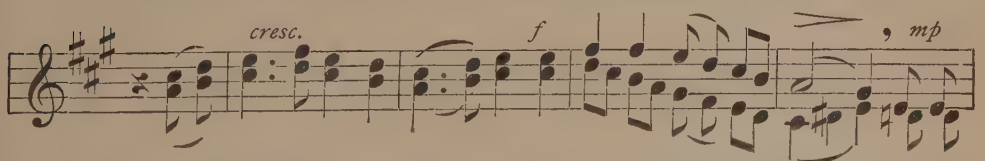
* To be used for practice in reading from the bass staff. The melody should sound an octave higher than written, when sung by children's voices.

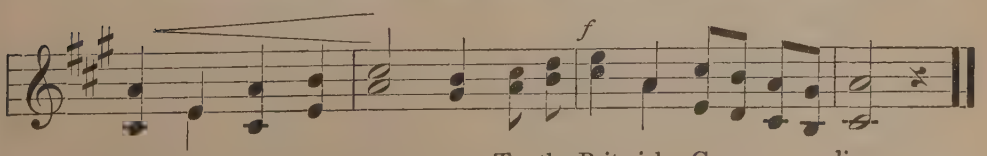


THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Traditional Old English

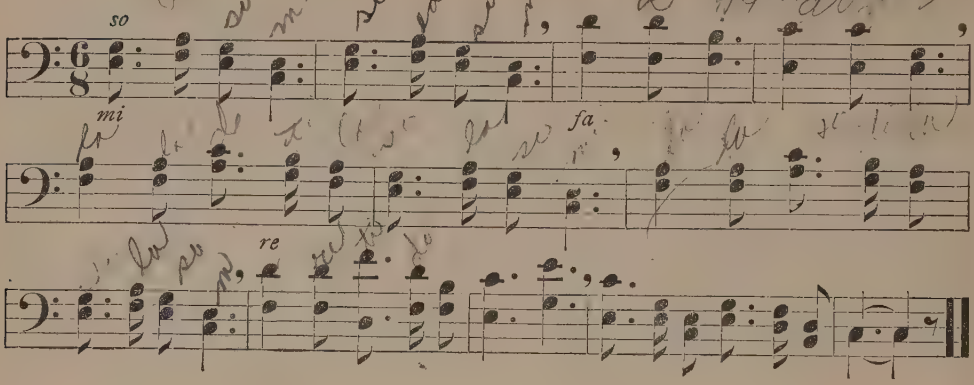

mf
1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les,
Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these.
2. When - e'er we are com-mand - ed To storm the pal - i - sades,
Our lead-ers march with fus - es And we with hand gre-nades.
3. And when the siege is o - ver, We to the town re - pair;
The towns-men cry, "Hur-rah, boys! Here comes a Gren - a - dier;


cresc.
f
mp
But of all the world's great he-roes There's none that can compare With a
We throw them from the gla - cis, A - bout the en-e-my's ears, Singing
Here come the Grena - diers, boys, Who know no doubts or fears." With a

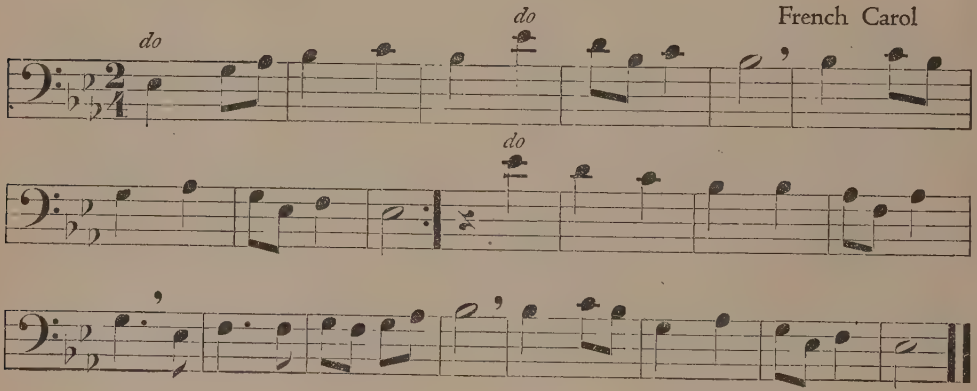


Unchanged voices (Sopranos) sing

Franz Gruber

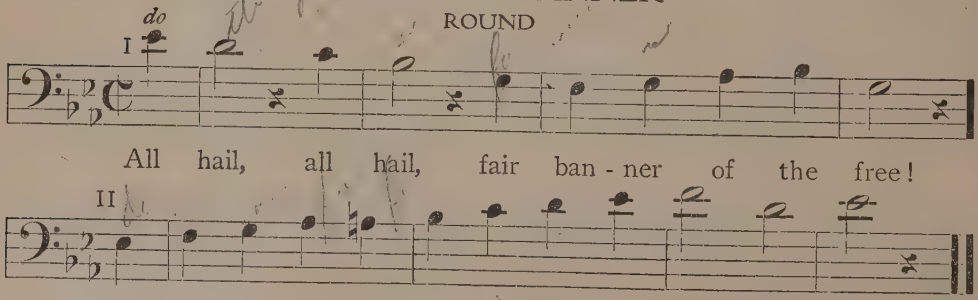


French Carol



LIBERTY'S BANNER

ROUND



MY PRETTY MAID

Moderato

Old English Folk Song

Boys

mp

1. "Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid?
2. "Can I go with . you, my pret - ty maid?
3. "What is your for - tune, my pret - ty maid?
4. "Then I can't mar - ry you, my pret - ty maid?

cresc.

Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid?"
Can I go with . you, my pret - ty maid?"
What is your for - tune, my pret - ty maid?"
Then I can't mar - ry you, my pret - ty maid."

p "Sir," she said, "Kind sir," she said,

"Sir," she said, "Kind sir, ... kind

"I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Yes, if you will, kind sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"My face is my for - tune, sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"No - bod - y asked you, sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

mp GIRLS

(*Melody*)

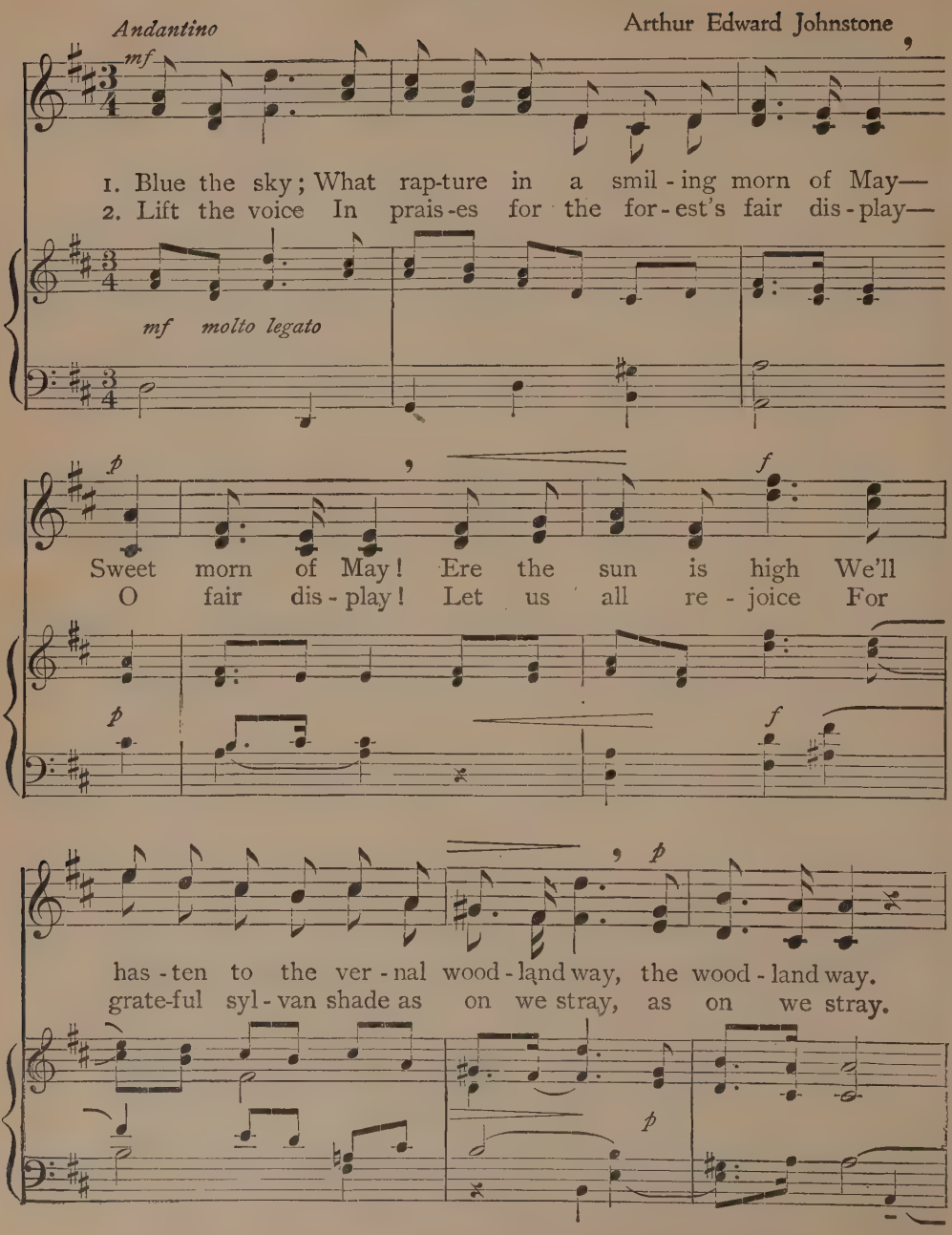
"sir," she said,

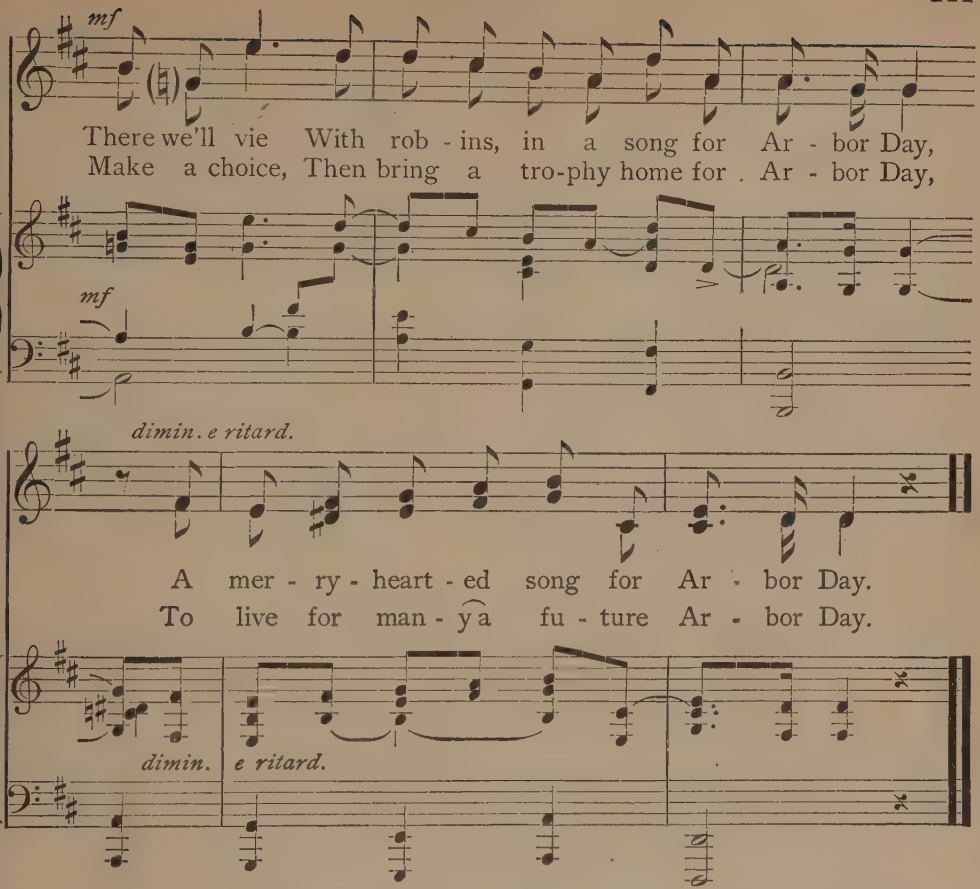
mf

sir, ... Kind sir, kind sir," she said.
"sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir," she said.
"sir," she said, "Yes, if you will, kind sir," she said.
"sir," she said, "My face is my for - tune, sir," she said.
"sir," she said, "No - bod - y asked you, sir," she said.

mf

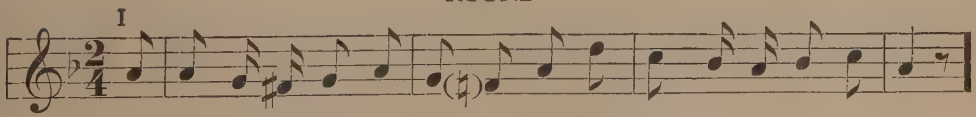
ARBOR DAY


Andantino
mf
Arthur Edward Johnstone
1. Blue the sky; What rap-ture in a smil-ing morn of May—
2. Lift the voice In prais-es for the for-est's fair dis-play—
mf molto legato
p
f
Sweet morn of May! Ere the sun is high We'll
O fair dis-play! Let us all re-joice For
p
f
p
has-ten to the ver-nal wood-land way, the wood-land way.
grate-ful syl-van shade as on we stray, as on we stray.
p

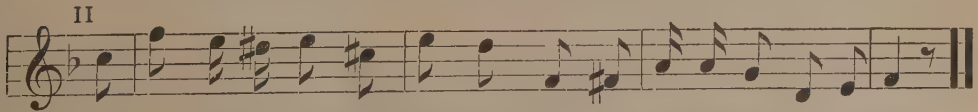

mf
There we'll vie With rob - ins, in a song for Ar - bor Day,
Make a choice, Then bring a tro-phy home for Ar - bor Day,
mf
dimin. e ritard.
A mer - ry - heart - ed song for Ar - bor Day.
To live for man - y a fu - ture Ar - bor Day.
dimin. e ritard.

THE CAREFUL CARP

ROUND



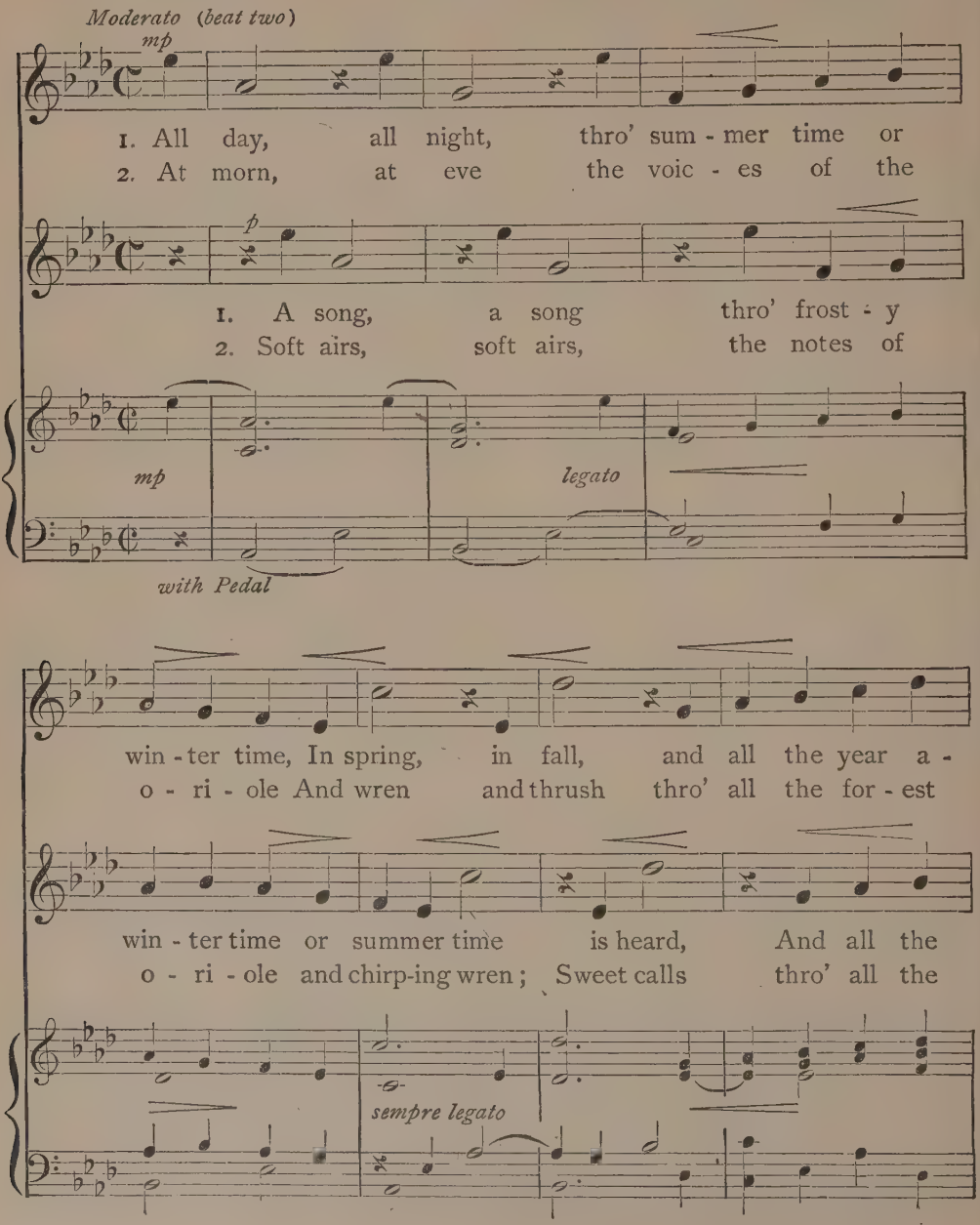
1. A man by the brook was angling; In his hand was a rod and reel;
2. Two carp thro' the brooklet darted; One cried, "Look, there's a meal in sight!"

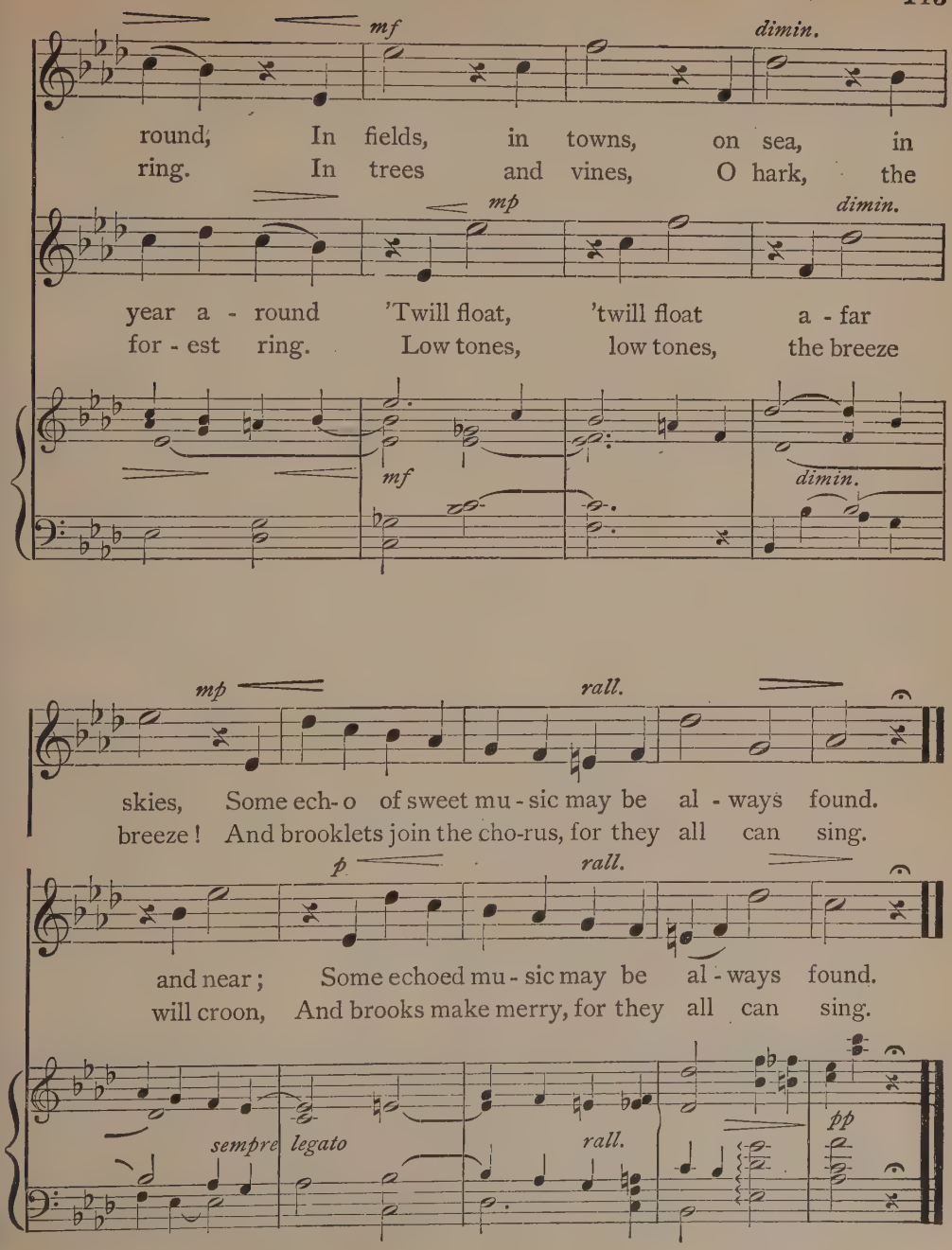


A worm from the hook was dangling, Wrig-gling, fidgeting like an eel.
But wise - ly a - way they start - ed—Fish and fish-er with-out a bite.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE

Foster B. Merriam — TWO-PART CANON — Arthur Edward Johnstone

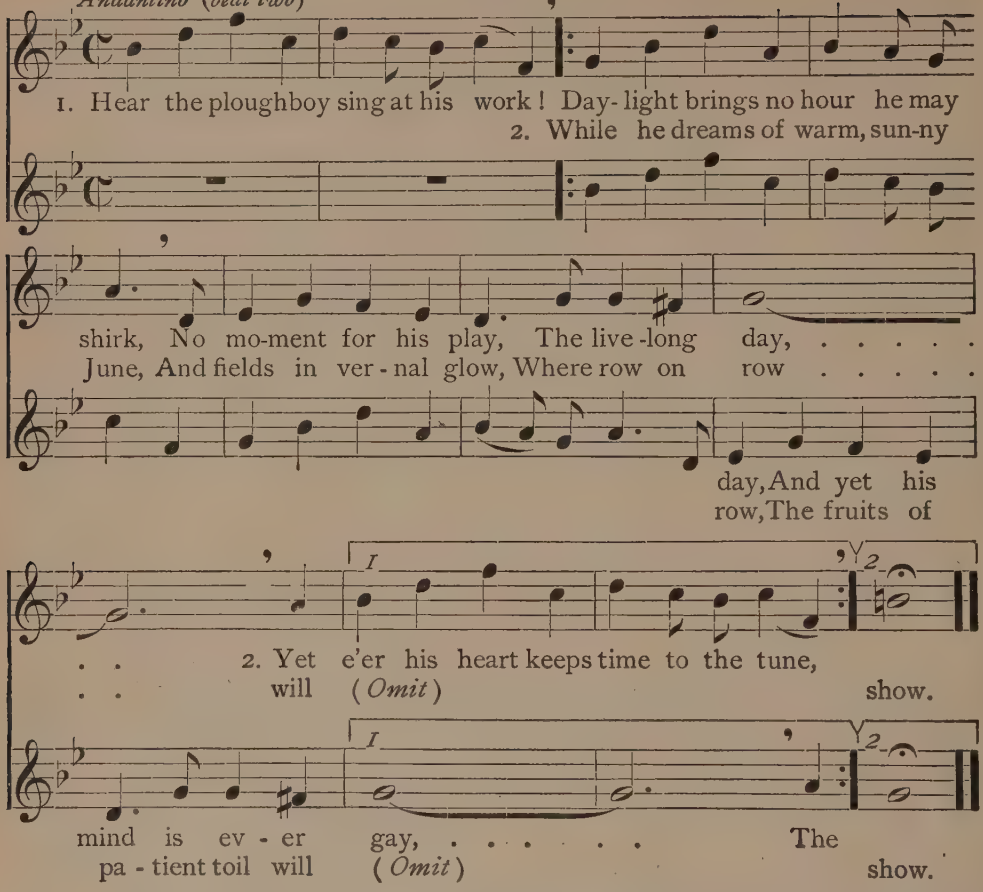

Moderato (beat two)
mp
1. All day, all night, thro' sum - mer time or
2. At morn, at eve the voic - es of the
p
1. A song, a song thro' frost - y
2. Soft airs, soft airs, the notes of
mp
legato
with Pedal
win - ter time, In spring, in fall, and all the year a -
o - ri - ole And wren and thrush thro' all the for - est
win - ter time or summer time is heard, And all the
o - ri - ole and chirp-ing wren; Sweet calls thro' all the
sempre legato


mf
dimin.
round; In fields, in towns, on sea, in
ring. In trees and vines, O hark, the
mp
dimin.
year a - round 'Twill float, 'twill float a - far
for - est ring. Low tones, low tones, the breeze
mf
dimin.
mp
rall.
skies, Some ech- o of sweet mu - sic may be al - ways found.
breeze! And brooklets join the cho-rus, for they all can sing.
p
rall.
and near; Some echoed mu - sic may be al - ways found.
will croon, And brooks make merry, for they all can sing.
sempre legato
rall.
pp

THE PLOUGHBOY

CANON

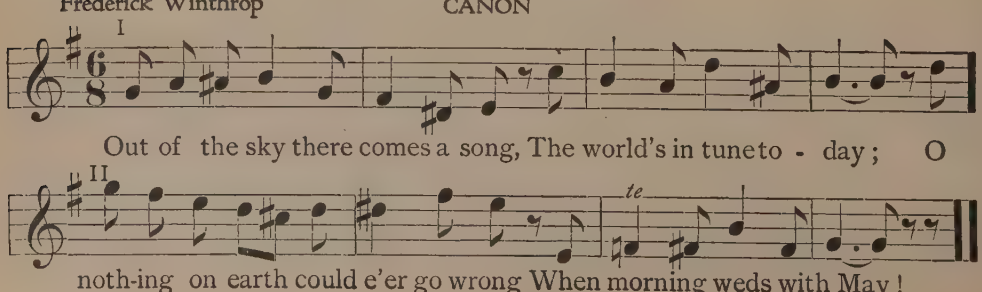
Andantino (*beat two*)


1. Hear the ploughboy sing at his work! Day-light brings no hour he may
2. While he dreams of warm, sun-ny
shirk, No mo-ment for his play, The live-long day, ...
June, And fields in ver-nal glow, Where row on row . . . . .
day, And yet his
row, The fruits of
I
2
. . 2. Yet e'er his heart keeps time to the tune,
. . will (*Omit*) show.
I
2
mind is ev-er gay, ... The
pa-tient toil will (*Omit*) show.

MAY MORNING

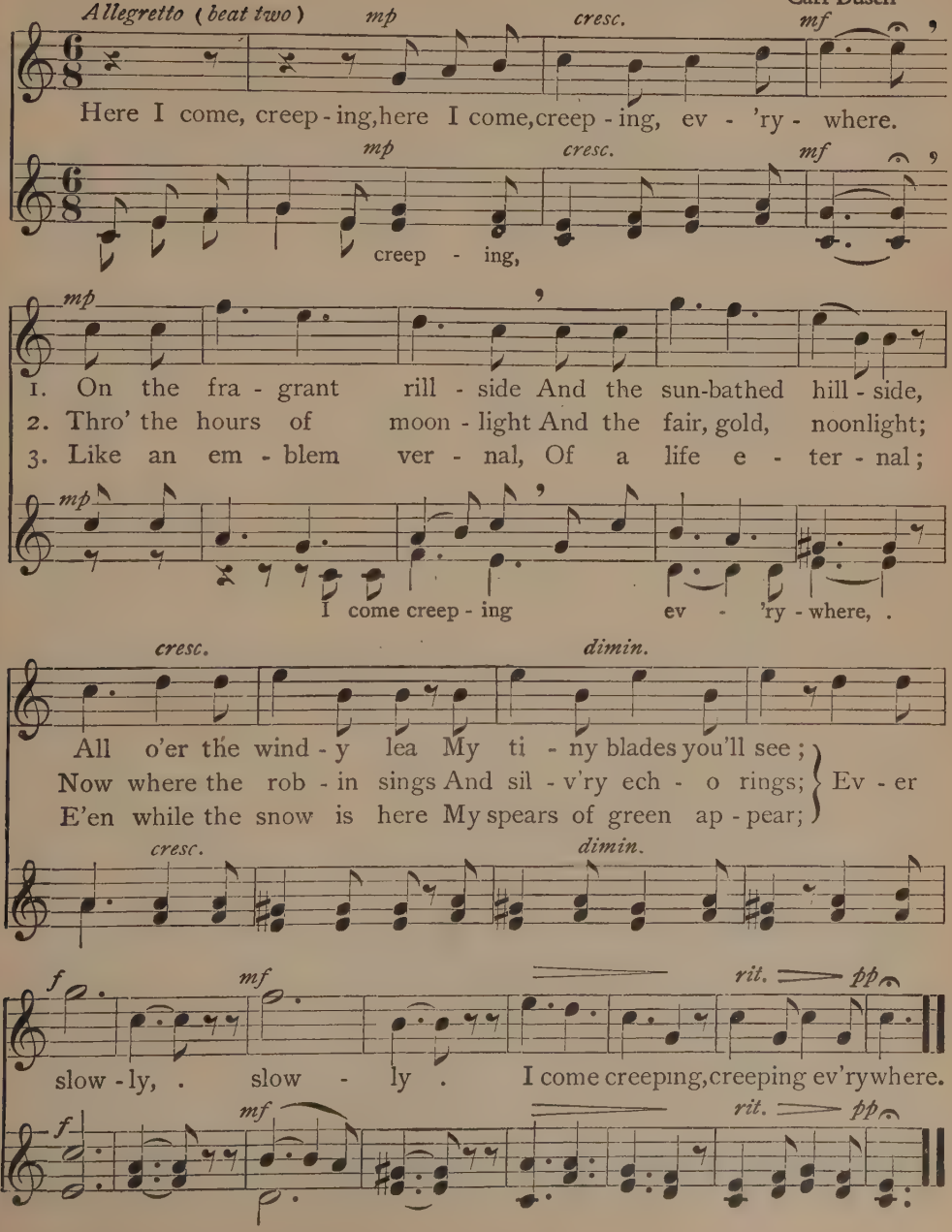
Frederick Winthrop

CANON


I
Out of the sky there comes a song, The world's in tune to-day; O
II
te
noth-ing on earth could e'er go wrong When morning weds with May!

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

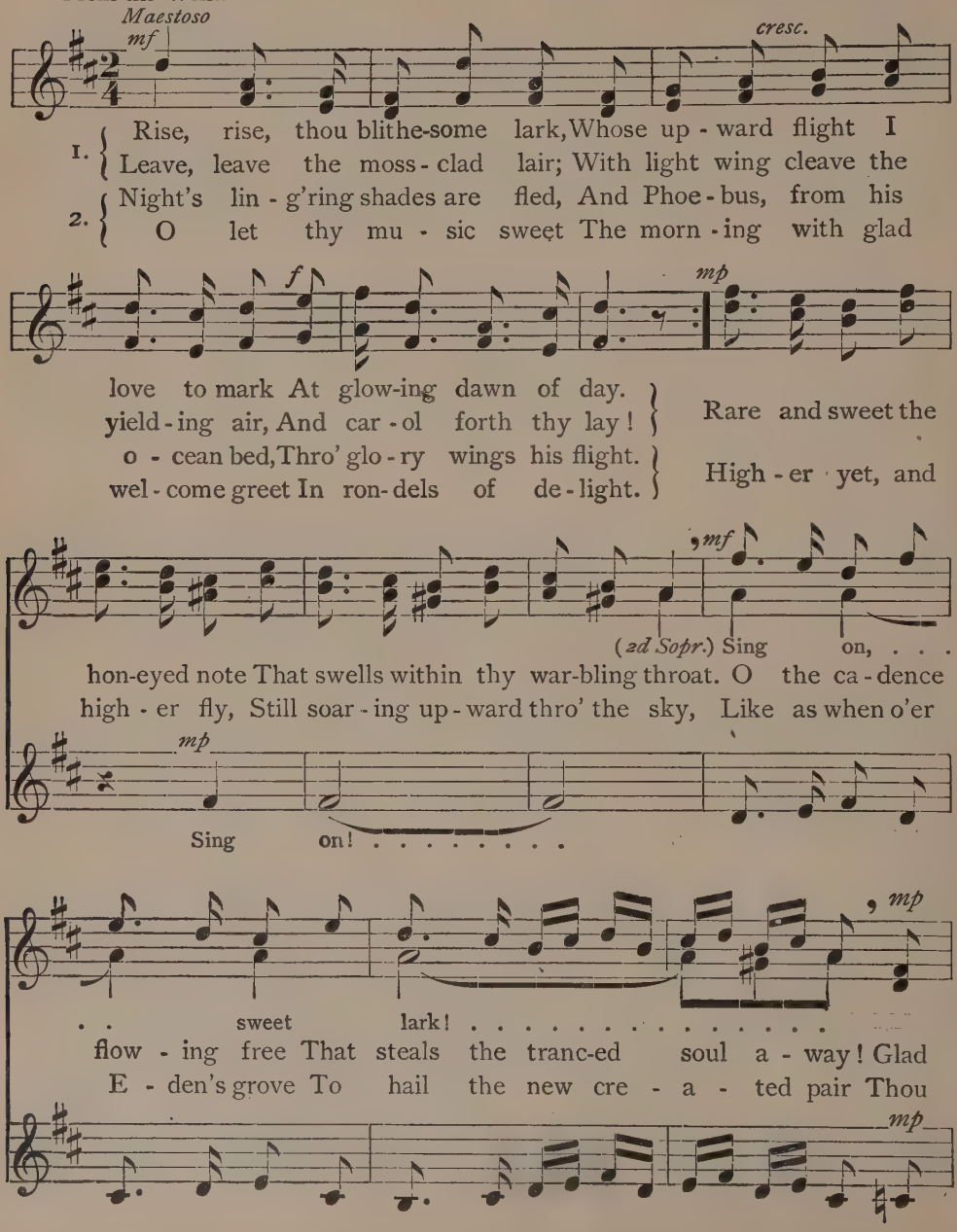
Carl Busch

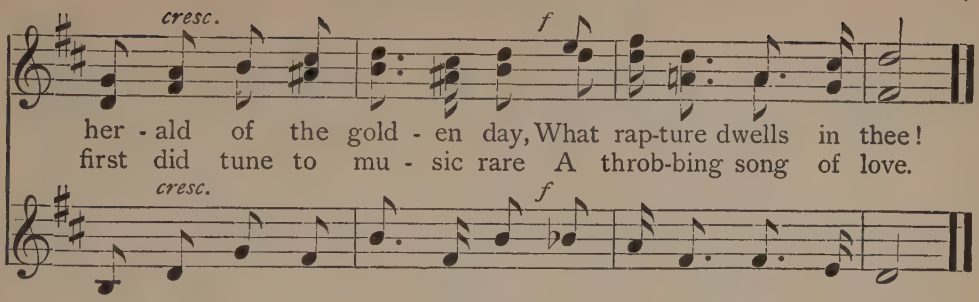

Allegretto (beat two)
mp
cresc.
mf
Here I come, creep - ing, here I come, creep - ing, ev - 'ry - where.
creep - ing,
1. On the fra - grant rill - side And the sun-bathed hill - side,
2. Thro' the hours of moon - light And the fair, gold, noonlight;
3. Like an em - blem ver - nal, Of a life e - ter - nal;
I come creep - ing ev - 'ry - where,
dimin.
All o'er the wind - y lea My ti - ny blades you'll see;
Now where the rob - in sings And sil - v'ry ech - o rings;
E'en while the snow is here My spears of green ap - pear;
Ev - er
f
rit.
pp
slow - ly, slow - ly. I come creeping, creeping ev'rywhere.

THE RISING OF THE LARK

From the Welsh

Welsh Folk Tune


Maestoso
mf
cresc.
1. Rise, rise, thou blithe-some lark, Whose up - ward flight I
Leave, leave the moss - clad lair; With light wing cleave the
2. Night's lin - g'ring shades are fled, And Phoe - bus, from his
O let thy mu - sic sweet The morn - ing with glad
f
mp
love to mark At glow-ing dawn of day.
yield - ing air, And car - ol forth thy lay!
o - cean bed, Thro' glo - ry wings his flight.
wel - come greet In ron - dels of de - light.
Rare and sweet the
High - er yet, and
mf
(2d Sopr.) Sing on, . . .
hon-eyed note That swells within thy war-bling throat. O the ca - dence
high - er fly, Still soar - ing up - ward thro' the sky, Like as when o'er
mp
Sing on! . . . . . .
mp
. . sweet lark! . . . . . .
flow - ing free That steals the tranc-ed soul a - way! Glad
E - den's grove To hail the new cre - a - ted pair Thou
mp


cresc.
f
her - ald of the gold - en day, What rap-ture dwells in thee!
first did tune to mu - sic rare A throb-bing song of love.
cresc.
f

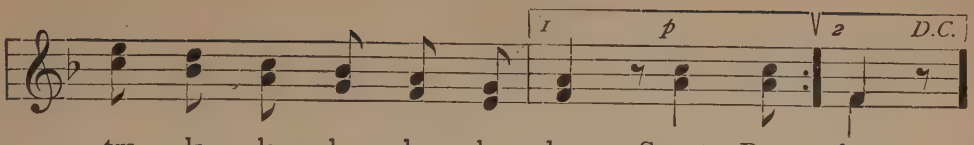
ECHO

Allegretto (beat two)
Old Tune
mp
p
1. Ho - la, ho - la! . . . The ech - o is sing-ing a - long;
2. Ho - la, ho - la! . . . The ech - o is hid-den from sight;
pp Ho - la!
f
mp
His mel - o - dy floats In mag - i - cal notes, Ho - la, ho - la!
By night or by day He's read - y for play, Ho - la, ho - la!
mp
f
Ho la! . . . . . dim.
pp
mp
mp
pp
Ho - la, ho - la! Re-peat - ing o'er, re - peat - ing o'er our song.
Ho - la, ho - la! A friend-ly sprite, a joy - ous, friend - ly sprite.
pp
mp
pp

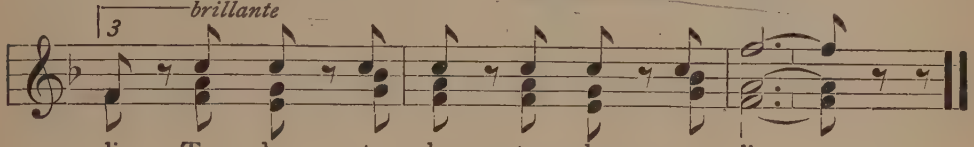
PRETTY BETTINA

Grazioso (beat two) **Italian Folk Song**

mp
1. Ech - oes of flute and con - cer - ti - na Rip - ple a
2. Na - po - li's blith - est con - ta - di - na, Stars of the
p
ca - dence o - ver the bay While the voice of pret - ty Bet -
morn - ing hap - pi - er glow When the voice of pret - ty Bet -
1
2
ti - na Car - ols a tra - la - la - la - la - la lay. lay.
ti - na Car - ols a tra - la - la - la - la - la lo. lo.
mp
Hap - ly you've heard her, hap - ly you've met her, Mend - ing her
Oft have I seen her, string - ing her cor - al, Sell - ing her
nets, this maid of the sea; No one on earth could ev - er for -
wares to all who would buy. Out of my song I point you a
Ah
rall.
get her, Fair - er than rose or lil - y is she; Her slave you would
mor - al—If you are wise, to It - a - ly hie; For there you may
a tempo
mp
cresc.
mf
be. Sweet Bet - ti - na, pret - ty Bet - ti - na, sing - ing her
spy Sweet Bet - ti - na, pret - ty Bet - ti - na, sing - ing her



tra - la - la - la - la - la - lee; Sweet Bet - lee.
tra - la - la - la - la - la - lie; Sweet Bet - lie.



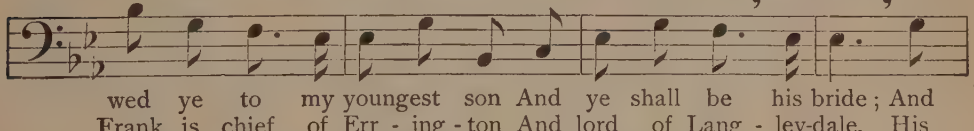
lie Tra - lay, tra - lee, tra - lo, tra - lie. . .

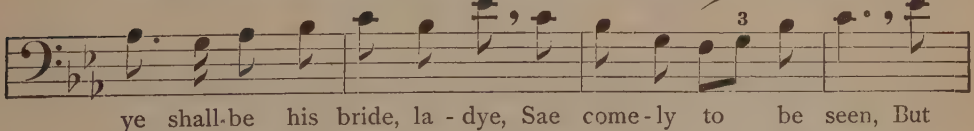
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN*

Sir Walter Scott — Scotch Folk Song

Andante moderato

1. Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye, Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son And ye shall be his bride; And ye shall-be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to be seen, But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
2. Now let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Err - ing - ton And lord of Lang - ley-dale. His step is first in peace - ful ha', His sword in bat - tle keen—But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
3. A chain o' gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor met - tled hound, nor managed hawk, Nor pal - frey fresh and fair; And you, the fore-most o' them a', Shall ride our for - est queen—But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
4. The kirk was deck'd at morn-ing tide, The ta - per glimmer'd fair, The priest and bride-groom wait the bride, And dame and knight are there. They sought her baith by bower and ha', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der, and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.





* For practice in reading from bass staff. Should sound an octave higher than written when sung by children.

A SUMMER SONG

A STUDY IN MODULATION

Russell M. Dodge

Clarence Butler

Allegretto

mp (C major)

do

1. The sum-mer-time is here, The glad-dest of the year, And
2. There's pip-ing in the tree, A car-ol o'er the lea; The

p *e legato*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *simile*

(G major) *cresc.* *mf ti*

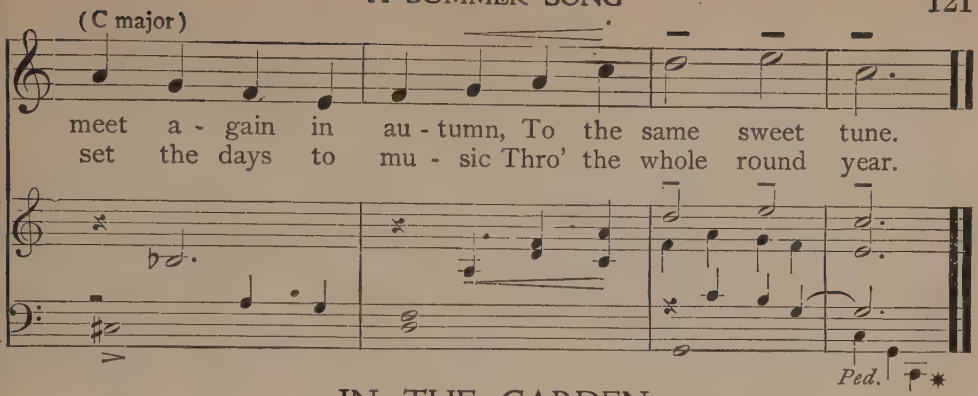
birds have bro't a mes-sage That va-ca-tion days are near; So
breeze has caught the mel-o-dy And bears it out to sea. Then

cresc.

(E♭ major) *so*

sing a song of ros-es, And sing a song of June— We'll
sing a song of friend-ship And sing a song of cheer; We'll

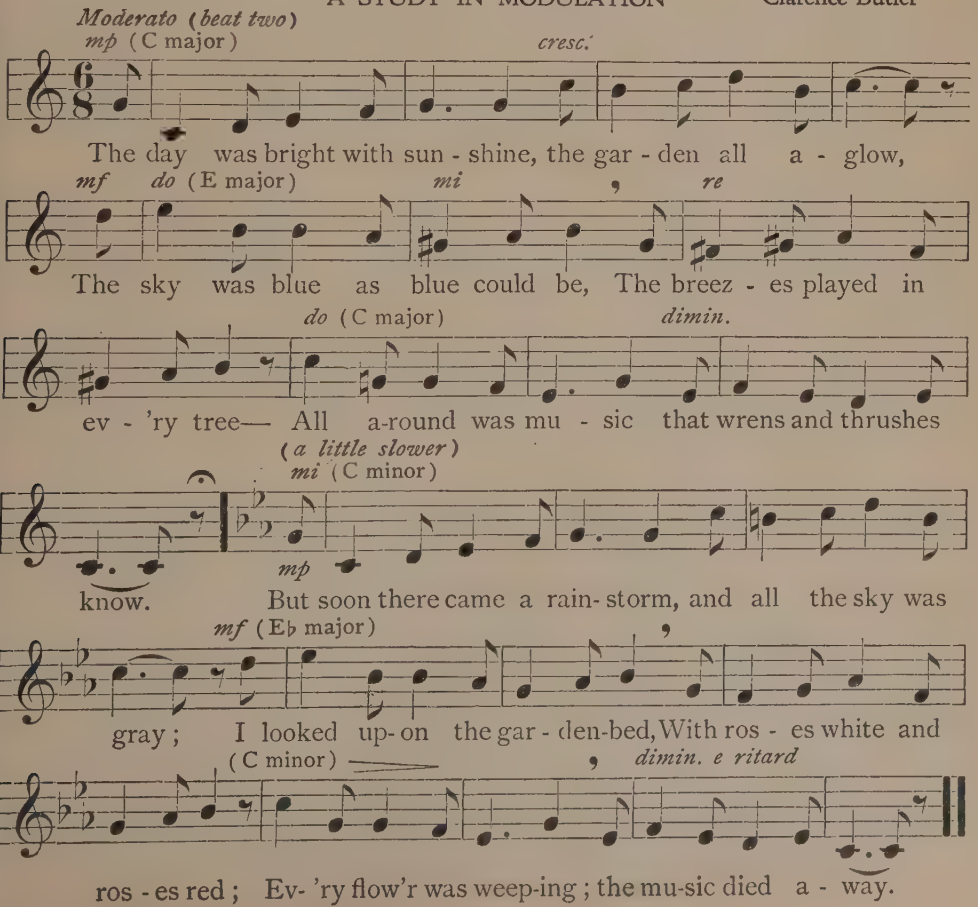
mf



IN THE GARDEN

A STUDY IN MODULATION

Clarence Butler


Moderato (beat two)
mp (C major)
cresc.
The day was bright with sun - shine, the gar - den all a - glow,
mf do (E major)
mi
re
The sky was blue as blue could be, The breez - es played in
do (C major)
dimin.
ev - 'ry tree— All a-round was mu - sic that wrens and thrushes
(a little slower)
mi (C minor)
mp
know. But soon there came a rain- storm, and all the sky was
mf (E♭ major)
gray; I looked up- on the gar - den-bed, With ros - es white and
(C minor)
dimin. e ritard
ros - es red; Ev- 'ry flow'r was weep-ing; the mu-sic died a - way.

JACK TAR

Katharine Whitmore

Irish Folk Tune
(abridged)

Allegro con spirito

f *mf*

Jack Tar, mer - ry, mer - ry sail - or lad, He - ro of

f *mf*

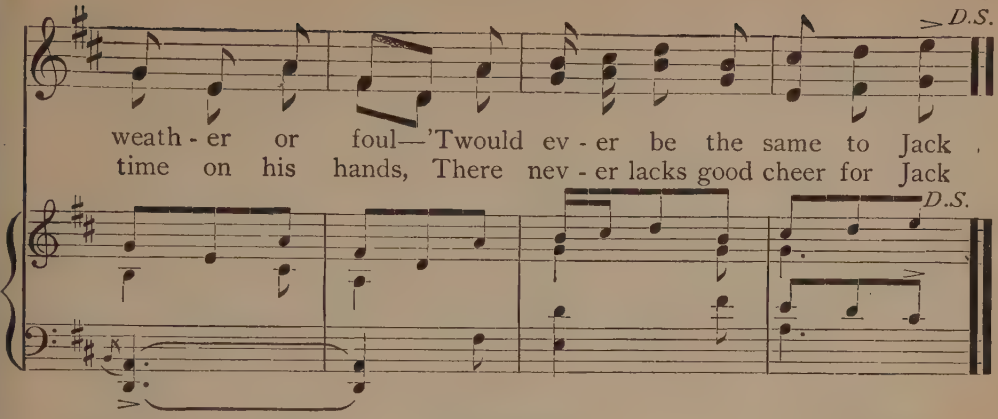
cresc. FINE

hur - ricanes! His bur- den is "Der-ry down, cum der- ry down, heave ho!"

cresc.

1. Tho' tem - pests might howl, Tho' thun - ders might growl—Fair
2. At home in far strands, Whèr -ev - er he lands, With

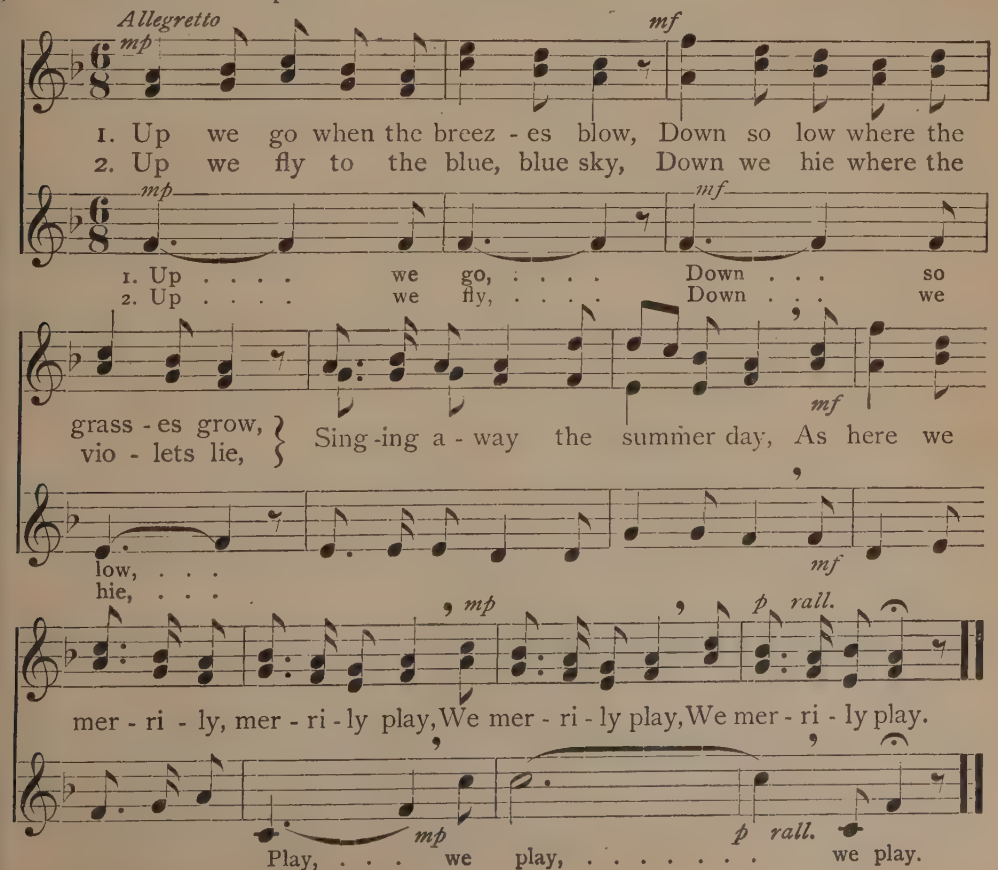
legato



The Youth's Companion

SEESAW

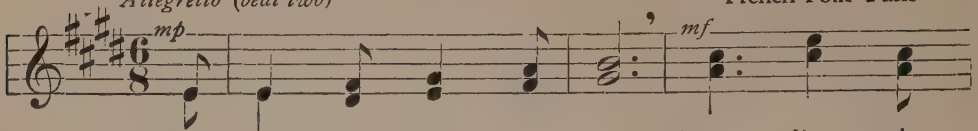
Carl Busch


Allegretto
mp
mf
1. Up we go when the breez - es blow, Down so low where the
2. Up we fly to the blue, blue sky, Down we hie where the
mp
mf
1. Up . . . . we go, ... Down . . . so
2. Up . . . . we fly, ... Down . . . we
grass - es grow,
vio - lets lie,
Sing - ing a - way the summer day, As here we
mf
low, . . .
hie, . . .
mf
mp
p rall.
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly play, We mer - ri - ly play, We mer - ri - ly play.
mp
p rall.
Play, . . . we play, ... we play.

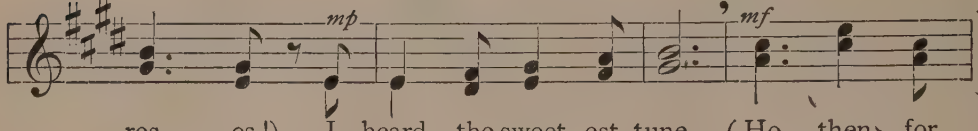
LONG LIVE THE ROSES!

Allegretto (*beat two*)

French Folk Tune

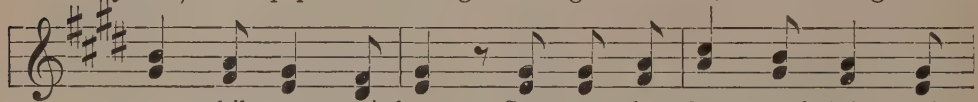


1. 'Twas in the month of June, (Long live the
2. 'Twas on a night of June, (Long live the

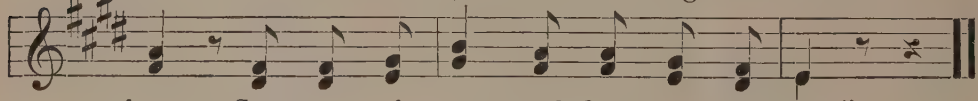


ros - es!) I heard the sweet - est tune, (Ho, then, for
ros - es!) A - gain I heard a tune, (Ho, then, for

June!) Rob - in was pip - ing loud and clear: "Let us be
June!) Whip-poor-will sang a song of love, Woo - ing the



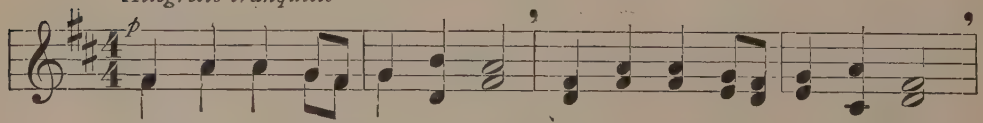
gay while sum-mer's here; Sea - son when days are bright and
sil - ver moon a - bove; Down where the gar - den shad - ows



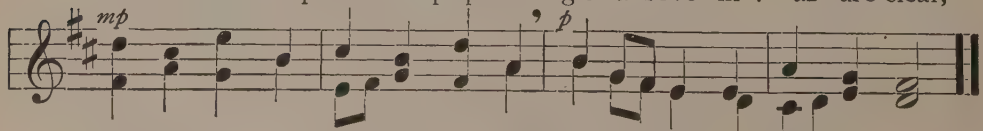
long, Sea - son of sun and flow - ers and song!"
creep, There was a rose that smiled in her sleep.

IN TWILIGHT TIME

Allegretto tranquillo



1. When the sun has gone to rest, Sink - ing down be - hind the west,
2. When the first pale stars ap - pear High a - bove in . az - ure clear,

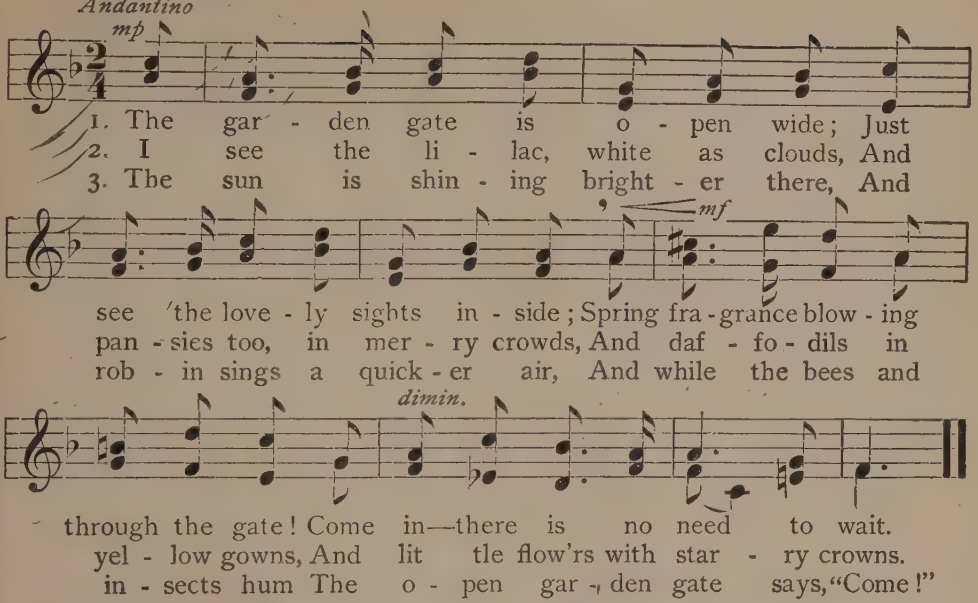


Home-ward winging, Soft-ly sing-ing, Thrush and blue-bird seek the nest.
Sol - ace bring-ing, Sweet bells ringing, Wake faint ech-oes far and near.

THE GARDEN GATE

James F. Caldwell

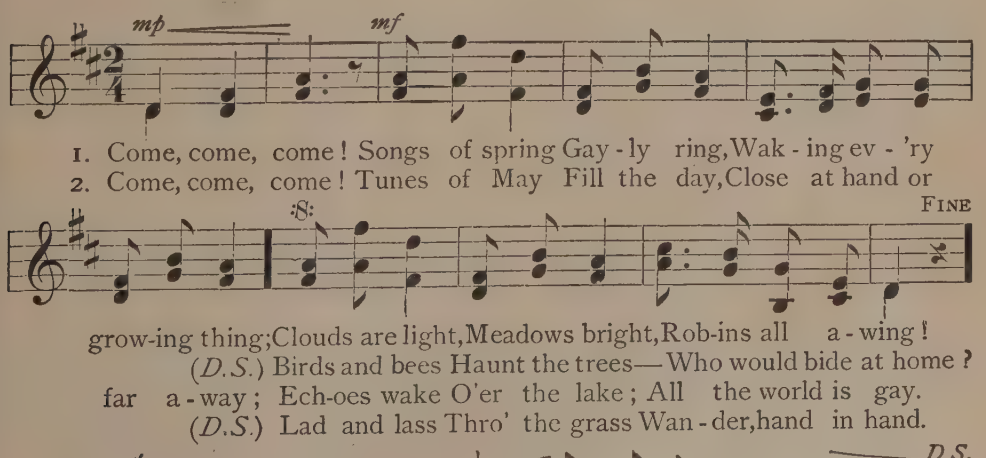
Andantino



1. The gar - den gate is o - pen wide; Just through the gate! Come in—there is no need to wait.
2. I see the li - lac, white as clouds, And yel - low gowns, And lit tle flow'rs with star - ry crowns.
3. The sun is shin - ing bright - er there, And in - sects hum The o - pen gar - den gate says, "Come!"

see the love - ly sights in - side; Spring fra - grance blow - ing
pan - sies too, in mer - ry crowds, And daf - fo - dils in
rob - in sings a quick - er air, And while the bees and

A MAY RAMBLE



1. Come, come, come! Songs of spring Gay - ly ring, Wak - ing ev - 'ry
2. Come, come, come! Tunes of May Fill the day, Close at hand or far a - way; Ech-oes wake O'er the lake; All the world is gay.

grow-ing thing; Clouds are light, Meadows bright, Rob-ins all a - wing!
(*D.S.*) Birds and bees Haunt the trees—Who would bide at home?
(*D.S.*) Lad and lass Thro' the grass Wan - der, hand in hand.

'Neath the heav-ens' sun - lit dome, Out a-mong the fields we roam;
Where the point-ed hem-locks stand See the laughing gyp - sy band!

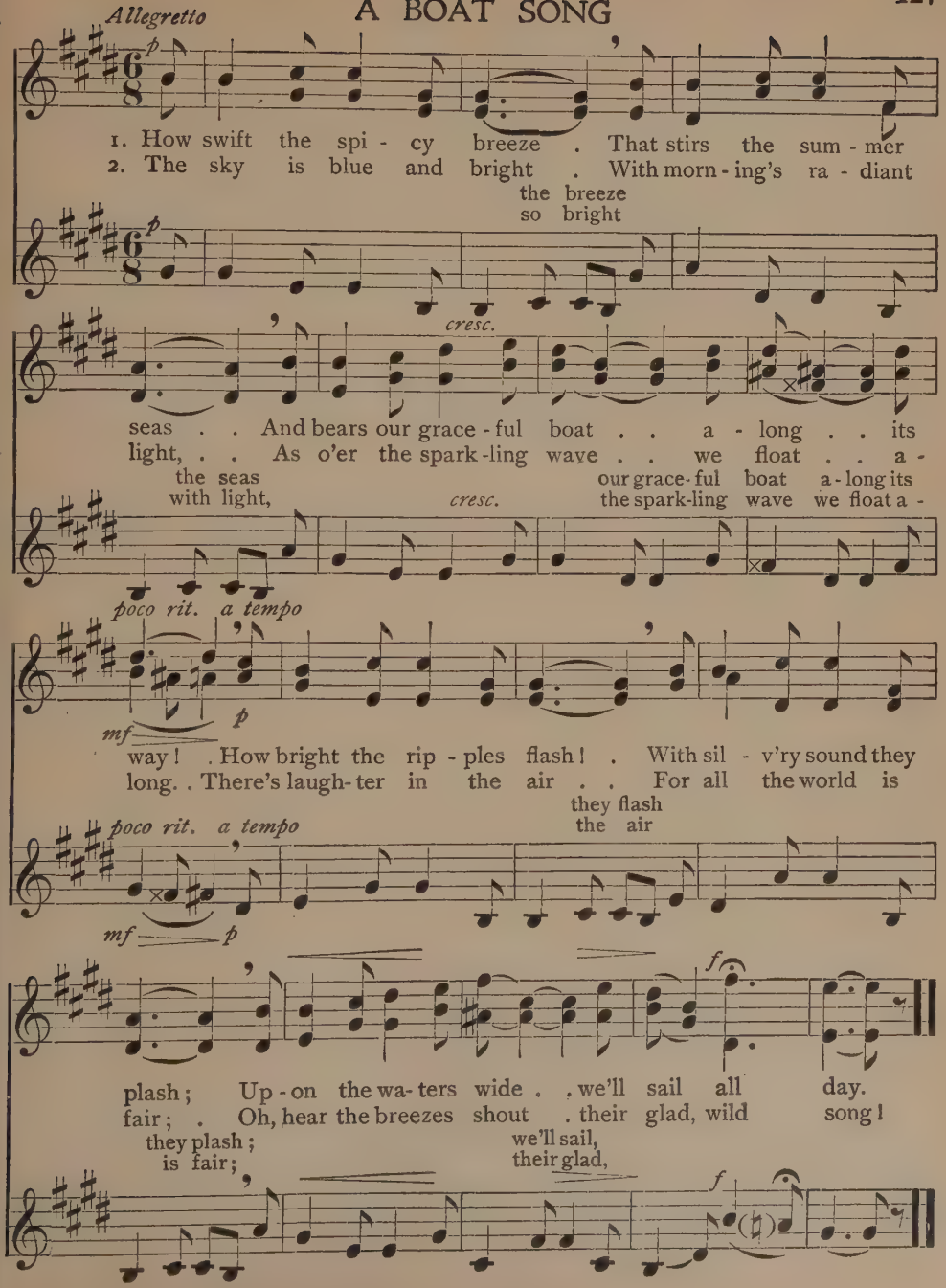
HEATHER ROSE

Translated from
Johann W. Goethe

Melody by Heinrich Werner

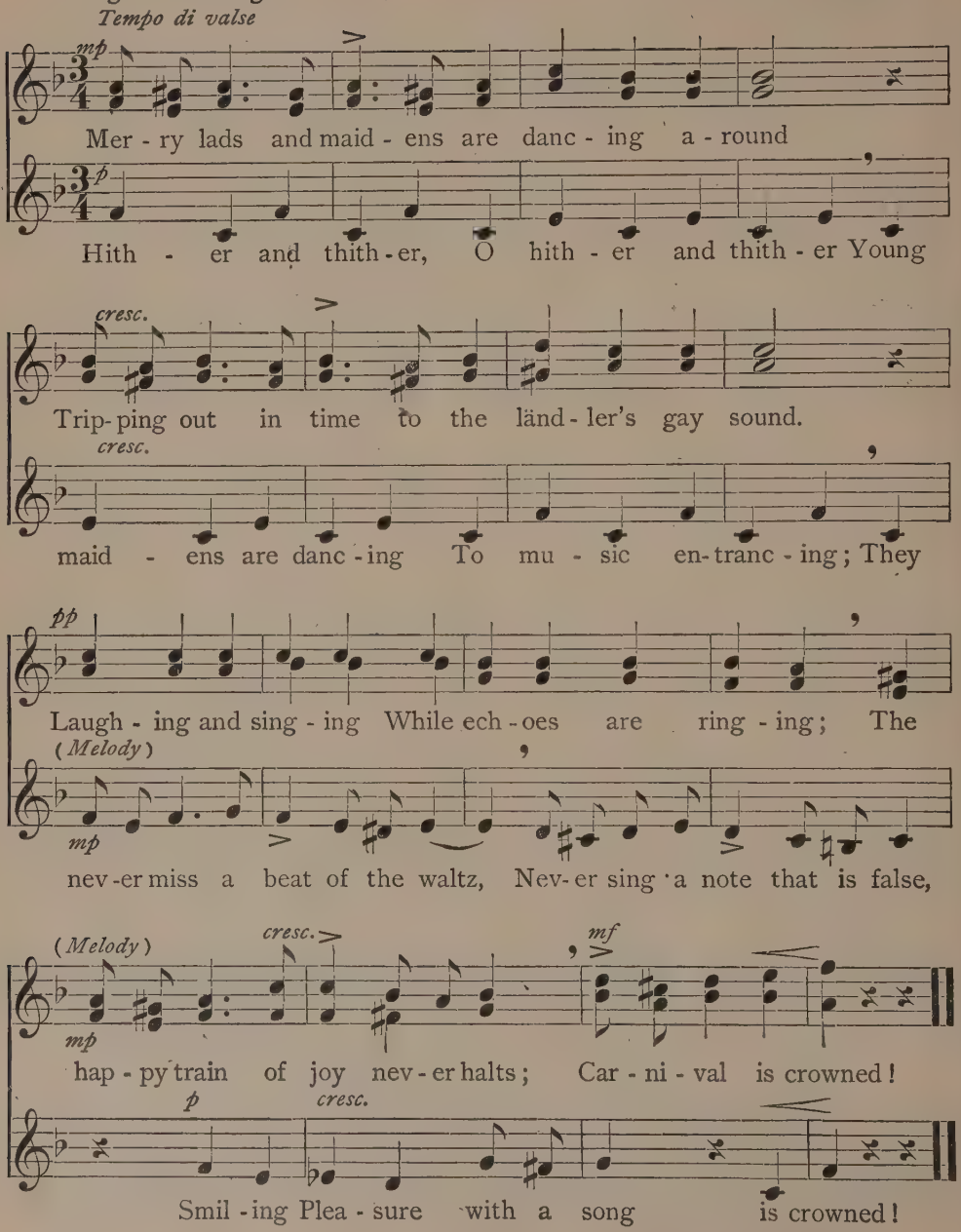
Moderato
mp
1. Once a lad . a rose - bud spied, Blow - ing o'er the heath - er;
2. "Let me break thy stem," quoth he, "Rose-bud o'er the heath - er."
3. Still the lad . un - heed - ing grasped Rosebud o'er the heath - er;
mp
Fair as blush - ing morn - ing - tide, Quick to view it close he hied, Thro' the sun - lit weath - er.
"Best be - ware my thorn," quoth she, "Lest with pain you think of me; Hold your - self . in teth - er!"
Then her thorn his fin - gers rasped, Till with woe he moaned and gasped, Con - quered al - to - geth - er.
cresc.
Rose - bud, rosebud, rosebud red, Blow - ing o'er the heath - er!
cresc.

A BOAT SONG


Allegretto
p
6/8
1. How swift the spi - cy breeze . That stirs the sum - mer
2. The sky is blue and bright . With morn - ing's ra - diant
the breeze
so bright
cresc.
seas . . And bears our grace - ful boat . . a - long . . its
light, . . As o'er the spark - ling wave . . we float . . a -
the seas
with light,
cresc.
our grace - ful boat a - long its
the spark - ling wave we float a -
poco rit. a tempo
mf
p
way! . How bright the rip - ples flash! . With sil - v'ry sound they
long. . There's laugh - ter in the air . . For all the world is
they flash
the air
poco rit. a tempo
mf
p
f
plash; Up - on the wa - ters wide . . we'll sail all day.
fair; . Oh, hear the breezes shout . their glad, wild song!
they plash;
is fair;
we'll sail,
their glad,
f

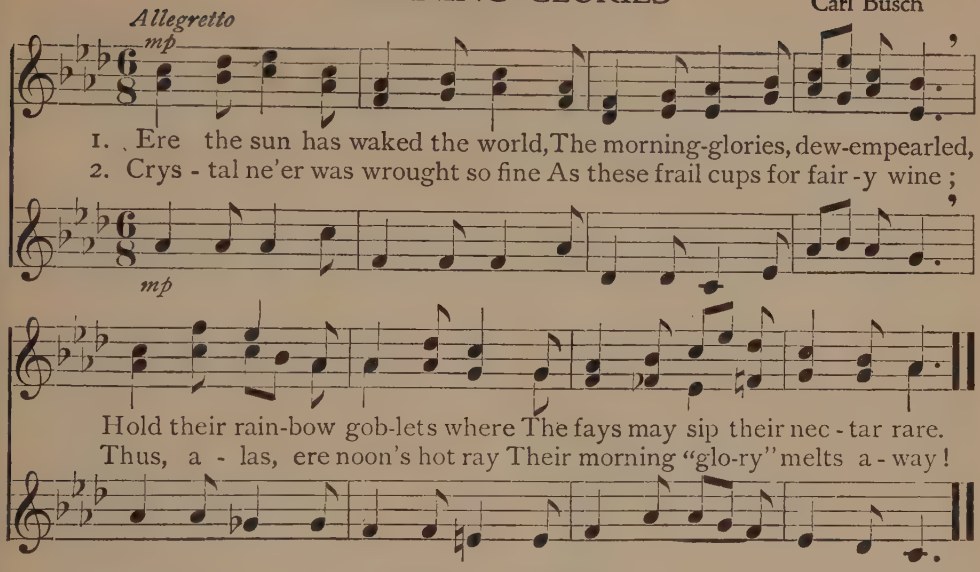
CARNIVAL

George W. Pennington — Clarence Butler


Tempo di valse
mp
Mer - ry lads and maid - ens are danc - ing a - round
Hith - er and thith - er, O hith - er and thith - er Young
cresc.
Trip - ping out in time to the länd - ler's gay sound.
cresc.
maid - ens are danc - ing To mu - sic en - tranc - ing; They
pp
Laugh - ing and sing - ing While ech - oes are ring - ing; The
(Melody)
mp
nev - er miss a beat of the waltz, Nev - er sing a note that is false,
(Melody)
cresc.
mf
mp
hap - py train of joy nev - er halts; Car - ni - val is crowned!
p
cresc.
Smil - ing Plea - sure with a song is crowned!

MORNING-GLORIES

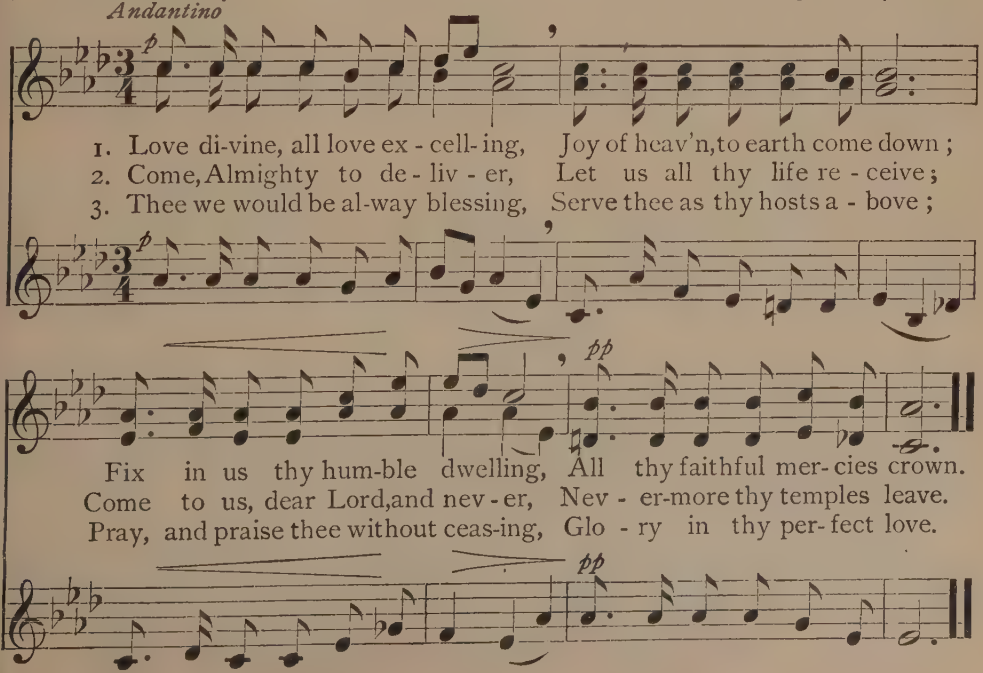
Carl Busch


Allegretto
mp
1. Ere the sun has waked the world, The morning-glories, dew-empearled,
2. Crys - tal ne'er was wrought so fine As these frail cups for fair - y wine;
mp
Hold their rain-bow gob-lets where The fays may sip their nec - tar rare.
Thus, a - las, ere noon's hot ray Their morning "glo-ry" melts a - way!

LOVE DIVINE

Charles Wesley

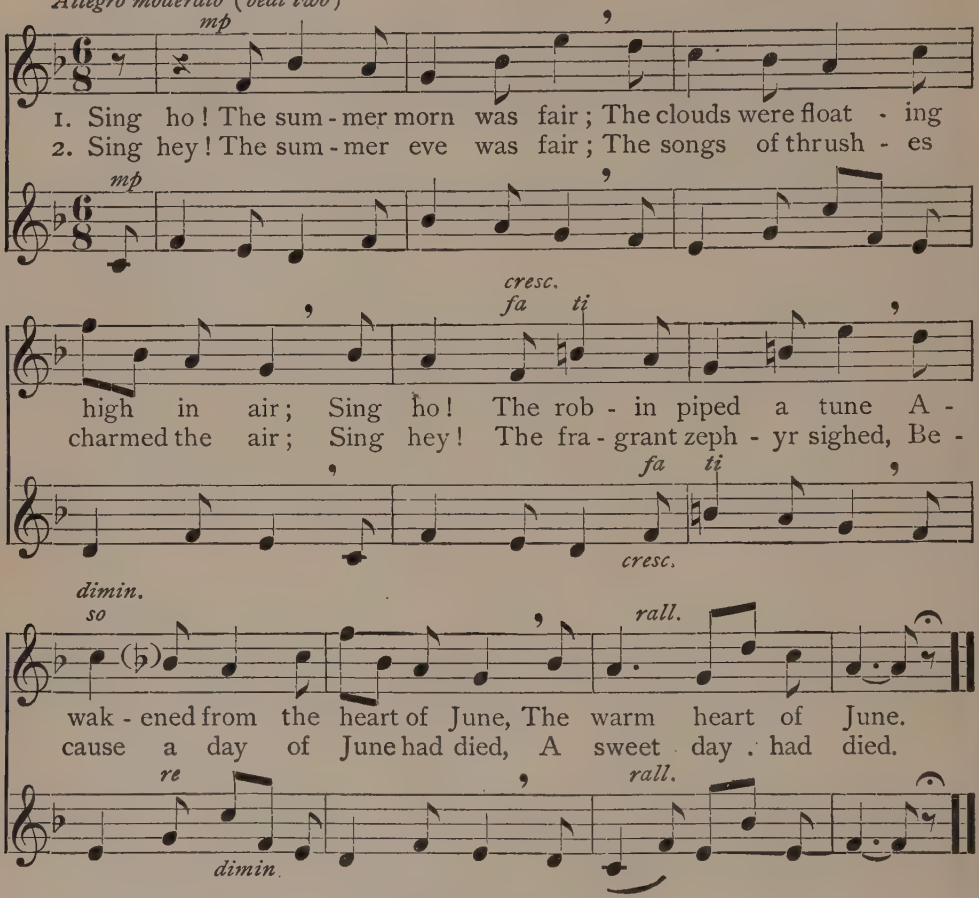
J. B. Dykes


Andantino
p
1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Come, Almighty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive;
3. Thee we would be al-way blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove;
pp
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faithful mer-cies crown.
Come to us, dear Lord, and nev - er, Nev - er-more thy temples leave.
Pray, and praise thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in thy per-fect love.
pp

A JUNE DAY

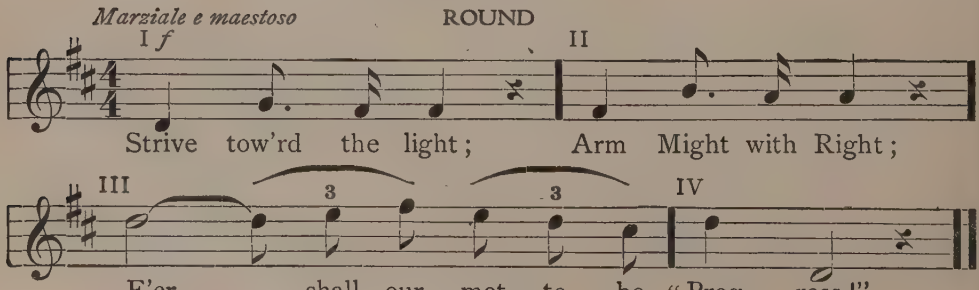
Frederick Winthrop — CANON IN THE 4TH ABOVE — Herbert Fullerton

Allegro moderato (beat two)

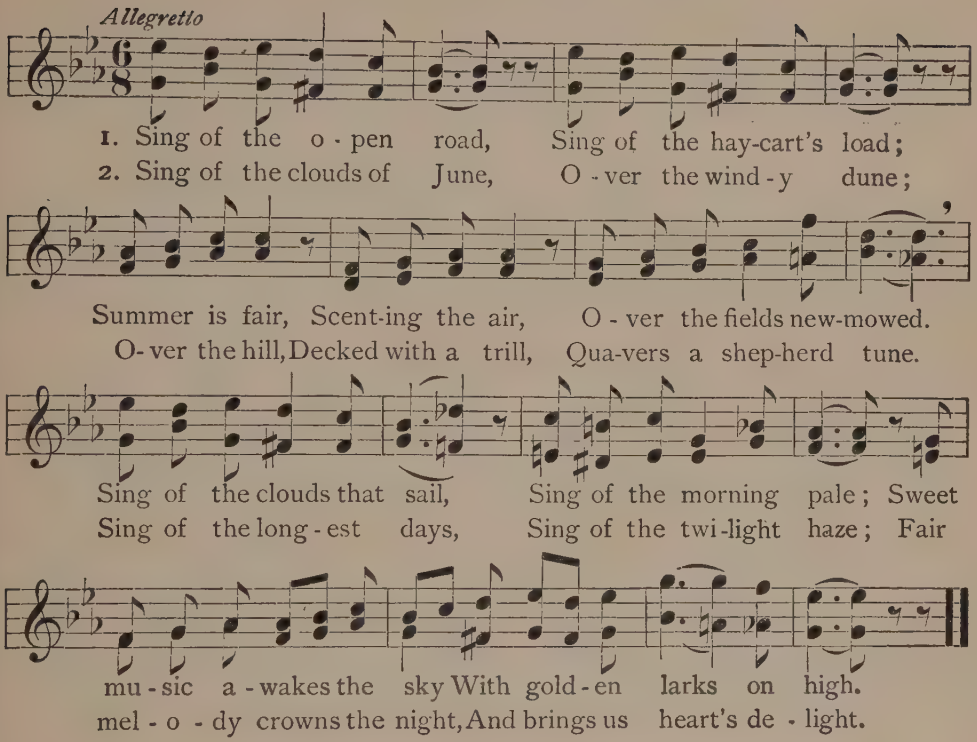

mp
1. Sing ho! The sum - mer morn was fair; The clouds were float - ing
2. Sing hey! The sum - mer eve was fair; The songs of thrush - es
mp
cresc.
fa ti
high in air; Sing ho! The rob - in piped a tune A -
charmed the air; Sing hey! The fra - grant zeph - yr sighed, Be -
fa ti
cresc.
dimin.
so
rall.
wak - ened from the heart of June, The warm heart of June.
cause a day of June had died, A sweet day had died.
re
dimin.
rall.

OUR MOTTO

Marziale e maestoso — ROUND

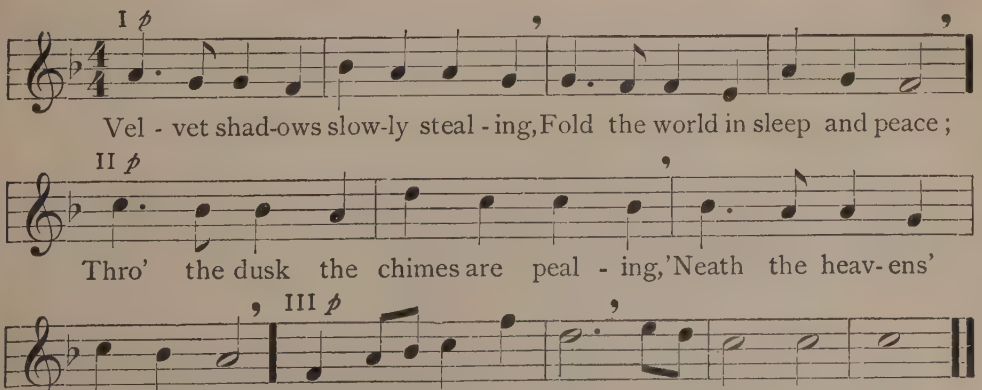


A SONG OF THE ROAD


Allegretto
1. Sing of the o - pen road, Sing of the hay-cart's load;
2. Sing of the clouds of June, O - ver the wind - y dune;
Summer is fair, Scent-ing the air, O - ver the fields new-mowed.
O- ver the hill, Decked with a trill, Qua-vers a shep-herd tune.
Sing of the clouds that sail, Sing of the morning pale; Sweet
Sing of the long - est days, Sing of the twi-light haze; Fair
mu - sic a - wakes the sky With gold - en larks on high.
mel - o - dy crowns the night, And brings us heart's de - light.

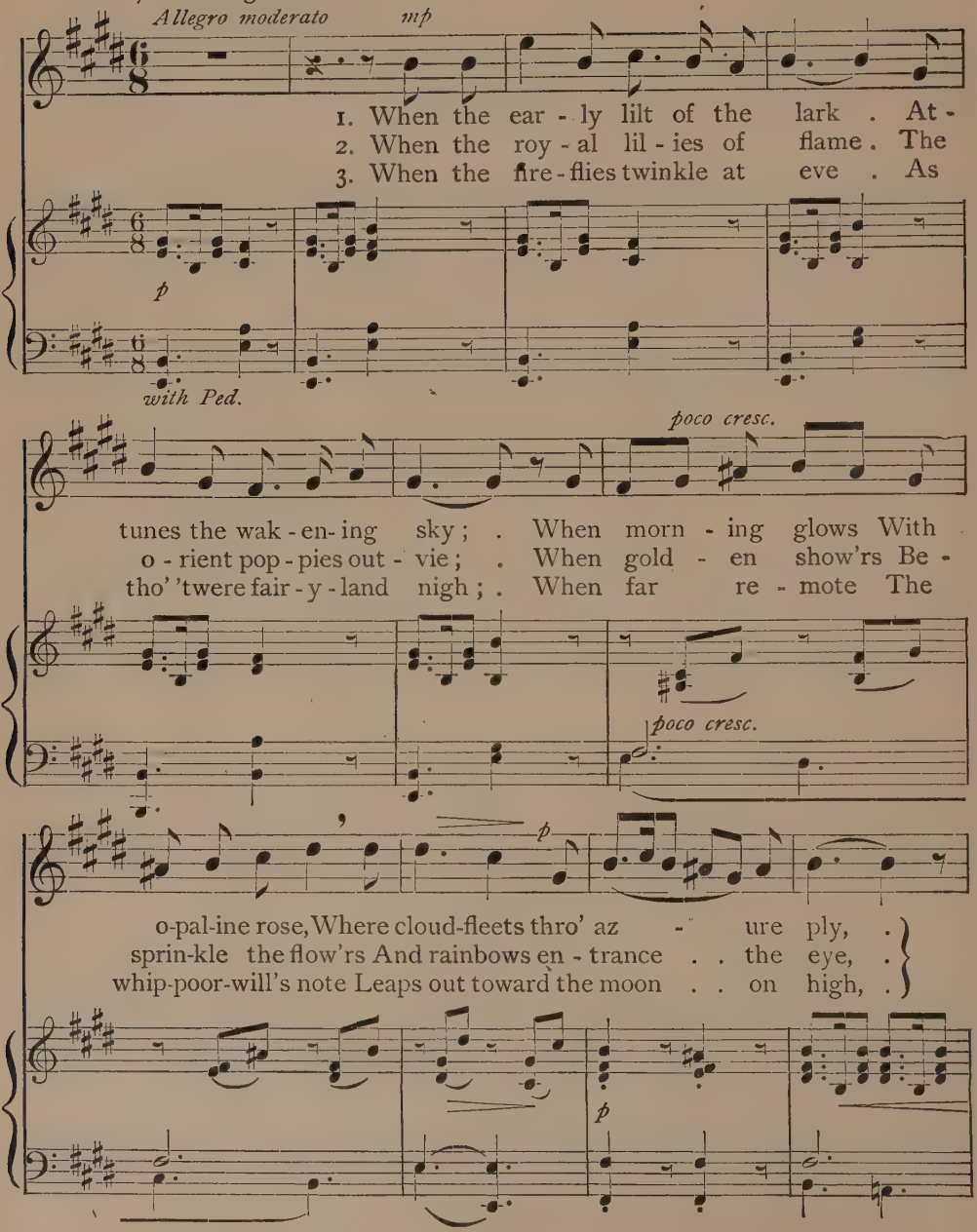
EVENING

ROUND


I
Vel - vet shad-ows slow-ly steal - ing, Fold the world in sleep and peace;
II
Thro' the dusk the chimes are peal - ing, 'Neath the heav-ens'
III
pur - ple fleece; Ech - oes faint and low On night-winds blow.

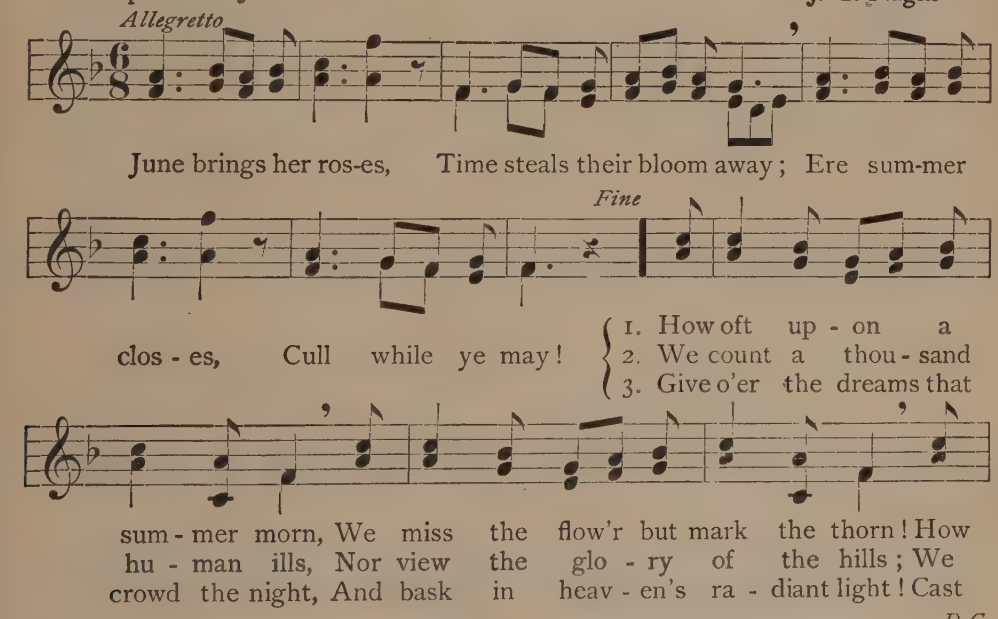
JULY

Harvey Worthington Loomis — John E. West


Allegro moderato
mp
1. When the ear - ly lilt of the lark . At -
2. When the roy - al lil - ies of flame . The
3. When the fire - flies twinkle at eve . As
p
with Ped.
poco cresc.
tunes the wak - en- ing sky ; . When morn - ing glows With
o - rient pop - pies out - vie ; . When gold - en show'rs Be -
tho' 'twere fair - y - land nigh ; . When far re - mote The
poco cresc.
p
o-pal-ine rose, Where cloud-fleets thro' az - ure ply, .
sprin-kle the flow'rs And rainbows en - trance . . the eye, .
whip-poor-will's note Leaps out toward the moon . . on high, .
p

SEEK AFTER BEAUTY

Adapted from J. M. Usteri J. G. Nägeli

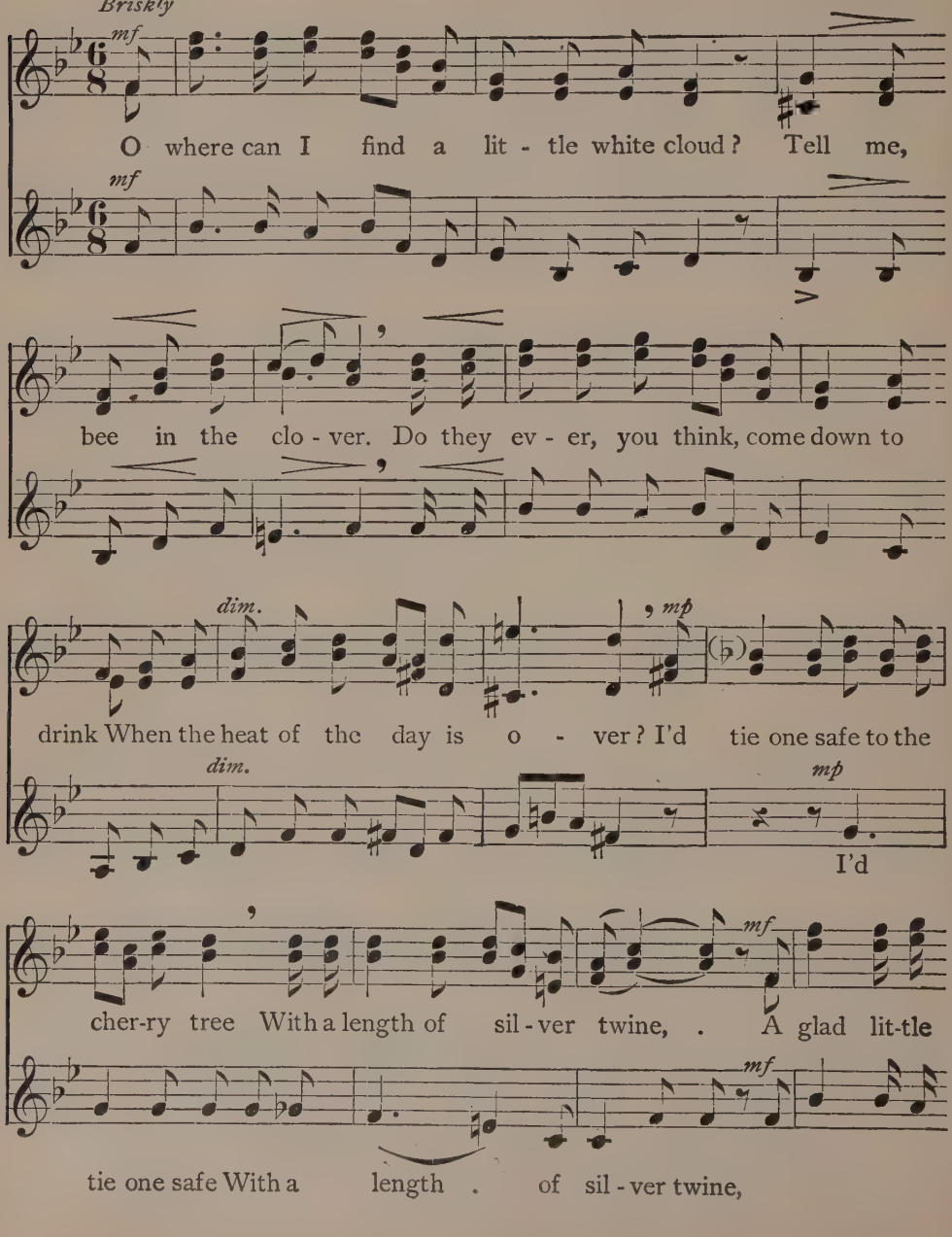

Allegretto
June brings her ros-es, Time steals their bloom away; Ere sum-mer
Fine
clos - es, Cull while ye may!
1. How oft up - on a
2. We count a thou - sand
3. Give o'er the dreams that
sum - mer morn, We miss the flow'r but mark the thorn! How
hu - man ills, Nor view the glo - ry of the hills; We
crowd the night, And bask in heav - en's ra - diant light! Cast
D.C.
oft we pass un-heed - ing by The vio - let's plead - ing eye!
vex our minds with fancied wrongs, Nor hear the wood-land songs.
not thy thoughts upon the sod, But lift the heart to God!

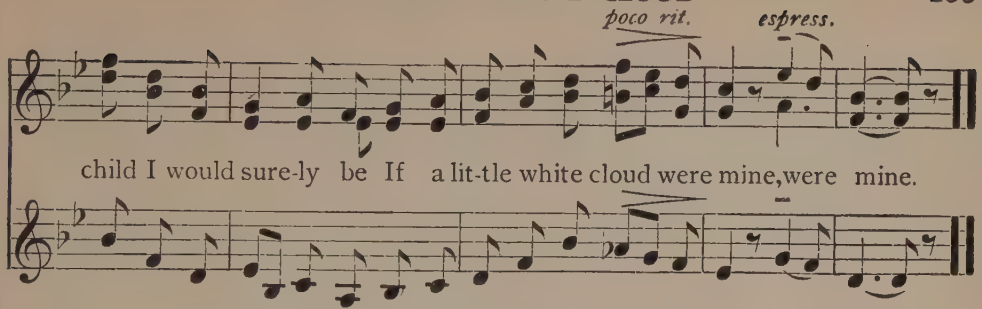
THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

Clark Potter

Rossetter G. Cole

Briskly


mf
O where can I find a lit - tle white cloud? Tell me,
mf
bee in the clo - ver. Do they ev - er, you think, come down to
dim.
mp
drink When the heat of the day is o - ver? I'd tie one safe to the
dim.
mp
I'd
mf
cher-ry tree With a length of sil - ver twine, . A glad lit-tle
mf
tie one safe With a length . of sil - ver twine,



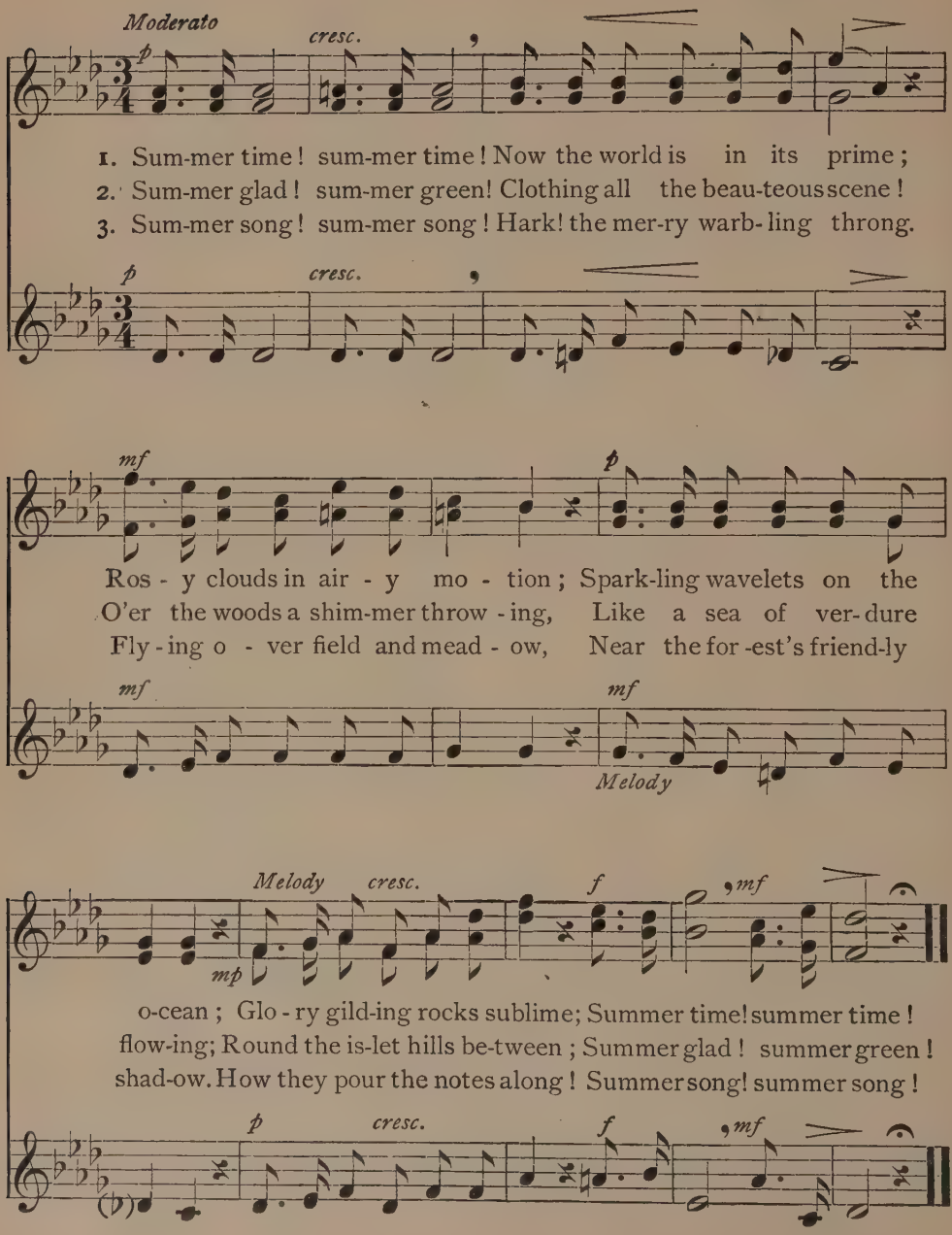
SING, MAIDEN, SING!

Frederick Winthrop — Thomas Fischer

Tranquillo
p
1. Sing, maid - en, sing! The night is on the wing;
2. Sing, maid - en, sing! The lark is on the wing;
3. Sing, maid - en, sing! For Time is on the wing;
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
Stars, a - sleep in heav - en's blue, Leave their gleam on
Where Au - ro - ra's breath ex - hales, Pines are whis - p'ring
Soon the si - lent hours will creep, Still - ing Mu - sic's
mf dim.
p
pp
rit.
morn - ing dew;
fair - y tales;
voice in sleep:
Sing, maiden, sing!
Sing, maid-en, sing!

SUMMER TIME

Philip Arnold


Moderato
p
cresc.
1. Sum-mer time! sum-mer time! Now the world is in its prime;
2. Sum-mer glad! sum-mer green! Clothing all the beau-teous scene!
3. Sum-mer song! sum-mer song! Hark! the mer-ry warb-ling throng.
p
cresc.
mf
p
Ros - y clouds in air - y mo - tion; Spark-ling wavelets on the
O'er the woods a shim-mer throw - ing, Like a sea of ver-dure
Fly - ing o - ver field and mead - ow, Near the for-est's friend-ly
mf
mf
Melody
Melody
cresc.
f
mf
mp
o-cean; Glo - ry gild-ing rocks sublime; Summer time! summer time!
flow-ing; Round the is-let hills be-tween; Summer glad! summer green!
shad-ow. How they pour the notes along! Summer song! summer song!
p
cresc.
f
mf

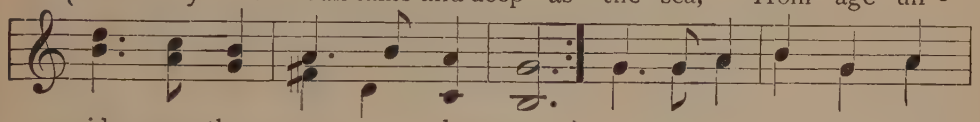
ANNIE OF THARAU*

From Simon Dach

Allegretto

Friedrich Silcher

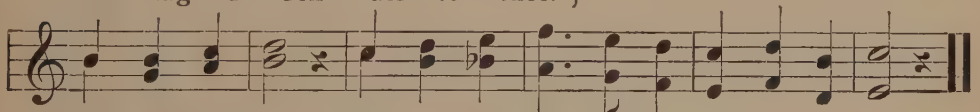
1. An - nie of Tha - rau, the joy of my heart, Far from my
   Pure as a star with - out blem - ish or fault Son - nets and
2. Thou a bright hope when mis - for - tune is nigh, Glad - ness a -
   Loft - y as moun-tains and deep as the sea, Hom - age un -



side may thou nev - er de - part;
mu - sic thy beau - ty ex - alt.
wakes in the light of thine eye.
end - ing I ren - der to thee.

An - nie of Tha - rau, the

An - nie of Tha - rau, my

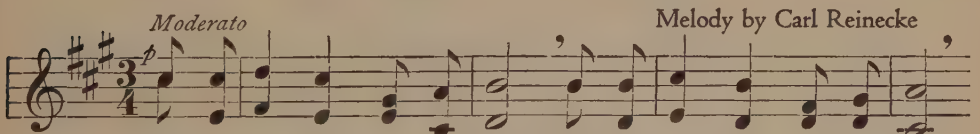


flow'r of my soul, High as the heav - ens thy worth I ex - tol.
god-dess di - vine, All thro' my life shall my feal - ty be thine.

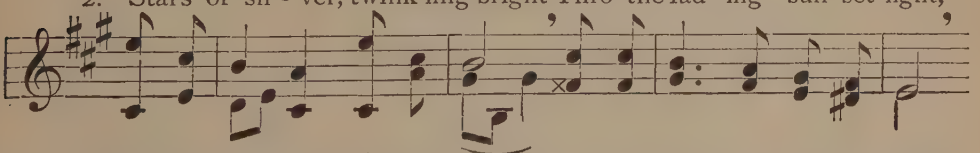
CLOUDS AND STARS

Moderato

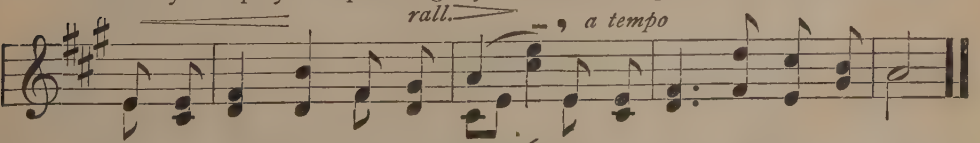
Melody by Carl Reinecke



1. Clouds of eve - ning, drift - ing by, Thro' the mead-ows of the sky,
2. Stars of sil - ver, twink-ling bright Thro' the fad - ing sun- set light,



Light as blos-soms shed from trees, In the fra - grant May-time breeze,
When you ope your sparkling eyes, Blooms a gar - den in the skies.



Fair - y forms, I fain would know Whence you come and whither go.
When the morn-ing o - pens wide, Prith - ee tell me where you hide.

* Pronounce Tah-row, ow as in now.

THE LAMP IN THE WEST

Ella Higginson — Melody by John E. West

Andante con moto

mp

1. Ve-nus has lit her sil-ver lamp.. Low in the pur-ple West,.....
2. Far out,.. far out the rest-less bar.... Starts from a troubled sleep,.....
3. When I.... sail out the nar-row straits Where un-known dan-gers be,.....

mp

Low-in the pur-ple, pur-ple West,
Starts from a trou-bled, trou-bled sleep,
Un-known dan-gers, dan-gers be,..

cresc. *f*

Cast-ing soft and mel-low light Up-on.. the sea's full breast,
Where roar-ing through the nar-row straits, The meet-ing wa-ters leap;..
And cross the trou-bled, moan-ing bar To the mys-te-rious sea,...

cresc. *f*

mp *poco cresc.* *dim. e rit.*

In one clear path—as if.. to guide Some pale, way-far-ing guest.
But still that shin-ing path-way leads A-cross the lone-ly deep.
Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp Low in the West for me?..

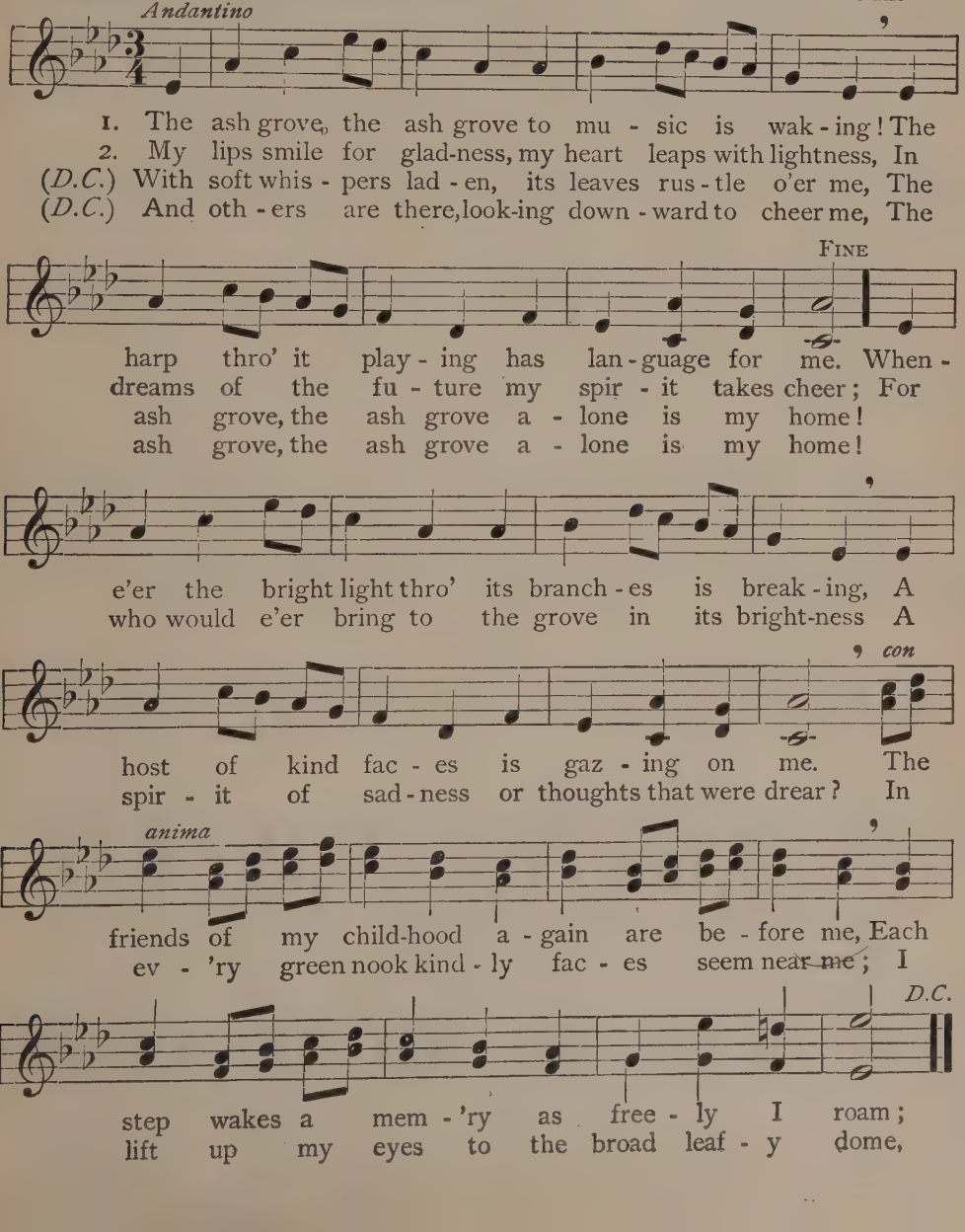
mp

poco cresc. *dim. e rit.*

COMMUNITY SONGS

THE ASH GROVE

Adapted from John Oxenford's translation — Welsh Folk Tune


Andantino
1. The ash grove, the ash grove to mu - sic is wak - ing! The harp thro' it play - ing has lan - guage for me. When -
2. My lips smile for glad-ness, my heart leaps with lightness, In dreams of the fu - ture my spir - it takes cheer; For
(D.C.) With soft whis - pers lad - en, its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home!
(D.C.) And oth - ers are there, look-ing down - ward to cheer me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home!
FINE
e'er the bright light thro' its branch - es is break - ing, A host of kind fac - es is gaz - ing on me. The
who would e'er bring to the grove in its bright-ness A spir - it of sad - ness or thoughts that were drear? In
con
anima
friends of my child-hood a - gain are be - fore me, Each step wakes a mem - 'ry as free - ly I roam;
ev - 'ry green nook kind - ly fac - es seem near me; I lift up my eyes to the broad leaf - y dome,
D.C.

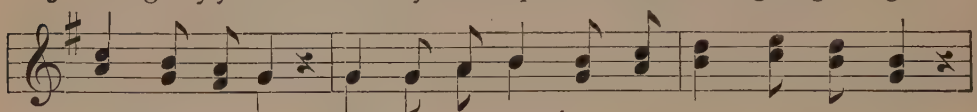
LONG, LONG AGO

T. H. Bayly

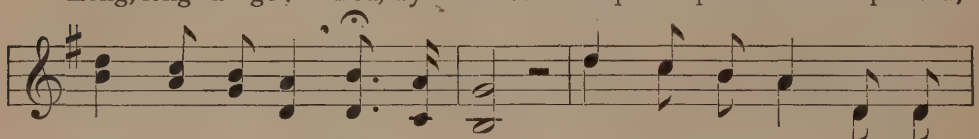
T. H. Bayly

Moderato

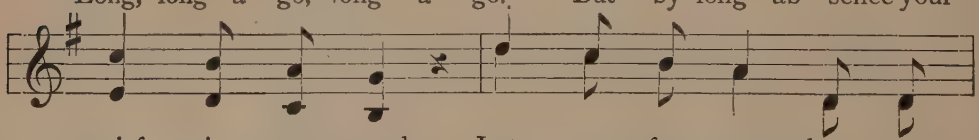
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,



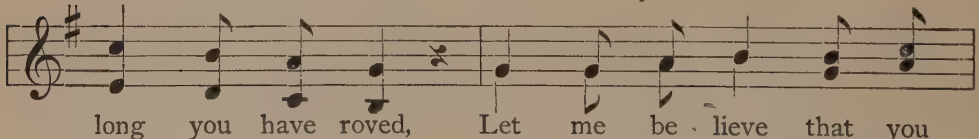
Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de-light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,
Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,



Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then to all oth - ers my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your



grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so
smile you pre - ferred, Love when you spoke gave a
truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I



long you have roved, Let me be - lieve that you
charm to each word, Still my heart trea - sures the
lis - ten with pride, Blest as I was when I

love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

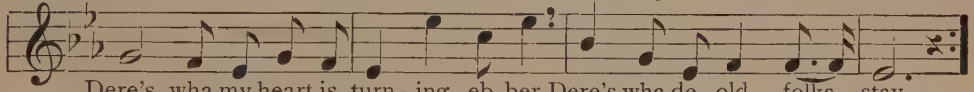
OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

Andante espressivo

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
   When I was play - ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum-ming All 'round de comb?

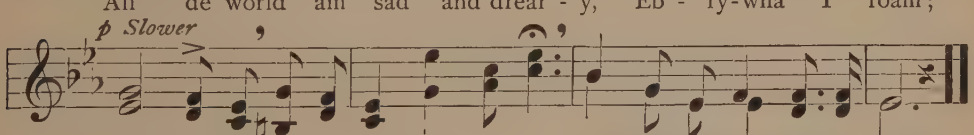


Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap-py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder! Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush-es, No mat - ter wha I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

f REFRAIN

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - wha I roam;

p Slower

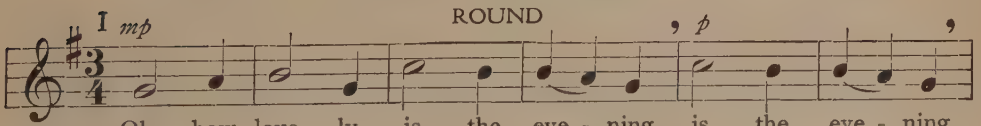


Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

LOVELY EVENING

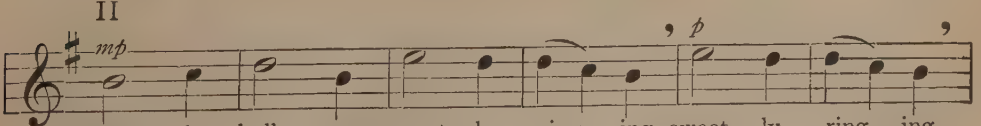
ROUND

I *mp*



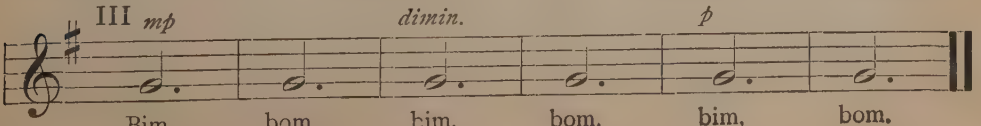
Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning

II *mp*



When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing,

III *mp* *dimin.* *p*

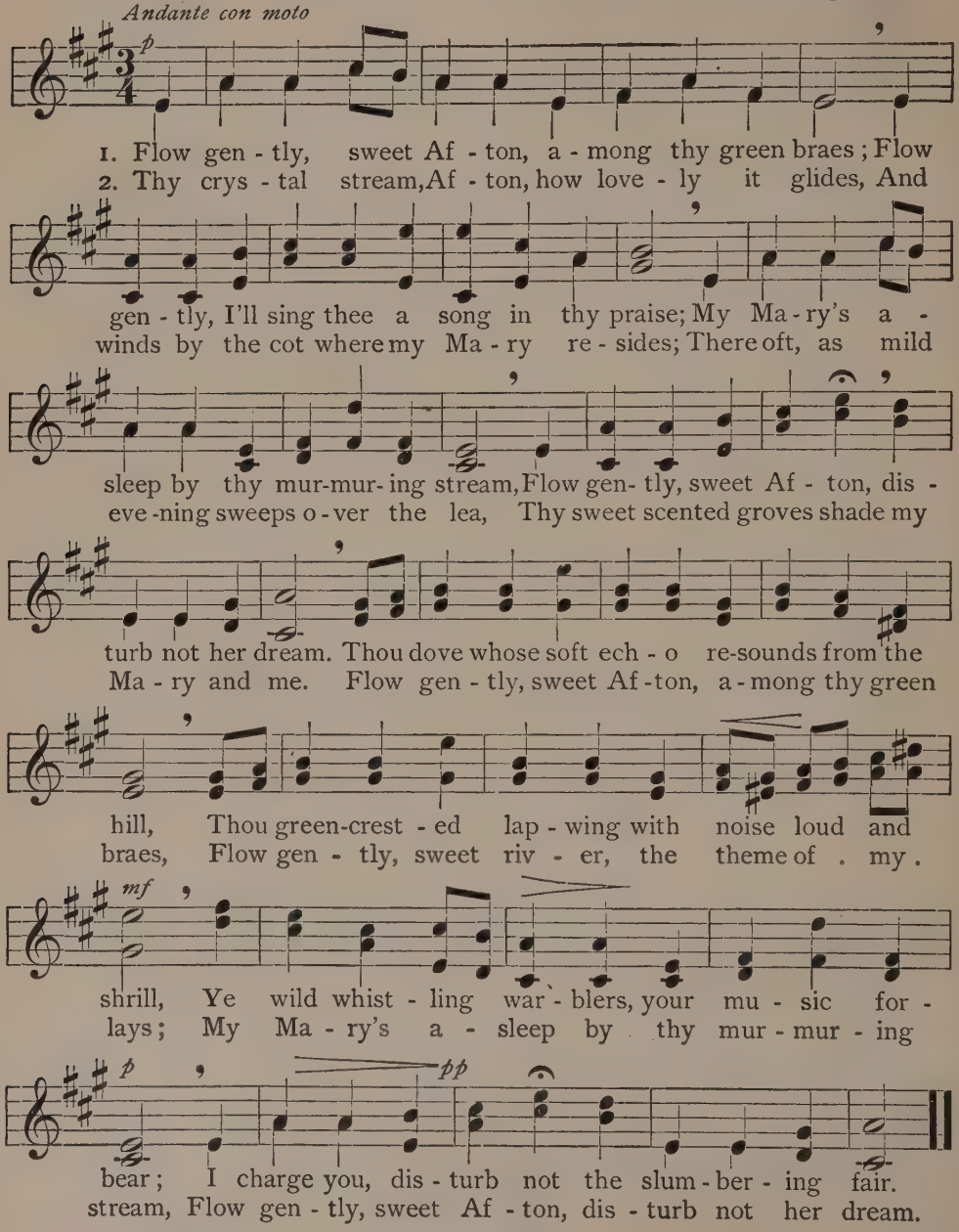


Bim, bom, bim, bom, bim, bom.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns — James E. Spilman

Andante con moto


p
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And
gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a -
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There oft, as mild
sleep by thy mur-mur- ing stream, Flow gen- tly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
eve -ning sweeps o - ver the lea, Thy sweet scented groves shade my
turb not her dream. Thou dove whose soft ech - o re-sounds from the
Ma - ry and me. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green
hill, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing with noise loud and
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of . my .
mf
shrill, Ye wild whist - ling war - blers, your mu - sic for -
lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
p
pp
bear; I charge you, dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair.
stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

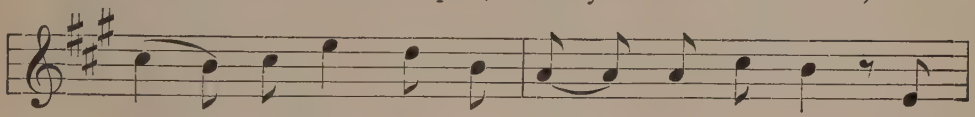
OLD DOG TRAY

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

Andantino

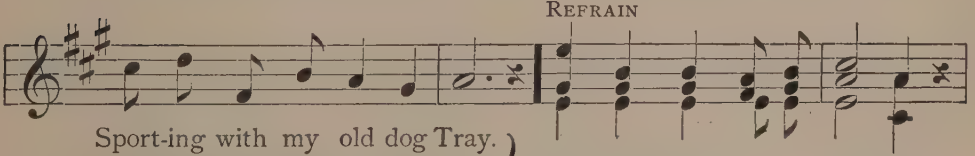
1. The morn of life is past, And eve - ning comes at last; It
2. The forms I called my own Have van-ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I



brings me a dream of a once. hap - py day, Of
loved ones, the dear ones have all. passed a - way; The
know. he feels what my break - ing heart would say; Al -

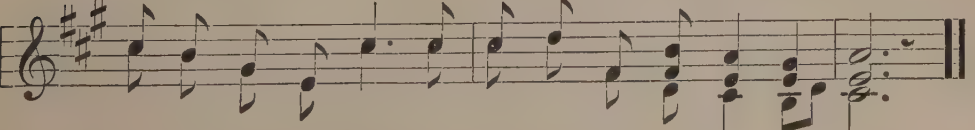
mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green,
hap - py smiles have flown, Their gen - tle voic - es gone, I've
tho' he can - not speak, I'll vain - ly, vain - ly seek A

REFRAIN



Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
} Old dog Tray, ev - er faith-ful;

Grief can-not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind, I'll



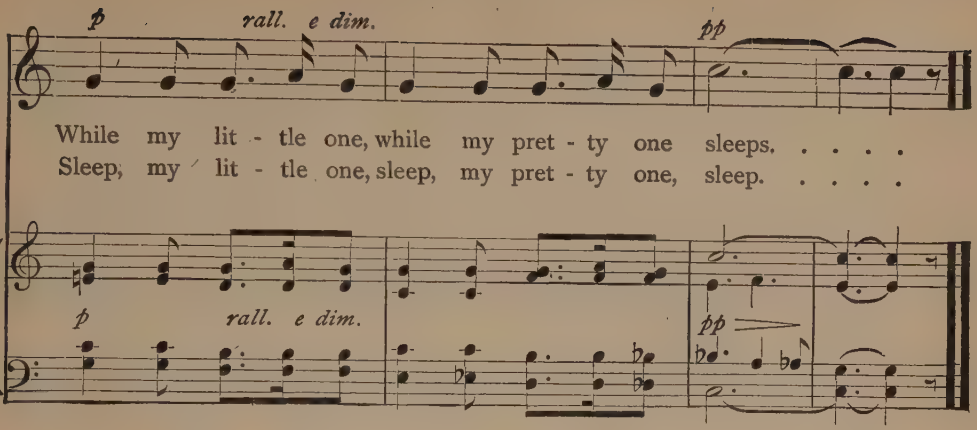
nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

SWEET AND LOW

Alfred, Lord Tennyson — Joseph Barnby

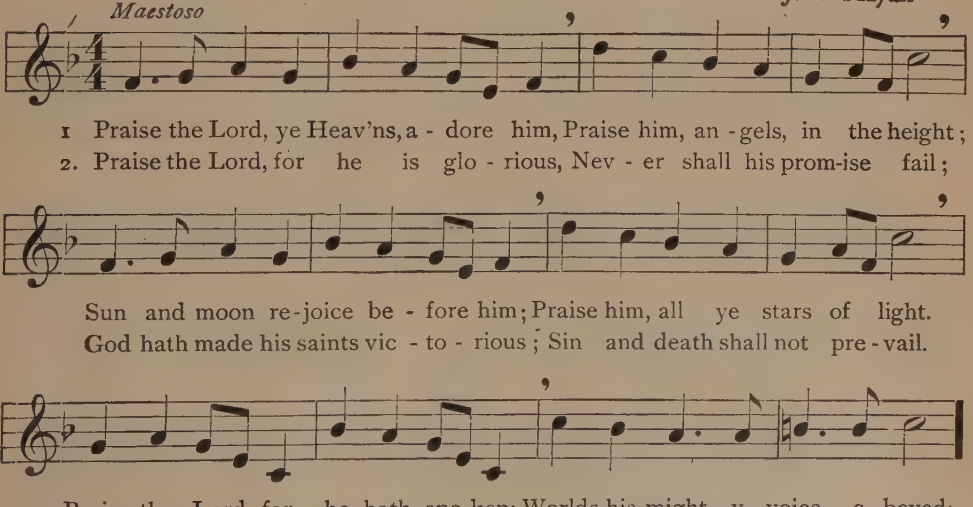
Larghetto
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on
pp
p
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,
mother's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Father will come to his babe in the nest.
p
mf
pp
f
Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon.
pp
f

Larghetto, slow, but not so slow as *largo*.



PRAISE THE LORD, YE HEAVENS, ADORE

Josef Haydn


Maestoso
1 Praise the Lord, ye Heav'ns, a - dore him, Praise him, an - gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious, Nev - er shall his prom-ise fail;
Sun and moon re-joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made his saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spo-ken; Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high his pow'r pro-claim;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro- ken, For their guid-ance he hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion Laud and mag - ni - fy his name.

DIXIE

Allegro *mf* — Daniel D. Emmett

1. I . wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In . Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, . Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in', Look a -
2. Now here's a health to de next old Mis - sus, To de gals dat want to kiss us, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But if you want to . drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear dis song to - mor - row, Look a -
3. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat or a lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den hoe it down an' . scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a -

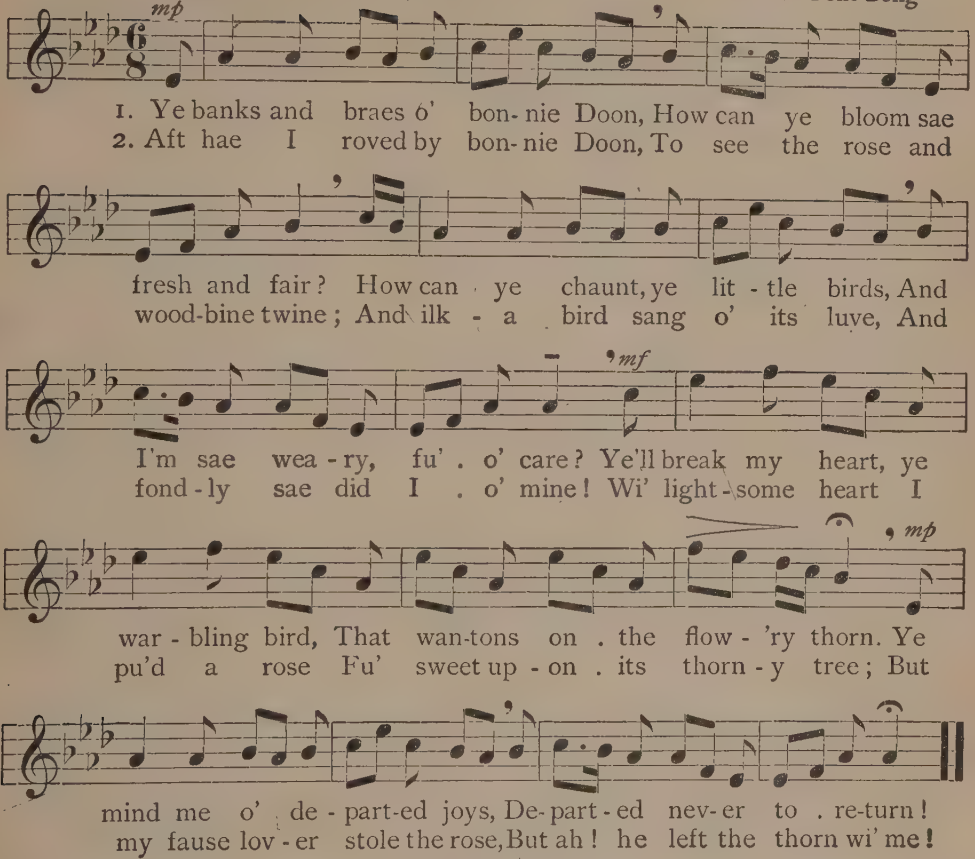
f *mf* *f*

REFRAIN

way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie land. Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In . . Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down South in Dix - ie! A - way, a - way, A - way down South in Dix - ie!

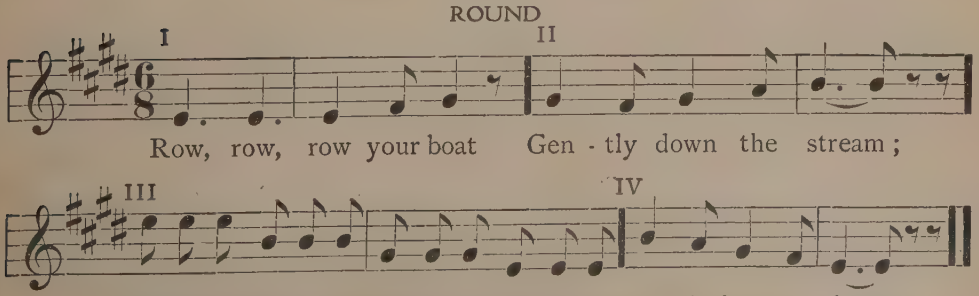
BONNIE DOON

Moderato *mp* Scotch Folk Song


1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Aft hae I roved by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and
fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
wood-bine twine; And ilk-a bird sang o' its luve, And
mf
I'm sae wea-ry, fu' . o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
fond-ly sae did I . o' mine! Wi' light-some heart I
mp
war-bling bird, That wan-tons on . the flow-'ry thorn. Ye
pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up-on . its thorn-y tree; But
mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to . re-turn!
my fause lov-er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

ROW YOUR BOAT

ROUND

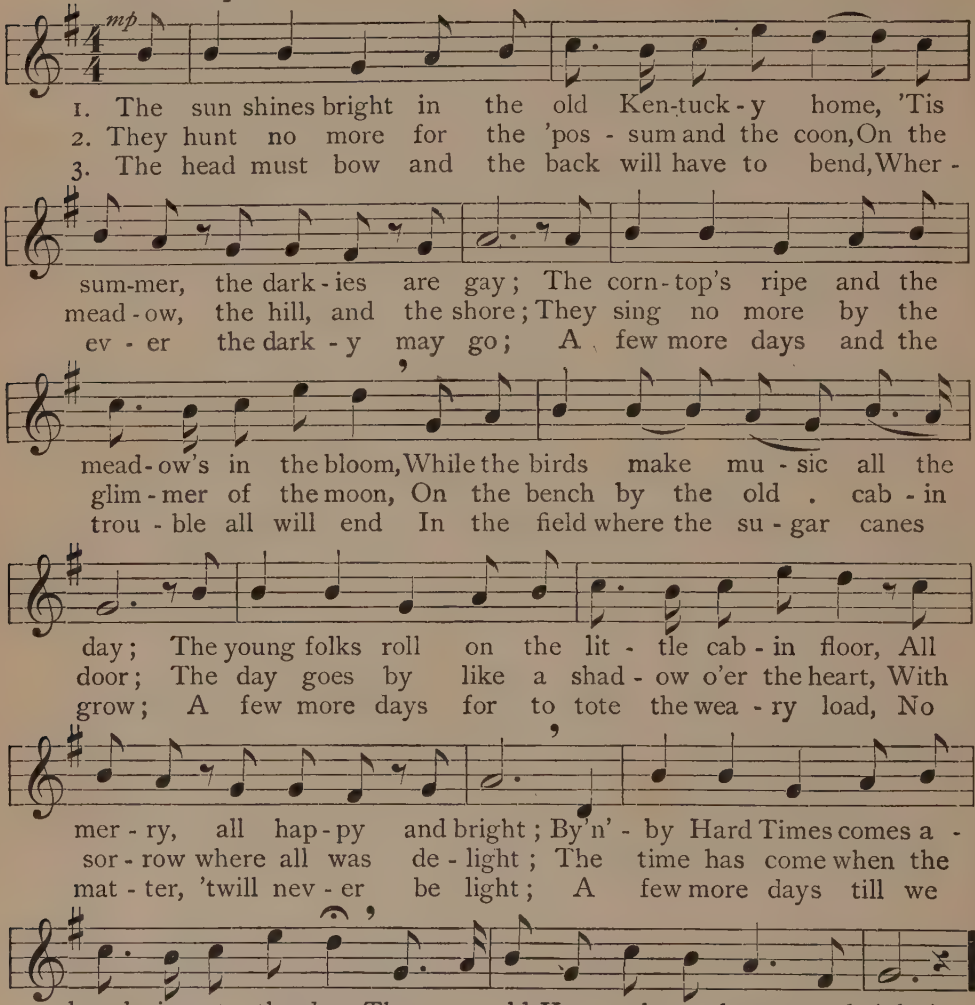


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

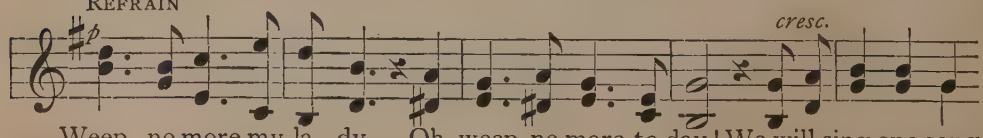
Stephen C. Foster

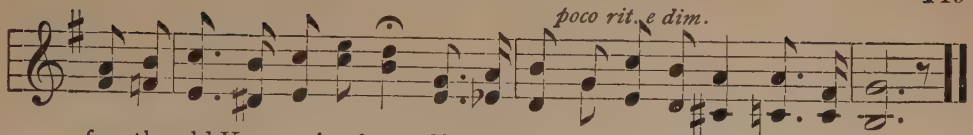
Stephen C. Foster

Andante espressivo


mp
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n'-by Hard Times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

REFRAIN

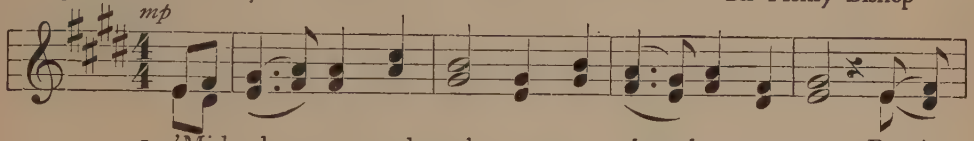




for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Kentucky home far a-way.

HOME, SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop

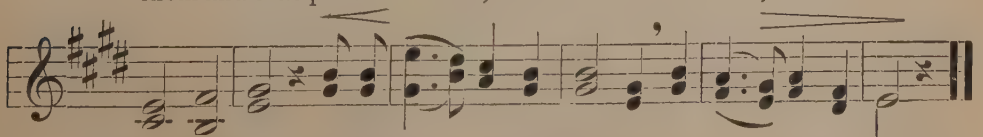


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A .
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the
birds sing - ing gay - ly, that came at my call, Give me

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
them and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.
} Home, home,



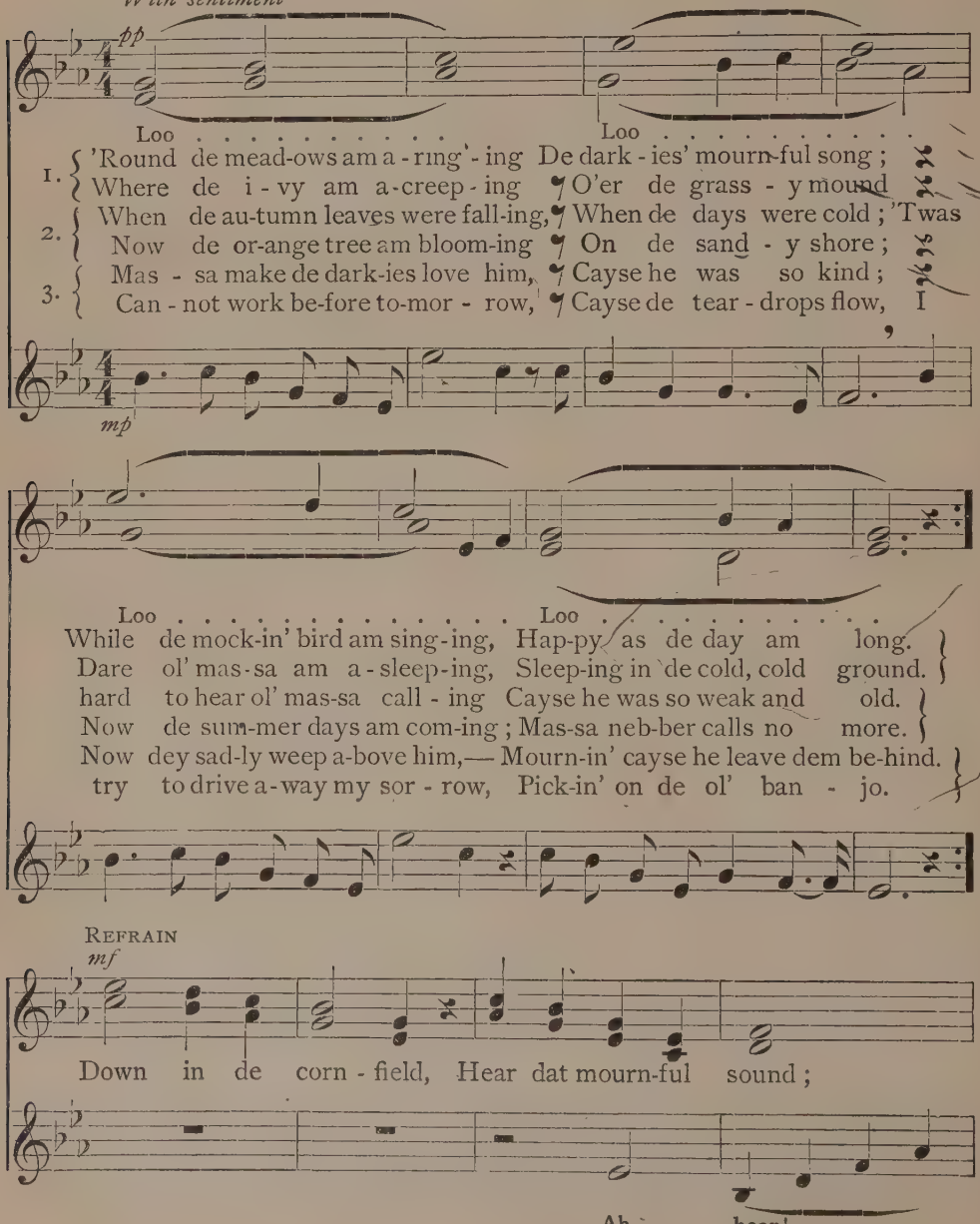
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, There's no place like home.

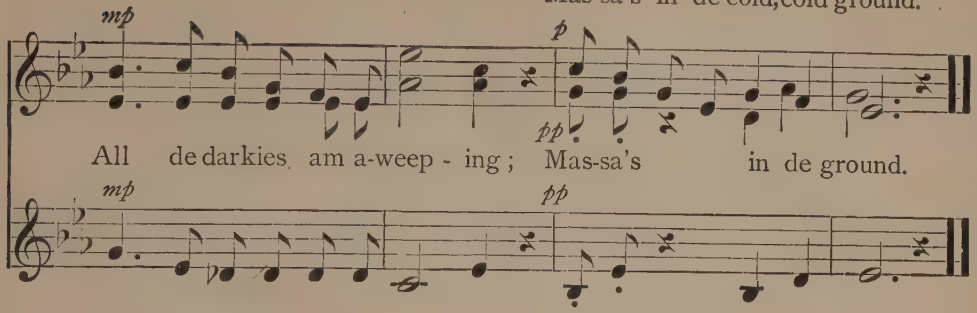
MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

With sentiment


pp
Loo . . . . . Loo . . . . . .
1. 'Round de mead-ows am a-ring'-ing De dark-ies' mourn-ful song;
Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing O'er de grass-y mound
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold; 'Twas
Now de or-ange tree am bloom-ing On de sand-y shore;
3. Mas-sa make de dark-ies love him, Cayse he was so kind;
Can-not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I
mp
Loo . . . . . Loo . . . . . .
While de mock-in' bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
Dare ol' mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
hard to hear ol' mas-sa call-ing Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de sum-mer days am com-ing; Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
Now dey sad-ly weep a-bove him,— Mourn-in' cayse he leave dem be-hind.
try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de ol' ban-jo.
Refrain
mf
Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound;
Ah, hear! . . . . .

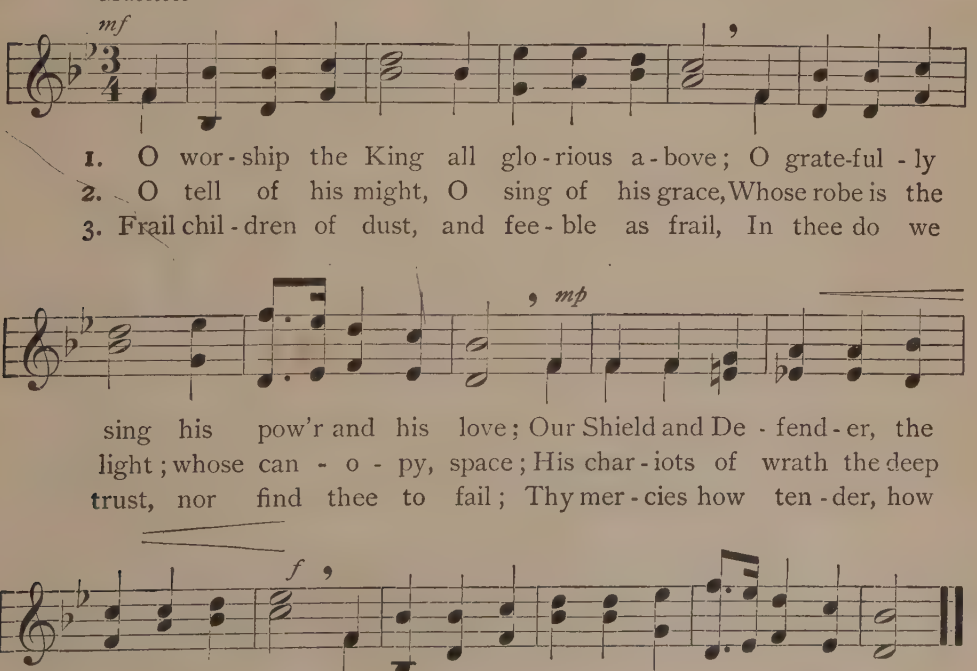


O WORSHIP THE KING

Sir Robert Grant wrote words

Josef Haydn wrote mu

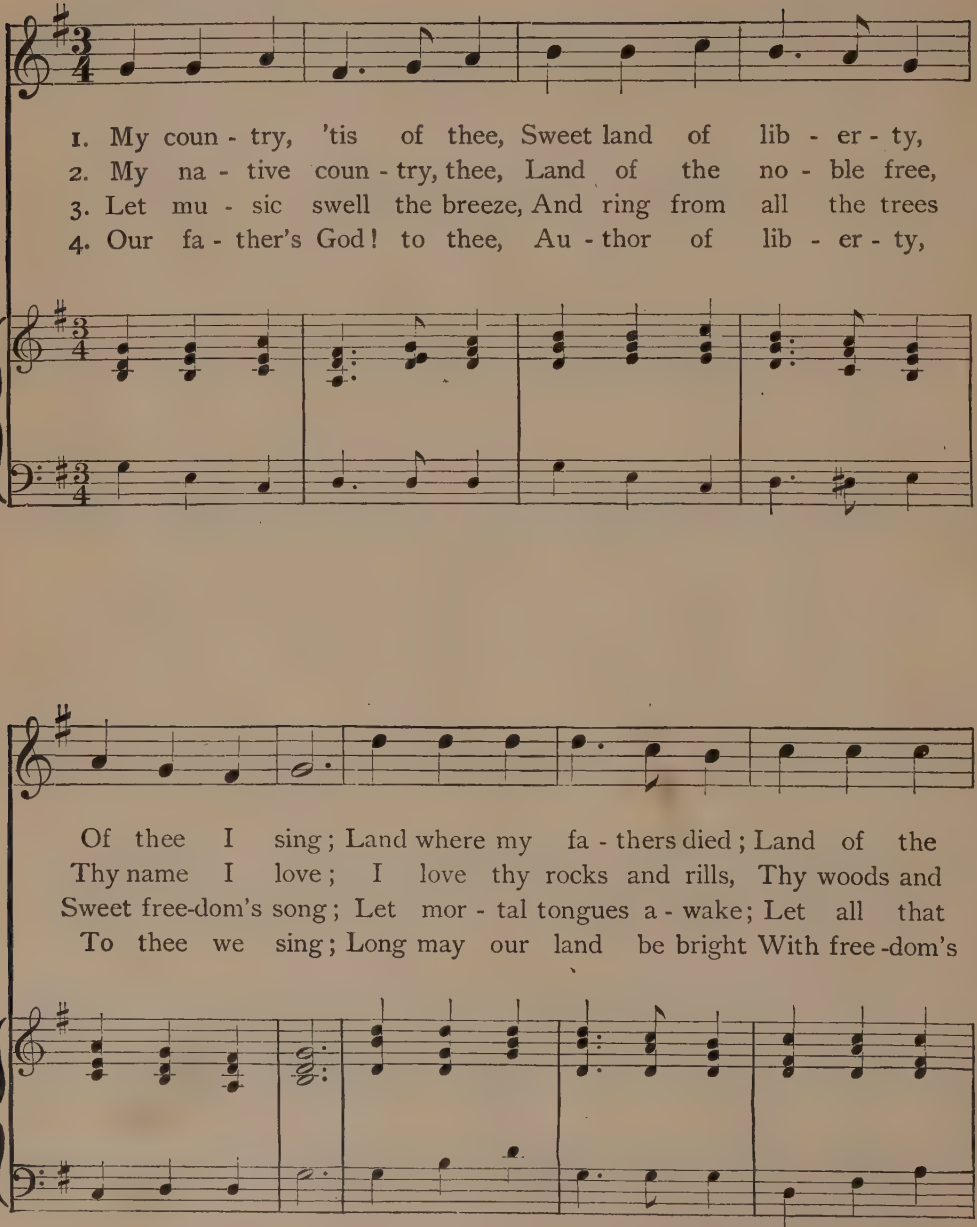
Maestoso

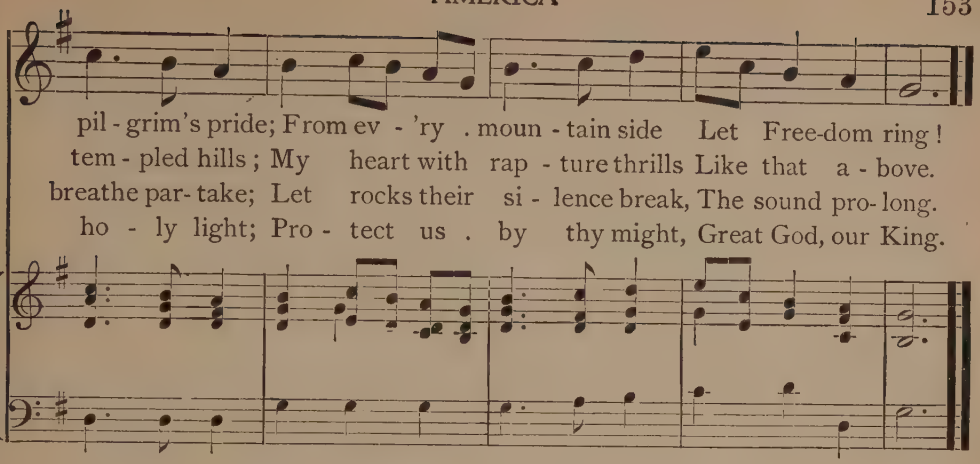

mf
1. O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we
mp
sing his pow'r and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light; whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how
f
An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
firm to the end, Our Ma - ker, De - fend-er, Re - deem-er, and Friend.

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith

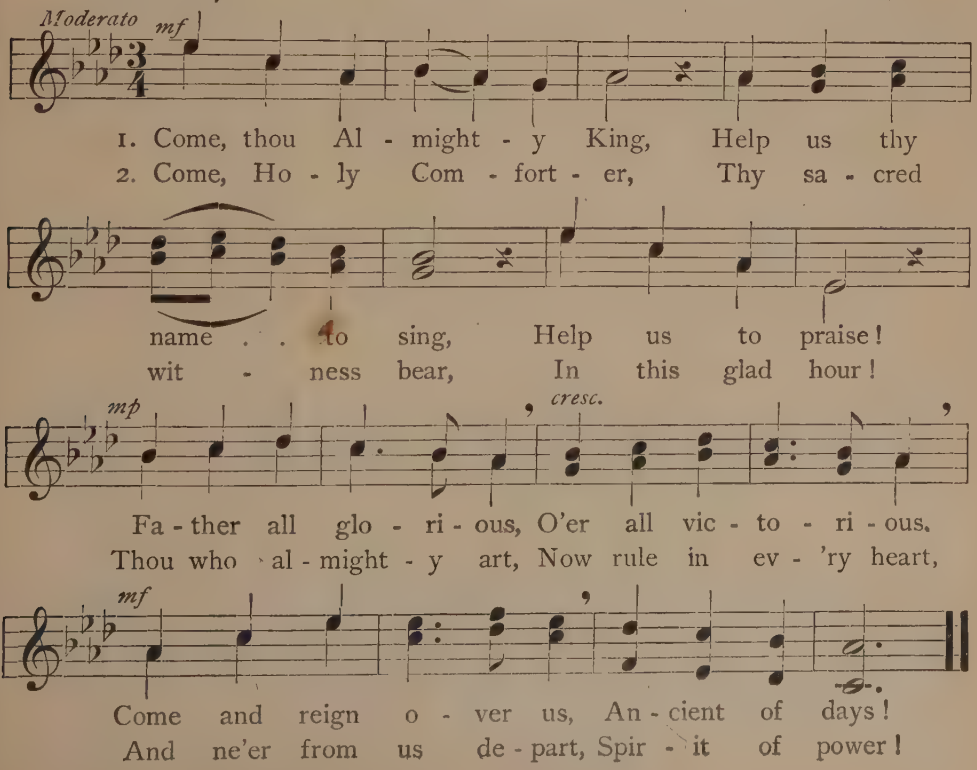
Henry Carey


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's


pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry . moun - tain side Let Free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us . by thy might, Great God, our King.

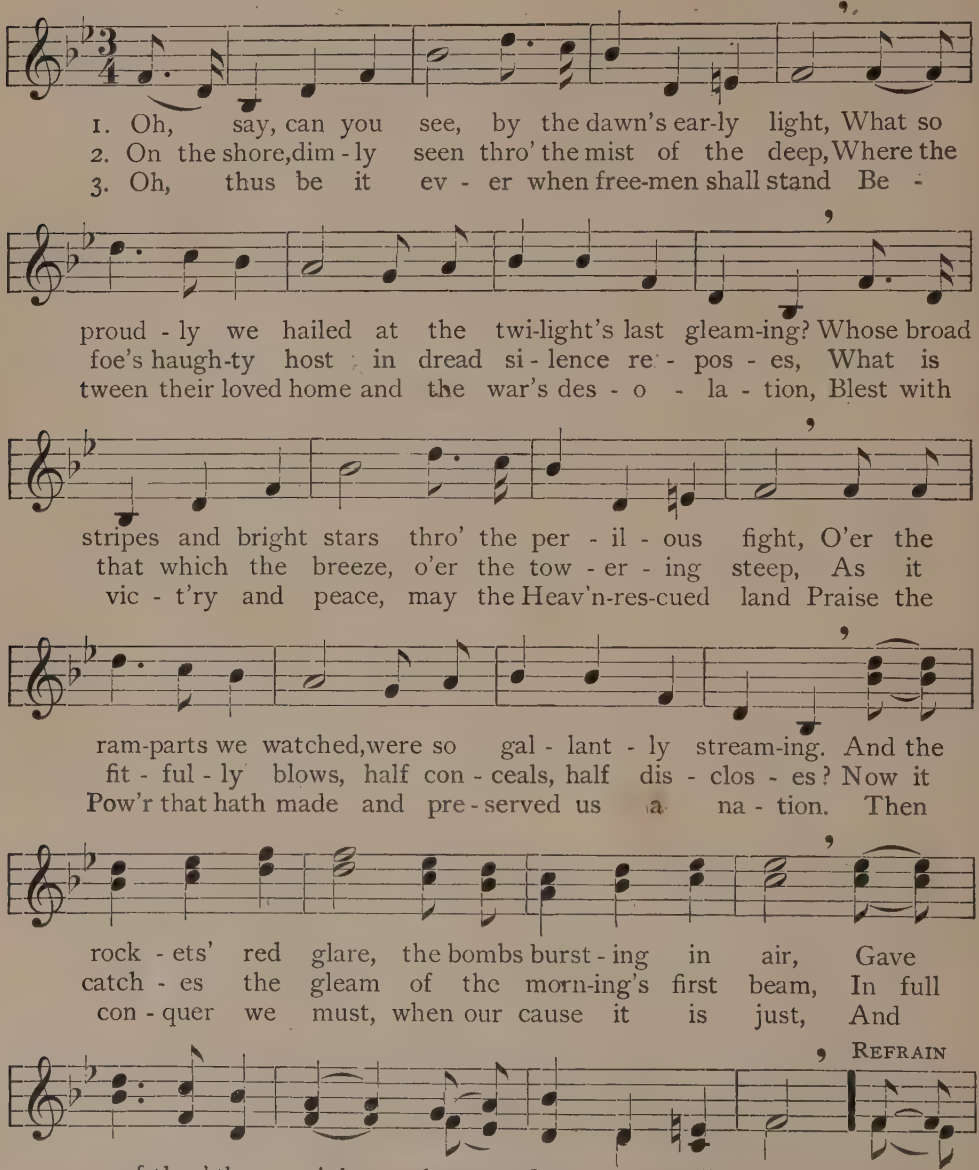
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

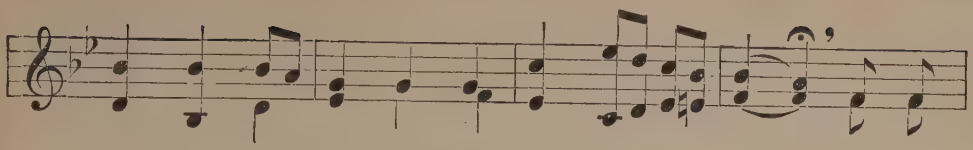
Charles Wesley — Felice de Giardini


Moderato
mf
1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred
name . . to sing, Help us to praise!
wit - ness bear, In this glad hour!
mp
cresc.
Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous.
Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart,
mf
Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!

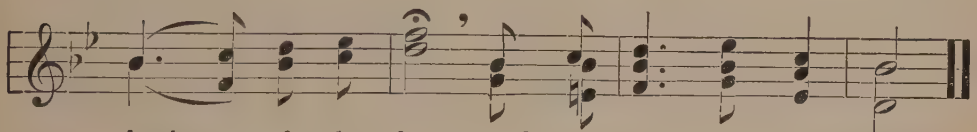
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be -
proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with
stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
vic - t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the
ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing. And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then
rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
REFRAIN
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, .
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the



say, does the star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner, Oh long may it wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner, in tri-umph shall wave O'er the

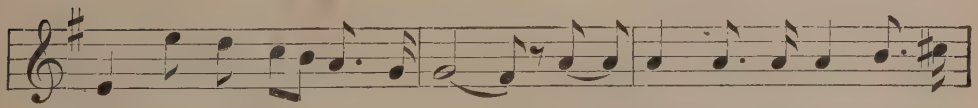


land of the free and the home of the brave!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

David T. Shaw *Marziale* David T. Shaw

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-



home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-
threat-en'd the land to de-form, The ark then of freedom's foun-
lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never

vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee! Thy
da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the
with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When
gar - land of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
serv - ice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But
Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny
proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly float-ing be -
hold to their col - ors so true; The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Refrain
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red,
white, and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
white, and blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

ITALIAN TERMS
COMMONLY USED IN MUSIC

Accelerando	(ăk-sĕl-ĕr-*ăn*-dō)	Gradually faster
Ad libitum	(ăd-*lĭb*-ĭ-tŭm)	At pleasure
Adagio	(á-*dȧ*-jĭō)	Slow; leisurely
Al	(ăl)	To the
Alla	(*ăl*-lä)	In the style of
Allegretto	(äl-lā-*grĕt*-tō)	Slower than *Allegro*
Allegro	(äl-*lā*-grō)	Quick; lively
Andante	(än-*dȧn*-tā)	Moderately slow
Andantino	(än-*dȧn-tē*-nō)	Faster than *Andante*
Assai	(äs-*sä*-ē)	Very
Attacca	(ät-täk-kä)	Begin without pausing
Ben	(bĕn)	Well
Cantabile	(kän-*tä*-bĕ-lā)	In a singing style
Coda	(*kō*-dȧ)	A few closing measures
Col or *con*	(kŏl, kŏn)	With
Commodo	(*kŏm*-mō-dō)	Leisurely; convenient
Crescendo (*cresc.*)	(krê-*shĕn*-dō)	Gradually louder
Da Capo (*D.C.*)	(dä-*kä*-pō)	From the beginning
Dal Segno (*D.S.*)	(däl-*sā*-nyō)	From the sign 𝄋
Decrescendo	(dā-krĕ-*shĕn*-dō)	Gradually softer
Delicato	(dêl-ē-*kä*-tō)	Delicate
Di	(dē)	Of
Diminuendo (*dim.*)	(dĭ-mĭn-ū-*ĕn*-dō)	Gradually softer
Dolce	(*dōl*-tshā)	Sweet
E or *ed*	(ā or ād)	And
Espressivo	(ĕs-prĕs-*sē*-vō)	With expression
Fine	(*fē*-nā)	The end
Forte (*f*)	(*fôr*-tā)	Loud
Fortissimo (*ff*)	(fôr-*tĭs*-ĭ-mō)	Very loud
Giocoso	(jĭō-*kô*-sō)	Playful
Giojoso	(jĭō-*yō*-sō)	Joyfully
Grazioso	(grä-tsĕ-*ō*-sō)	Gracefully
Larghetto	(lär-*gĕt*-tō)	Less slow than *Largo*

Largo	(*lär*-gō)	Broad and slow
Legato	(lā-*gä*-tō)	"Bound"; smoothly
Leggiero	(lĕd-*jā*-rō)	Lightly
Lento	(*lĕn*-tō)	Slow
Ma	(mä)	But
Maestoso	(mä-ĕs-*tō*-sō)	Majestic
Marcato	(mär-*kä*-tō)	With emphasis
Marzia	(*mär*-tsē-ä)	A march
Marziale	(mär-tsē-*ä*-lĕ)	In a martial manner
Meno	(*mā*-nō)	Less
Menuetto	(mĕ-nōō-*ĕt*-tō)	A minuet
Mezzo (*m*)	(*mĕd*-zo)	Half; medium
Moderato	(mōd-ĕ-*rä*-tō)	In moderate tempo
Molto	(*mōl*-tō)	Much; very
Mosso	(*môs*-sō)	Rapid
Moto	(*mō*-tō)	Motion
Non	(nŏn)	Not
Pianissimo (*pp*)	(pē-ä-*nĭs*-ĭ-mō)	Very soft
Piano (*p*)	(pē-*ä*-nō)	Soft
Piu	(pyōō)	More
Poco a poco	(*pō*-kō ä *pō*-kō)	Little by little
Presto	(*prĕs*-tō)	Very fast
Primo	(*prē*-mō)	First
Rallentando (*rall.*)	(räl-lĕn-*tän*-dō)	Gradually slower
Ritardando (*rit.*)	(rē-tär-*dän*-dō)	Gradually slower
Ritenuto (*riten.*)	(rē-tĕ-*nōō*-tō)	Gradually slower
Semplice	(sĕm-*plē*-tshĕ)	Simple; unaffected
Sempre	(*sĕm*-prā)	Always
Senza	(*sĕn*-tsä)	Without
Sforzando	(sfôr-*tsän*-dō)	Strongly accented
Simile	(*sē*-mĕ-lā)	In the same manner
Sostenuto	(sōs-tā-*nōō*-tō)	Sustained
Staccato	(stä-*kä*-tō)	Detached; separated
Tempo; a tempo	(*tĕm*-pō)	Time; in time
Tenuto	(tā-*nōō*-tō)	Hold the full value
Troppo	(*trôp*-pō)	Too much
Tutti	(*tōōt*-tē)	All together
Vigoroso	(vē-gō-*rō*-sō)	Energetic
Vivace	(vē-*vä*-tshĕ)	In a spirited manner

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Father of the land we love

Every little lad and lass,
Boys and girls of every class
Here beneath the flag of stripes and st
From the time they start to school
When they learn the Golden rule
always have been proud of what they a
And every day with lessons done
They sing their song of Washington
a song of love that reaches near and
far.

chorus

First in war, First in Peace, Firs
in the hearts of his countrymen
That is the story of Washington
That is the glory of Washington
His spirit is here, His spirit is her
standing
He commanding above
In word and deed We follow th
lead of the father of the land we
love

Thanksgiving Day Song.

Swing the shining sickle
Cut the ripened grain,
Flash it in the sunlight,
Swing it once again.
Tie the golden grain heads
Into shining sheaves,
Beautiful their colors
as the autumn leaves.

II

Pick the rosy apples,
Pack away with care,
Gather in the corn ears,
Gleaning everywhere.
Now the fruits are gathered,
all the grains are in
Nuts are in the attic
Corn is in the bin.

III

Loudly blows the North Wind
Thro' the shivering trees,
Bare are all the branches,
Fallen all the leaves,
Gathered is the harvest
For another year,
Now are days of gladness
Thanksgiving Day, is here.

whole half quarter eighth sixteenth

Notes / Value of a note

Queen Gypsies

2 kinds of scales

Scales { Diatonic { major / minor } { natural / Harmonic / Melodic }

Chromatic

Natural

Harmonic

C-3
--3
--2
3|8
4/3

YO-AUS-896